



AUTHORISED BY THE  
The complete  
edition of  
Anne Frank's works  
including previously  
unpublished  
letters and  
further writings  
• ANNE FRANK FOUNDATION, BASLE •

# ANNE FRANK

## THE COLLECTED WORKS

verjaardag kwam niet heel.  
In januari 1940 ook niet, want toen was  
de oorlog net begonnen in Nederland.  
Dere winter 1941-1942 in Oost-Europa.  
In niemand weet hoeveel ik aan haar  
denk en nog van haar handt.  
Dere verjaardag 1942 is dan ook ge-  
meerd van alles in de halve en Oost's  
lichtje stond er naast.

Vrijdag 19 Juni 1942.

Vanochtend was ik thuis, ik heb heel  
erg lang geslapen. Toen kwam de  
brieven van de familie.



Om  
haar  
hoor  
dat  
de  
bew

Dit is mijn  
1940,  
aan een

BLOOMSBURY

## THE COLLECTED WORKS



*In Memory of Peter Mayer*  
*1936–2018*



# **ANNE FRANK**

## **THE COLLECTED WORKS**

BLOOMSBURY CONTINUUM  
LONDON • NEW YORK • OXFORD • NEW DELHI • SYDNEY



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## Message and Legacy

### Preface by the Anne Frank Fonds, Basle

The range of Anne Frank's work is small yet at the same time extensive. When the Frank family was deported from its hiding place in Amsterdam by the National Socialists, Anne was fifteen years old. The families in the secret annexe had been betrayed. Anne and her sister died after deportation to Auschwitz and then to Bergen-Belsen.

Seen against this background, the range of Anne Frank's preserved work is immense. In this complete edition, all known texts by Anne Frank have been published together for the first time: diaries, stories, essays, compositions and letters. They are not only evidence of the extraordinary talent of the girl, who was born in Frankfurt am Main, but also show a tradition and culture of writing that had been cultivated in the family (and that may seem somewhat whimsical today – and not only to young people).

In this complete edition, the Anne Frank Fonds has made all texts by Anne Frank available in one volume and has done so in a popular edition complete with context, explanations and additional material. The complete edition is suitable as primary and secondary literature for students and for teachers. It brings together, in Mirjam Pressler and Francine Prose, renowned experts on Anne Frank texts and, in Gerhard Hirschfeld, an outstanding and widely recognized historian.

The Anne Frank Fonds was founded in 1963 by Anne Frank's father, Otto, the only survivor of the family, and was designated as its universal heir. After the first publication of the diary in 1947 and the reactions from around the world, Otto Frank dared to hope that it would not only be a unique testimony of contemporary history but also a lasting global success. The Anne Frank Fonds uses income from book sales and theatre and film rights for charitable and educational purposes around the world, in the spirit of Anne and Otto Frank.

The main concern of the Anne Frank Fonds is to spread Anne Frank's timeless message of peace, justice and humanism around the world for each new generation by means of the authentic texts. At the same time, it has always been an aim of the Anne Frank Fonds to present the history of the Jewish Frank family in all its dimensions and in its historical and cultural context. This publication of all Anne Frank's texts bridges a gap and at the same time closes the circle of her work.

– BASLE, OCTOBER 2018

Further information is available on [www.annefrank.ch](http://www.annefrank.ch)



# I THE WRITINGS OF ANNE FRANK

Beste Popp  
Allweer 2 d  
delijk. Rosel  
waarom da  
Miep gaat  
het goed v  
wat inster  
gevraagd d  
kig. Moeder  
maatjes, da  
lig nu bijn  
hebben er  
zorgster  
vak, maar  
plaats va  
ook wel eer  
krijgt, want  
me zelf. Mar  
maar dat z  
2 broers en  
was hog een  
Mijn h. v. Pels  
ik zal ze hier

de andere kant, een meneer.  
De mannelyke heft van het  
paartje vlopt het vrouwelyke  
steeds op zijn achterste ber  
Wyl hij zegt: „Ach was ein schön  
hies popöchen, von wem ist den  
das schöne popöchen? Daar roept  
de man aan de andere kant:  
„Es wird sich doch noch raus-  
stellen lassen, von wem das  
Verdammte asch ist!  
Ze zijn wel goed hé! Beste Pop  
veel nieuws is er niet meer,  
en ik vind altijd dat als ik de  
brieven doorlees er niets  
leuks instaat dus daag, ik hoop  
dat ik spoedig bericht krijg.  
Steno.  
C U L C U L = de hat kil op  
de hak.  
z l 3 4 6 y = ik moss met de  
ken.

rdag  
och schan  
ehaald,  
slukkig,  
eno gaat  
len eens  
Bep  
en geluk.  
este e  
ger. Ik  
d we  
raam ver  
n tijn  
ers in.  
er toch  
ind  
eng voor  
kou den,  
s is met  
l. dat  
lang.  
verteld,

Wie doet 999 maal tik en / maal bak?  
Een 1000 poeb met / klompvoet.  
Wie is zwart, zit op het dak, heeft twee poten en  
kan fluiten?  
De leerling van den schoorsteenmeester.  
(Papi)  
In een hotel zijn de muren net als bij ons beten-  
geld en daar kan men dus alles door horen. Op een  
leerling is aan de ene kant een paartje en aan

# *THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL*

THE DEFINITIVE EDITION

Anne Frank

Edited by Mirjam Pressler

Translated by Susan Massotty

## Foreword

For her 13th birthday on 12 June 1942 in Amsterdam, Anne Frank was given a diary by her parents and started to write letters in it to Kitty, her imaginary friend. In the first weeks, Anne wrote in her room in her parents' apartment in Merwedeplein. However, soon after her birthday, the family went into hiding in a secret annexe with four other people to escape the Nazis. At first, Anne only wrote the letters for herself, but in spring 1944, while listening to a banned foreign radio station with her family, she heard a Dutch minister in exile in London, Gerrit Bolkestein, suggest the publication, after the war, of selected diaries and letters documenting the German occupation. Inspired by this broadcast, Anne decided to publish a novel entitled *Het Achterhuis* (The Secret Annexe) to be published once the war was over; her diary would form the basis of this book.

Anne's diary ends with the entry of 1 August 1944. Three days later, on 4 August, she and the other inhabitants of the secret annexe were discovered, arrested, deported and – with the exception of Otto Frank who survived the war and was the only occupant of the secret annexe to return from the concentration camp – killed. To this day, it is not known with certainty how the occupants of the secret annexe were betrayed and by whom.

### PUBLISHING HISTORY

On the day of the arrest, the helpers of the families Miep Gies and Bep Voskuijl gathered up Anne Frank's notes. During the war, Miep Gies kept them. Once the war had ended and it had been confirmed that Anne was no longer alive, she gave them to Anne Frank's father, Otto Frank, on his return from the concentration camp.

After careful consideration, Otto Frank decided to fulfil his daughter's vision and have her writings published in book form, as suggested by the Dutch minister. Using Anne's two versions, the original one (Version a) and

the one that she edited herself in the secret annexe (Version b), Otto compiled a third, shortened text (Version c), which was guided by two main considerations: at the time the book was published in the Netherlands, it was not common to write about sexual issues, in particular not in books aimed at young people, which is why Otto removed large sections of Anne's descriptions of her burgeoning sexuality. Another important reason for shortening the text was that, in her writing, Anne expressed her dislike of and irritations with the other occupants of the secret annexe as clearly as her affections. Otto Frank wanted to protect the memory of his wife and the others who shared her fate, which is why he did not include certain passages and turns of phrase in the book. This version was first published in Dutch in 1946. The first German-language edition was published in 1950.

Since its first publication, and because of its great success, doubt has been cast time and again on the authenticity of the diary. Researchers have checked the texts in various and multiple ways and examined the paper, writing materials, and Anne Frank's handwriting, enabling them to prove unequivocally that the diary is authentic.

After Otto Frank's death, the Anne Frank Fonds, which Otto Frank established in Basle before his death and appointed as his sole heir, decided to publish an almost unabridged version, which is printed at the beginning of this complete edition of all existing and published versions. The new edition of the diaries, which was compiled in German by the children's author and translator, Mirjam Pressler (who died in January 2019) was published in 1991 and is today considered to be *the* reader's edition around the world. At the end of the 1990s, five previously unknown manuscript pages dated 8 February 1944 were discovered; the Anne Frank Fonds decided to include a lengthy passage from these pages in the diary, adding it to the existing entry of the same date. The short version of the entry of 20 July 1942 was not included, as a more detailed version had already been incorporated into the diary.<sup>1</sup> Furthermore, the entry of 7 November 1942 was moved to 30 October 1943, which is where it belongs in terms of content according to the most recent findings. The two pages that were made public in 2018 and that, as shown by scientific investigations, Anne had stuck together in Version a of the diary to mask an entry dated 28

September 1942, have not been included out of respect for Anne Frank's clear intention.

In writing her second version (b), Anne invented pseudonyms for the people who would appear in her book. She initially wanted to call herself Anne Aulis, and later Anne Robin. Otto Frank opted to call his family by their own names and to follow Anne's wishes with regard to the others. Over the years, the identity of the people who helped the families in the secret annexe has become common knowledge. In this edition, the helpers are now referred to by their real names, as they so justly deserve to be.

The real names of the other people hiding in the secret annexe are:

THE VAN PELS FAMILY

(from Osnabrück, Germany):

Auguste van Pels (born 29 September 1900)

Hermann van Pels (born 31 March 1898)

Peter van Pels (born 8 November 1926)

Called by Anne, in her manuscript: Petronella, Hans and Alfred van Daan; and in the book: Petronella, Hermann and Peter van Daan.

FRITZ PFEFFER

(born 30 April 1889, in Giessen, Germany):

Called by Anne, in her manuscript and in the book: Albert Dussel.

Anne = Anne Aulis Robin.  
 Margot = Betty Aulis Robin.  
 Pim = Frederik Aulis Robin.  
 Moeder = Nora Aulis Robin.  
 G. v. Pels = Petronella v. Daan  
 H. v. Pels = Hans v. Daan  
 P. v. Pels = Alfred v. Daan  
 P. P. Pfeffer = Albert Brussel  
 J. Kleiman = Simon ~~Leithman~~ Koophuis  
 J. Kugler = Harry ~~Lapin~~ Kraler  
 Bep = Elly Kuilmans  
 Miep = ~~Lafren~~ Anna v. Santen  
 Jan = Henk v. Santen  
 Gis & Co = Kolen & Cie  
 Opekta = Travies.

*Anne Frank's list of planned name changes*

|                                 |                             |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Anne = Anne Aulis/Robin.        | J. Kleiman = Simon Koophuis |
| Margot = Betty Aulis/Robin.     | V. Kugler = Harry Kraler    |
| Pim = Frederik Aulis/Robin.     | Bep = Elly Kuilmans         |
| Mutter = Nora Aulis/Robin.      | Miep = Anne v. Santen       |
| G. v. Pels = Petronella v. Daan | Jan = Henk v. Santen        |
| H. v. Pels = Hans v. Daan       | Gis & Co = Kolen & Cie      |
| P. v. Pels = Alfred v. Daan     | Opekta = Travies.           |

F. Pfeffer = Albert Dussel

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<sup>1</sup> See Editorial Note [here](#).



Ik wil hoop ik dan jou allertrouwste  
heer vertrouwen, zoals ik het nog aan  
niemand gekunt heb, en ik hoop dat  
je des grote steun aan me zult zijn.  
Anne Frank. 12 Juni 1942.

*I hope I will be able to confide everything to you, as I have never been able  
to confide in anyone, and I hope you will be a great source of comfort and  
support.*

12 JUNE 1942

I hope I will be able to confide everything to you, as I have never been able to confide in anyone, and I hope you will be a great source of comfort and support.

COMMENT ADDED BY ANNE ON 28 SEPTEMBER 1942:

*So far you truly have been a great source of comfort to me, and so has Kitty, whom I now write to regularly. This way of keeping a diary is much nicer, and now I can hardly wait for those moments when I'm able to write in you. Oh, I'm so glad I brought you along!*

•

SUNDAY, 14 JUNE 1942

I'll begin from the moment I got you, the moment I saw you lying on the table among my other birthday presents. (I went along when you were bought, but that doesn't count.)

On Friday, 12 June, I was awake at six o'clock, which isn't surprising, since it was my birthday. But I'm not allowed to get up at that hour, so I had to control my curiosity until quarter to seven. When I couldn't wait any longer, I went to the dining-room, where Moortje (the cat) welcomed me by rubbing against my legs.

A little after seven I went to Daddy and Mummy and then to the living-room to open my presents, and *you* were the first thing I saw, maybe one of my nicest presents. Then a bouquet of roses, some peonies and a potted plant. From Daddy and Mummy I got a blue blouse, a game, a bottle of grape juice, which to my mind tastes a bit like wine (after all, wine is made from grapes), a puzzle, a jar of cold cream, 2.50 guilders and a gift token for two books. I got another book as well, *Camera Obscura* (but Margot already has it, so I exchanged mine for something else), a plate of homemade biscuits (which I made myself, of course, since I've become quite an expert at making biscuits), lots of sweets and a strawberry tart from Mother. And a letter from Grammy, right on time, but of course that was just a coincidence.

Then Hanneli came to pick me up, and we went to school. During break I handed out biscuits to my teachers and my class, and then it was time to get back to work. I didn't arrive home until five, since I went to gym with the rest of the class. (I'm not allowed to take part because my shoulders and hips tend to get dislocated.) As it was my birthday, I could decide which game my classmates would play, and I chose volleyball. Afterwards they all danced around me in a circle and sang 'Happy Birthday'. When I got home, Sanne Ledermann was already there. Ilse Wagner, Hanneli Goslar and Jacqueline van Maarsen came home with me after gym, since we're in the same class. Hanneli and Sanne used to be my two best friends. People who saw us together used to say, 'There goes Anne, Hanne and Sanne.' I only met Jacqueline van Maarsen when I started at the Jewish Lyceum, and now she's my best friend. Ilse is Hanneli's best friend, and Sanne goes to another school and has friends there.

They gave me a beautiful book, *Dutch Sagas and Legends*, but they gave me Volume II by mistake, so I exchanged two other books for Volume I. Aunt Helene brought me a puzzle, Aunt Stephanie a darling brooch and Aunt Leny a terrific book: *Daisy Goes to the Mountains*.

This morning I lay in the bath thinking how wonderful it would be if I had a dog like Rin Tin Tin. I'd call him Rin Tin Tin too, and I'd take him to school with me, where he could stay in the caretaker's room or by the bicycle racks when the weather was good.

•

MONDAY, 15 JUNE 1942

I had my birthday party on Sunday afternoon. The Rin Tin Tin film was a big hit with my classmates. I got two brooches, a bookmark and two books.

I'll start by saying a few things about my school and my class, beginning with the other children.

Betty Bloemendaal looks rather poor, and I think she probably is. She lives on an obscure street in West Amsterdam, and none of us knows where it is. She does very well at school, but that's because she works so hard, not because she's clever. She's pretty quiet.

Jacqueline van Maarsen is supposedly my best friend, but I've never had a real friend. At first I thought Jacque would be one, but I was badly

mistaken.

D.Q.<sup>1</sup> is a very nervous girl who's always forgetting things, so the teachers keep giving her extra homework as a punishment. She's very kind, especially to G.Z.

E.S. talks so much it isn't funny. She's always touching your hair or fiddling with your buttons when she asks you something. They say she can't stand me, but I don't care, because I don't like her much either.

Henny Mets is a nice girl with a cheerful disposition, except that she talks in a loud voice and is really childish when we're playing outside. Unfortunately, Henny has a girlfriend named Beppy who's a bad influence on her because she's dirty and vulgar.

J.R. – I could write a whole book about her. J. is a detestable, sneaky, stuck-up, two-faced gossip who thinks she's so grown-up. She's really got Jacque under her spell, and that's a shame. J. is easily offended, bursts into tears at the slightest thing and, to top it all, is a terrible show-off. Miss J. always has to be right. She's very rich, and has a wardrobe full of the most adorable dresses that are much too old for her. She thinks she's gorgeous, but she's not. J. and I can't stand each other.

Ilse Wagner is a nice girl with a cheerful disposition, but she's extremely finicky and can spend hours moaning and groaning about something. Ilse likes me a lot. She's very clever, but lazy.

Hanneli Goslar, or Lies as she's called at school, is a bit on the strange side. She's usually shy – outspoken at home, but reserved with other people. She blabs whatever you tell her to her mother. But she says what she thinks, and lately I've come to appreciate her a great deal.

Nannie van Praag-Sigaar is small, funny and sensible. I think she's nice. She's pretty clever. There isn't much else you can say about Nannie.

Eefje de Jong is, in my opinion, terrific. Though she's only twelve, she's quite the lady. She treats me like a baby. She's also very helpful, and I like her.

G.Z. is the prettiest girl in our class. She has a nice face, but is a bit stupid. I think they're going to hold her back a year, but of course I haven't told her that.

COMMENT ADDED BY ANNE AT A LATER DATE:

*To my great surprise, G.Z. wasn't held back a year after all.*

And sitting next to G.Z. is the last of us twelve girls, me.

There's a lot to be said about the boys, or maybe not so much after all.

Maurice Coster is one of my many admirers, but pretty much of a pest.

Sallie Springer has a filthy mind, and rumour has it that he's gone all the way. Still, I think he's terrific, because he's very funny.

Emiel Bonewit is G.Z.'s admirer, but she doesn't care. He's pretty boring.

Rob Cohen used to be in love with me too, but I can't stand him any more. He's an obnoxious, two-faced, lying, snivelling little twit with an awfully high opinion of himself.

Max van de Velde is a farm boy from Medemblik, but a decent sort, as Margot would say.

Herman Koopman also has a filthy mind, just like Jopie de Beer, who's a terrible flirt and girl-chaser.

Leo Blom is Jopie de Beer's best friend, but has been spoiled by Jopie's dirty mind.

Albert de Mesquita came from the Montessori School and jumped a year. He's really clever.

Leo Slager came from the same school, but isn't as clever.

Ru Stoppelmon is a short, goofy boy from Almelo who transferred to this school in the middle of the year.

C.N. does whatever he's not supposed to.

Jacques Kocernoot sits behind us, next to C., and we (G. and I) laugh ourselves stupid.

Harry Schaap is the most decent boy in our class. He's nice.

Werner Joseph is nice too, but all the changes taking place lately have made him too quiet, so he seems boring.

Sam Salomon is one of those tough guys from the rough part of town. A real brat. (Admirer!)

Appie Riem is pretty Orthodox, but a brat too.

•

SATURDAY, 20 JUNE 1942

Writing in a diary is a really strange experience for someone like me. Not only because I've never written anything before, but also because it seems to me that later on neither I nor anyone else will be interested in the musings of a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl. Oh well, it doesn't matter. I feel like writing, and I have an even greater need to get all kinds of things off my chest.

'Paper has more patience than people.' I thought of this saying on one of those days when I was feeling a little depressed and was sitting at home with my chin in my hands, bored and listless, wondering whether to stay in or go out. I finally stayed where I was, brooding. Yes, paper *does* have more patience, and since I'm not planning to let anyone else read this stiff-backed notebook grandly referred to as a 'diary', unless I should ever find a real friend, it probably won't make a bit of difference.

Now I'm back to the point that prompted me to keep a diary in the first place: I don't have a friend.

Let me put it more clearly, since no one will believe that a thirteen-year-old girl is completely alone in the world. And I'm not. I have loving parents and a sixteen-year-old sister, and there are about thirty people I can call friends. I have a throng of admirers who can't keep their adoring eyes off me and who sometimes have to resort to using a broken pocket mirror to try and catch a glimpse of me in the classroom. I have a family, loving aunts and a good home. No, on the surface I seem to have everything, except my one true friend. All I think about when I'm with friends is having a good time. I can't bring myself to talk about anything but ordinary everyday things. We don't seem to be able to get any closer, and that's the problem. Maybe it's my fault that we don't confide in each other. In any case, that's just how things are, and unfortunately they're not liable to change. This is why I've started the diary.

To enhance the image of this long-awaited friend in my imagination, I don't want to jot down the facts in this diary the way most people would do, but I want the diary to be my friend, and I'm going to call this friend *Kitty*.

Since no one would understand a word of my stories to Kitty if I were to plunge right in, I'd better provide a brief sketch of my life, much as I dislike doing so.

My father, the most adorable father I've ever seen, didn't marry my mother until he was thirty-six and she was twenty-five. My sister Margot

was born in Frankfurt am Main in Germany in 1926. I was born on 12 June 1929. I lived in Frankfurt until I was four. Because we're Jewish, my father emigrated to Holland in 1933, when he became the Managing Director of the Dutch Opekta Company, which manufactures products used in making jam. My mother, Edith Holländer Frank, went with him to Holland in September, while Margot and I were sent to Aachen to stay with our grandmother. Margot went to Holland in December, and I followed in February, when I was plonked down on the table as a birthday present for Margot.

I started right away at the Montessori nursery school. I stayed there until I was six, at which time I started in the first form. In the sixth form my teacher was Mrs Kuperus, the headmistress. At the end of the year we were both in tears as we said a heartbreaking farewell, because I'd been accepted at the Jewish Lyceum, where Margot also went to school.

Our lives were not without anxiety, since our relatives in Germany were suffering under Hitler's anti-Jewish laws. After the pogroms in 1938 my two uncles (my mother's brothers) fled Germany, finding safe refuge in North America. My elderly grandmother came to live with us. She was seventy-three years old at the time.

After May 1940 the good times were few and far between: first there was the war, then the capitulation and then the arrival of the Germans, which is when the trouble started for the Jews. Our freedom was severely restricted by a series of anti-Jewish decrees: Jews were required to wear a yellow star; Jews were required to turn in their bicycles; Jews were forbidden to use trams; Jews were forbidden to ride in cars, even their own; Jews were required to do their shopping between 3.00 and 5.00 p.m.; Jews were required to frequent only Jewish-owned barbershops and beauty salons; Jews were forbidden to be out on the streets between 8.00 p.m. and 6.00 a.m.; Jews were forbidden to go to theatres, cinemas or any other forms of entertainment; Jews were forbidden to use swimming pools, tennis courts, hockey fields or any other athletic fields; Jews were forbidden to go rowing; Jews were forbidden to take part in any athletic activity in public; Jews were forbidden to sit in their gardens or those of their friends after 8.00 p.m.; Jews were forbidden to visit Christians in their homes; Jews were required to attend Jewish schools, etc. You couldn't do this and you

couldn't do that, but life went on. Jacque always said to me, 'I don't dare do anything any more, 'cause I'm afraid it's not allowed.'

In the summer of 1941 Grandma fell ill and had to have an operation, so my birthday passed with little celebration. In the summer of 1940 we didn't do much for my birthday either, since the fighting had just ended in Holland. Grandma died in January 1942. No one knows how often *I* think of her and still love her. This birthday celebration in 1942 was intended to make up for the others, and Grandma's candle was lit along with the rest.

The four of us are still doing well, and that brings me to the present date of 20 June 1942, and the solemn dedication of my diary.

•

SATURDAY, 20 JUNE 1942

*Dearest Kitty!*

Let me get started right away; it's nice and quiet now. Father and Mother are out and Margot has gone to play ping-pong with some other young people at her friend Trees's. I've been playing a lot of ping-pong myself lately. So much that five of us girls have formed a club. It's called 'The Little Dipper Minus Two'. A really silly name, but it's based on a mistake. We wanted to give our club a special name; and because there were five of us, we came up with the idea of the Little Dipper. We thought it consisted of five stars, but we turned out to be wrong. It has seven, like the Big Dipper, which explains the 'Minus Two'. Ilse Wagner has a ping-pong set, and the Wagners let us play in their big dining-room whenever we want. Since we five ping-pong players like ice-cream, especially in the summer, and since you get hot playing ping-pong, our games usually end with a visit to the nearest ice-cream parlour that allows Jews: either Oasis or Delphi. We've long since stopped hunting around for our purses or money – most of the time it's so busy in Oasis that we manage to find a few generous young men of our acquaintance or an admirer to offer us more ice-cream than we could eat in a week.

You're probably a little surprised to hear me talking about admirers at such a tender age. Unfortunately, or not, as the case may be, this vice seems to be rampant at our school. As soon as a boy asks if he can cycle home with me and we start talking, nine times out of ten I can be sure he'll



become enamoured on the spot and won't let me out of his sight for a second. His ardour eventually cools, especially since I ignore his passionate glances and pedal blithely on my way. If it gets so bad that they start rambling on about 'asking Father's permission', I swerve slightly on my bike, my satchel falls, and the young man feels obliged to get off his bike and hand it to me, by which time I've switched the conversation to another topic. These are the most innocent types. Of course, there are those who blow you kisses or try to take hold of your arm, but they're definitely knocking on the wrong door. I get off my bike and either refuse to make further use of their company or act as if I'm insulted and tell them in no uncertain terms to go on home without me.

There you are. We've now laid the basis for our friendship. Until tomorrow.

*Yours, Anne*

•

SUNDAY, 21 JUNE 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

Our entire class is quaking in its boots. The reason, of course, is the forthcoming meeting in which the teachers decide who'll move up to the next form and who'll be kept back. Half the class is making bets. G.Z. and I laugh ourselves silly at the two boys behind us, C.N. and Jacques Kocernoot, who have staked their entire holiday savings on their bet. From morning to night, it's 'You're going to pass', 'No, I'm not', 'Yes, you are', 'No, I'm not'. Even G.'s pleading glances and my angry outbursts can't calm them down. If you ask me, there are so many dummies that about a quarter of the class should be kept back, but teachers are the most unpredictable creatures on earth. Maybe this time they'll be unpredictable in the right direction for a change.

I'm not so worried about my girlfriends and myself. We'll make it. The only subject I'm not sure about is maths. Anyway, all we can do is wait. Until then, we keep telling each other not to lose heart.

I get along pretty well with all my teachers. There are nine of them, seven men and two women. Mr Keesing, the old fogey who teaches maths, was annoyed with me for ages because I talked so much. After several warnings,

he assigned me extra homework. An essay on the subject 'A Chatterbox'. A chatterbox, what can you write about that? I'd worry about that later, I decided. I jotted down the title in my notebook, tucked it in my bag and tried to keep quiet.

That evening, after I'd finished the rest of my homework, the note about the essay caught my eye. I began thinking about the subject while chewing the tip of my fountain pen. Anyone could ramble on and leave big spaces between the words, but the trick was to come up with convincing arguments to prove the necessity of talking. I thought and thought, and suddenly I had an idea. I wrote the three pages Mr Keesing had assigned me and was satisfied. I argued that talking is a female trait and that I would do my best to keep it under control, but that I would never be able to cure myself of the habit, since my mother talked as much as I did, if not more, and that there's not much you can do about inherited traits.

Mr Keesing had a good laugh at my arguments, but when I proceeded to talk my way through the next lesson, he assigned me a second essay. This time it was supposed to be on 'An Incurable Chatterbox'. I handed it in, and Mr Keesing had nothing to complain about for two whole lessons. However, during the third lesson he'd finally had enough. 'Anne Frank, as punishment for talking in class, write an essay entitled "Quack, Quack, Quack," Said Mistress Chatterback'.

The class roared. I had to laugh too, though I'd nearly exhausted my ingenuity on the topic of chatterboxes. It was time to come up with something else, something original. My friend Sanne, who's good at poetry, offered to help me write the essay from beginning to end in verse. I jumped for joy. Keesing was trying to play a joke on me with this ridiculous subject, but I'd make sure the joke was on him.

I finished my poem, and it was beautiful! It was about a mother duck and a father swan with three baby ducklings who were bitten to death by the father because they quacked too much. Luckily, Keesing took the joke the right way. He read the poem to the class, adding his own comments, and to several other classes as well. Since then I've been allowed to talk and haven't been assigned any extra homework. On the contrary, Keesing's always making jokes these days.

*Yours, Anne*

•

WEDNESDAY, 24 JUNE 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

It's sweltering. Everyone is huffing and puffing, and in this heat I have to walk everywhere. Only now do I realize how pleasant a tram is, but we Jews are no longer allowed to make use of this luxury; our own two feet are good enough for us. Yesterday at lunchtime I had an appointment with the dentist on Jan Luykenstraat. It's a long way from our school on Stadstimmeruinen. That afternoon I nearly fell asleep at my desk. Fortunately, people automatically offer you something to drink. The dental nurse is really kind.

The only mode of transport left to us is the ferry. The ferryman at Josef Israëlkade took us across when we asked him to. It's not the fault of the Dutch that we Jews are having such a bad time.

I wish I didn't have to go to school. My bike was stolen during the Easter holidays, and Father gave Mother's bike to some Christian friends for safekeeping. Thank goodness the summer holidays are almost here; one more week and our torment will be over.

Something unexpected happened yesterday morning. As I was passing the bicycle racks, I heard my name being called. I turned around and there was the nice boy I'd met the evening before at my friend Wilma's. He's Wilma's second cousin. I used to think Wilma was nice, which she is, but all she ever talks about is boys, and that gets to be a bore. He came towards me, somewhat shyly, and introduced himself as Hello Silberberg. I was a little surprised and wasn't sure what he wanted, but it didn't take me long to find out. He asked if I would allow him to accompany me to school. 'As long as you're headed that way, I'll go with you,' I said. And so we walked together. Hello is sixteen and good at telling all kinds of funny stories.

He was waiting for me again this morning, and I expect he will be from now on.

*Anne*

•

WEDNESDAY, 1 JULY 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

Until today I honestly couldn't find the time to write to you. I was with friends all day Thursday, we had company on Friday, and that's how it went until today.

Hello and I have got to know each other very well this past week, and he's told me a lot about his life. He comes from Gelsenkirchen and is living with his grandparents. His parents are in Belgium, but there's no way he can get there. Hello used to have a girlfriend named Ursula. I know her too. She's perfectly sweet and perfectly boring. Ever since he met me, Hello has realized that he's been falling asleep at Ursul's side. So I'm kind of a pep tonic. You never know what you're good for!

Jacque spent Saturday night here. Sunday afternoon she was at Hanneli's, and I was bored stiff.

Hello was supposed to come over that evening, but he rang about six. I answered the phone, and he said, 'This is Helmuth Silberberg. May I please speak to Anne?'

'Oh, Hello. This is Anne.'

'Oh, hello, Anne. How are you?'

'Very well, thanks.'

'I just wanted to say I'm sorry but I can't come tonight, though I would like to have a word with you. Is it all right if I come by and pick you up in about ten minutes?'

'Yes, that's fine. Bye-bye!'

'Okay, I'll be right over. Bye-bye!'

I hung up, quickly changed my clothes and did my hair. I was so nervous I leaned out of the window to watch for him. He finally showed up. Miracle of miracles, I didn't rush down the stairs, but waited quietly until he rang the bell. I went down to open the door, and he got right to the point.

'Anne, my grandmother thinks you're too young for me to be seeing you on a regular basis. She says I should be going to the Lowenbachs', but you probably know that I'm not going out with Ursul any more.'

'No, I didn't know. What happened? Did you two have an argument?'

'No, nothing like that. I told Ursul that we weren't suited to each other and so it was better for us not to go out together any more, but that she was welcome at my house and I hoped I would be welcome at hers. Actually, I thought Ursul was hanging around with another boy, and I treated her as if

she were. But that wasn't true. And then my uncle said I should apologize to her, but of course I didn't feel like it, and that's why I broke up with her. But that was just one of the reasons.

'Now my grandmother wants me to see Ursul and not you, but I don't agree and I'm not going to. Sometimes old people have really old-fashioned ideas, but that doesn't mean I have to go along with them. I need my grandparents, but in a certain sense they need me too. From now on I'll be free on Wednesday evenings. You see, my grandparents made me sign up for a wood-carving class, but actually I go to a club organized by the Zionists. My grandparents don't want me to go, because they're anti-Zionists. I'm not a fanatical Zionist, but it interests me. Anyway, it's been such a mess lately that I'm planning to leave. So next Wednesday will be my last meeting. That means I can see you Wednesday evening, Saturday afternoon, Saturday evening, Sunday afternoon and maybe even more.'

'But if your grandparents don't want you to, you shouldn't go behind their backs.'

'All's fair in love and war.'

Just then we passed Blankevoort's Bookshop and there was Peter Schiff with two other boys; it was the first time he'd said hello to me in ages, and it really made me feel good.

Monday evening Hello came over to meet Father and Mother. I had bought a cake and some sweets, and we had tea and biscuits, the works, but neither Hello nor I felt like sitting stiffly on our chairs. So we went out for a walk, and he didn't deliver me to my door until ten past eight. Father was furious. He said it was very wrong of me not to get home on time. I had to promise to be home by ten to eight in future. I've been asked to Hello's on Saturday.

Wilma told me that one night when Hello was at her house, she asked him, 'Who do you like best, Ursul or Anne?'

He said, 'It's none of your business.'

But as he was leaving (they hadn't talked to each other the rest of the evening), he said, 'Well, I like Anne better, but don't tell anyone. Bye!' And whoosh . . . he was out of the door.

In everything he says or does, I can see that Hello is in love with me, and it's kind of nice for a change. Margot would say that Hello is a decent sort. I think so too, but he's more than that. Mother is also full of praise: 'A good-

looking boy. Nice and polite.' I'm glad he's so popular with everyone. Except with my girlfriends. He thinks they're very childish, and he's right about that. Jacque still teases me about him, but I'm not in love with him. Not really. It's all right for me to have boys as friends. Nobody minds.

Mother is always asking me who I'm going to marry when I grow up, but I bet she'll never guess it's Peter, because I talked her out of that idea myself, without batting an eyelash. I love Peter as I've never loved anyone, and I tell myself he's only going around with all those other girls to hide his feelings for me. Maybe he thinks Hello and I are in love with each other, which we're not. He's just a friend, or as Mother puts it, a suitor.

*Yours, Anne*

•

SUNDAY, 5 JULY 1942

*Dear Kitty,*

The examination results were announced in the Jewish Theatre on Friday. My report wasn't too bad. I got one D, a C- in algebra and all the rest Bs, except for two B+s and two B-s. My parents are pleased, but they're not like other parents when it comes to grades. They never worry about reports, good or bad. As long as I'm healthy and happy and not too cheeky, they're satisfied. If these three things are all right, everything else will take care of itself.

I'm just the opposite. I don't want to be a bad pupil. I was accepted at the Jewish Lyceum on a conditional basis. I was supposed to stay at the Montessori School, but when Jewish children were required to go to Jewish schools, Mr Elte finally agreed, after a great deal of persuasion, to accept Lies Goslar and me. Lies also passed this year, though she has to repeat her geometry exam.

Poor Lies. It isn't easy for her to study at home; her baby sister, a spoiled little two-year-old, plays in her room all day. If Gabi doesn't get her way, she starts screaming, and if Lies doesn't look after her, Mrs Goslar starts screaming. So Lies has a hard time doing her homework, and as long as that's the case, the extra tuition she's been getting won't help much. The Goslar household is really a sight. Mrs Goslar's parents live next door, but eat with the family. Then there's the hired help, the baby, the always absent-

minded and absent Mr Goslar and the always nervous and irritable Mrs Goslar, who's expecting another baby. Lies, who's all thumbs, gets lost in the mayhem.

My sister Margot has also got her report. Brilliant, as usual. If we had such a thing as 'cum laude', she would have passed with honours, she's so clever.

Father has been home a lot lately. There's nothing for him to do at the office; it must be awful to feel you're not needed. Mr Kleiman has taken over Opekta, and Mr Kugler, Gies & Co., the company dealing in spices and spice substitutes that was set up in 1941.

A few days ago, as we were taking a stroll around our neighbourhood square, Father began to talk about going into hiding. He said it would be very hard for us to live cut off from the rest of the world. I asked him why he was bringing this up now.

'Well, Anne,' he replied, 'you know that for more than a year we've been sending our clothes, food and furniture to other people. We don't want our belongings to be seized by the Germans. Nor do we want to fall into their clutches ourselves. So we'll leave of our own accord and not wait to be hauled away.'

'But when, Father?' He sounded so serious that I felt scared.

'Don't you worry. We'll take care of everything. Just enjoy your carefree life while you can.'

That was it. Oh, may these sombre words not come true for as long as possible.

The doorbell's ringing, Hello's here, time to stop.

*Yours, Anne*

•

WEDNESDAY, 8 JULY 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

It seems like years since Sunday morning. So much has happened it's as if the whole world had suddenly turned upside down. But as you can see, Kitty, I'm still alive, and that's the main thing, Father says. I'm alive all right, but don't ask where or how. You probably don't understand a word

I'm saying today, so I'll begin by telling you what happened Sunday afternoon.

At three o'clock (Hello had left but was supposed to come back later), the doorbell rang. I didn't hear it, since I was out on the balcony, lazily reading in the sun. A little while later Margot appeared in the kitchen doorway looking very agitated. 'Father has received a call-up notice from the SS,' she whispered. 'Mother has gone to see Mr van Daan.'<sup>2</sup>

I was stunned. A call-up: everyone knows what that means. Visions of concentration camps and lonely cells raced through my head. How could we let Father go to such a fate? 'Of course he's not going,' declared Margot as we waited for Mother in the living-room. 'Mother's gone to Mr van Daan to ask whether we can move to our hiding place tomorrow. The van Daans are going with us. There will be seven of us altogether.' Silence. We couldn't speak. The thought of Father off visiting someone in the Jewish Hospital and completely unaware of what was happening, the long wait for Mother, the heat, the suspense – all this reduced us to silence.

Suddenly the doorbell rang again. 'That's Hello,' I said.

'Don't open the door!' exclaimed Margot to stop me. But it wasn't necessary, since we heard Mother and Mr van Daan downstairs talking to Hello, and then the two of them came inside and shut the door behind them. Every time the bell rang, either Margot or I had to tiptoe downstairs to see if it was Father, and we didn't let anyone else in. Margot and I were sent from the room, as Mr van Daan wanted to talk to Mother alone.

When she and I were sitting in our bedroom, Margot told me that the call-up was not for Father, but for her. At this second shock, I began to cry. Margot is sixteen – apparently they want to send girls her age away on their own. But thank goodness she won't be going; Mother had said so herself, which must be what Father had meant when he talked to me about our going into hiding. Hiding . . . where would we hide? In the city? In the country? In a house? In a shack? When, where, how . . . ? These were questions I wasn't allowed to ask, but they still kept running through my mind.

Margot and I started packing our most important belongings into a satchel. The first thing I stuck in was this diary, and then curlers, handkerchiefs, schoolbooks, a comb and some old letters. Preoccupied by



the thought of going into hiding, I stuck the craziest things in the satchel, but I'm not sorry. Memories mean more to me than dresses.

Father finally came home around five o'clock, and we rang Mr Kleiman to ask if he could come by that evening. Mr van Daan left and went to get Miep. Miep arrived and promised to return later that night, taking with her a bag full of shoes, dresses, jackets, underwear and stockings. After that it was quiet in our flat; none of us felt like eating. It was still hot, and everything was very strange.

We had rented out our big upstairs room to a Mr Goldschmidt, a divorced man in his thirties, who apparently had nothing to do that evening, since despite all our polite hints he hung around until ten o'clock.

Miep and Jan Gies came at eleven. Miep, who's worked for Father's company since 1933, has become a close friend, and so has her husband Jan. Once again, shoes, stockings, books and underwear disappeared into Miep's bag and Jan's deep pockets. At eleven-thirty they too disappeared.

I was exhausted, and even though I knew it'd be my last night in my own bed, I fell asleep right away and didn't wake up until Mother called me at five-thirty the next morning. Fortunately, it wasn't as hot as Sunday; a warm rain fell throughout the day. The four of us were wrapped in so many layers of clothes it looked as if we were going off to spend the night in a refrigerator, and all that just so we could take more clothes with us. No Jew in our situation would dare leave the house with a suitcase full of clothes. I was wearing two vests, three pairs of pants, a dress, and over that a skirt, a jacket, a raincoat, two pairs of stockings, heavy shoes, a cap, a scarf and lots more. I was suffocating even before we left the house, but no one bothered to ask me how I felt.

Margot stuffed her satchel with schoolbooks, went to get her bicycle and, with Miep leading the way, rode off into the great unknown. At any rate, that's how I thought of it, since I still didn't know where our hiding place was.

At seven-thirty we too closed the door behind us; Moortje, my cat, was the only living creature I said good-bye to. According to a note we left for Mr Goldschmidt, she was to be taken to the neighbours, who would give her a good home.

The stripped beds, the breakfast things on the table, the pound of meat for the cat in the kitchen – all of these created the impression that we'd left in a

hurry. But we weren't interested in impressions. We just wanted to get out of there, to get away and reach our destination in safety. Nothing else mattered.

More tomorrow.

*Yours, Anne*

•

THURSDAY, 9 JULY 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

So there we were, Father, Mother and I, walking in the pouring rain, each of us with a satchel and a shopping bag filled to the brim with the most varied assortment of items. The people on their way to work at that early hour gave us sympathetic looks; you could tell by their faces that they were sorry they couldn't offer us some kind of transport; the conspicuous yellow star spoke for itself.

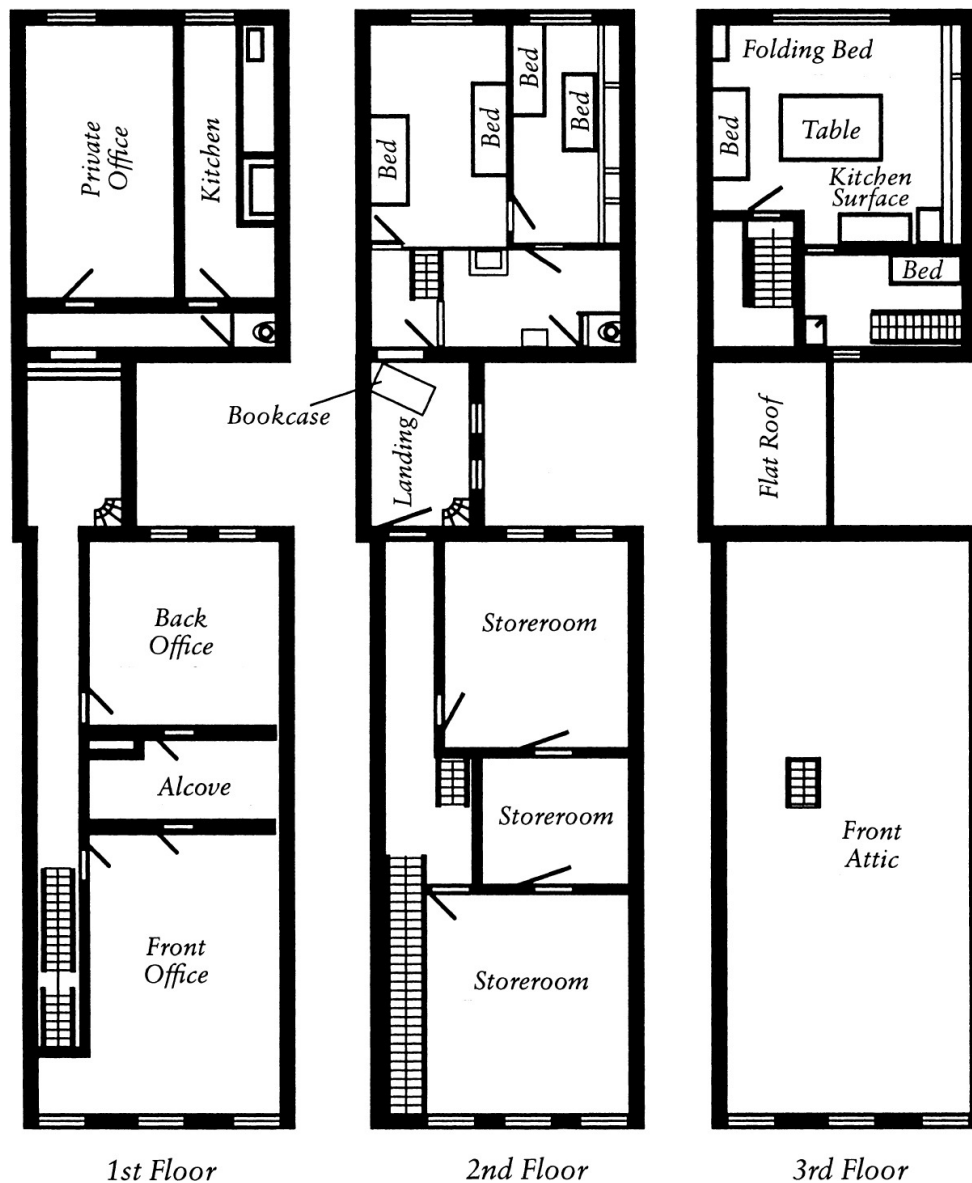
Only when we were walking down the street did Father and Mother reveal, little by little, what the plan was. For months we'd been moving as much of our furniture and apparel out of the flat as we could. It was agreed that we'd go into hiding on 16 July. Because of Margot's call-up notice, the plan had to be moved forward ten days, which meant we'd have to make do with less orderly rooms.

The hiding place was located in Father's office building. That's a little hard for outsiders to understand, so I'll explain. Father didn't have a lot of people working in his office, just Mr Kugler, Mr Kleiman, Miep and a twenty-three-year-old typist named Bep Voskuijl, all of whom were informed of our coming. Mr Voskuijl, Bep's father, works in the warehouse, along with two assistants, none of whom were told anything.

Here's a description of the building. The large warehouse on the ground floor is used as a workroom and storeroom and is divided into several different sections, such as the stockroom and the milling room, where cinnamon, cloves and a pepper substitute are ground.

Next to the warehouse doors is another outside door, a separate entrance to the office. Just inside the office door is a second door, and beyond that a stairway. At the top of the stairs is another door, with a frosted window on which the word 'Office' is written in black letters. This is the big front

office – very large, very light and very full. Bep, Miep and Mr Kleiman work there during the day. After passing through an alcove containing a safe, a wardrobe and a big stationery cupboard, you come to the small, dark, stuffy back office. This used to be shared by Mr Kugler and Mr van Daan, but now Mr Kugler is its only occupant. Mr Kugler's office can also be reached from the passage, but only through a glass door that can be opened from the inside but not easily from the outside. If you leave Mr Kugler's office and proceed through the long, narrow passage past the coal store and go up four steps, you find yourself in the private office, the showpiece of the entire building. Elegant mahogany furniture, a linoleum floor covered with rugs, a radio, a fancy lamp, everything first class. Next door is a spacious kitchen with a water-heater and two gas rings, and beside that a lavatory. That's the first floor.



A wooden staircase leads from the downstairs passage to the second floor. At the top of the stairs is a landing, with doors on either side. The door on the left takes you up to the spice storage area, attic and loft in the front part of the house. A typically Dutch, very steep, ankle-twisting flight of stairs also runs from the front part of the house to another door opening on to the street.

The door to the right of the landing leads to the 'Secret Annexe' at the back of the house. No one would ever suspect there were so many rooms behind that plain grey door. There's just one small step in front of the door, and then you're inside. Straight ahead of you is a steep flight of stairs. To

the left is a narrow hallway opening on to a room that serves as the Frank family's living-room and bedroom. Next door is a smaller room, the bedroom and study of the two young ladies of the family. To the right of the stairs is a 'bathroom', a windowless room with just a sink. The door in the corner leads to the lavatory and another one to Margot's and my room. If you go up the stairs and open the door at the top, you're surprised to see such a large, light and spacious room in an old canalside house like this. It contains a gas cooker (thanks to the fact that it used to be Mr Kugler's laboratory) and a sink. This will be the kitchen and bedroom of Mr and Mrs van Daan, as well as the general living-room, dining-room and study for us all. A tiny side room is to be Peter van Daan's bedroom. Then, just as in the front part of the building, there's an attic and a loft. So there you are. Now I've introduced you to the whole of our lovely Annexe!

*Yours, Anne*

•

FRIDAY, 10 JULY 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

I've probably bored you with my long description of our house, but I still think you should know where I've ended up; how I ended up here is something you'll work out from my next letters.

But first, let me continue my story, because, as you know, I hadn't finished. After we arrived at 263 Prinsengracht, Miep quickly led us through the long passage and up the wooden staircase to the next floor and into the Annexe. She shut the door behind us, leaving us alone. Margot had arrived much earlier on her bike and was waiting for us.

Our living-room and all the other rooms were so full of stuff that I can't find the words to describe it. All the cardboard boxes that had been sent to the office in the last few months were piled on the floors and beds. The small room was filled from floor to ceiling with linen. If we wanted to sleep in properly made beds that night, we had to get going and tidy up the mess. Mother and Margot were unable to move a muscle. They lay down on their bare mattresses, tired, miserable and I don't know what else. But Father and I, the two cleaner-uppers in the family, started in right away.

All day long we unpacked boxes, filled cupboards, hammered nails and tidied up the mess, until we fell exhausted into our clean beds at night. We hadn't eaten a hot meal all day, but we didn't care; Mother and Margot were too tired and keyed up to eat, and Father and I were too busy.

Tuesday morning we started where we left off the night before. Bep and Miep went shopping with our ration coupons, Father worked on our black-out screens, we scrubbed the kitchen floor, and were once again busy from morning to night. Until Wednesday, I didn't have a chance to think about the enormous change in my life. Then for the first time since our arrival in the Secret Annexe, I found a moment to tell you all about it and to realize what had happened to me and what was yet to happen.

*Yours, Anne*

•

SATURDAY, 11 JULY 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

Father, Mother and Margot still can't get used to the chiming of the Westertoren clock, which tells us the time every quarter of an hour. Not me, I liked it from the start; it sounds so reassuring, especially at night. You no doubt want to hear what I think of being in hiding. Well, all I can say is that I don't really know yet. I don't think I'll ever feel at home in this house, but that doesn't mean I hate it. It's more like being on holiday in some strange pension. Kind of an odd way to look at life in hiding, but that's how things are. The Annexe is an ideal place to hide in. It may be damp and lopsided, but there's probably not a more comfortable hiding place in all of Amsterdam. No, in all of Holland.

Up till now our bedroom, with its blank walls, was very bare. Thanks to Father – who brought my entire postcard and film-star collection here beforehand – and to a brush and a pot of glue, I was able to plaster the walls with pictures. It looks much more cheerful. When the van Daans arrive, we'll be able to build cupboards and other odds and ends out of the wood piled in the attic.

Margot and Mother have recovered somewhat. Yesterday Mother felt well enough to cook split-pea soup for the first time, but then she was

downstairs talking and forgot all about it. The beans were scorched black, and no amount of scraping could get them out of the pan.

Last night the four of us went down to the private office and listened to England on the wireless. I was so scared someone might hear it that I literally begged Father to take me back upstairs. Mother understood my anxiety and went with me. Whatever we do, we're very afraid the neighbours might hear or see us. We started off immediately the first day sewing curtains. Actually, you can hardly call them that, since they're nothing but scraps of fabric, varying greatly in shape, quality and pattern, which Father and I stitched crookedly together with unskilled fingers. These works of art were tacked to the windows, where they'll stay until we come out of hiding.

The building on our right is a branch of the Keg Company, a firm from Zaandam, and on the left is a furniture workshop. Though the people who work there are not on the premises after hours, any sound we make might travel through the walls. We've forbidden Margot to cough at night, even though she has a bad cold, and are giving her large doses of codeine.

I'm looking forward to the arrival of the van Daans, which is set for Tuesday. It will be much more fun and also not as quiet. You see, it's the silence that makes me so nervous during the evenings and nights, and I'd give anything to have one of our helpers sleep here.

It's really not that bad here, since we can do our own cooking and can listen to the wireless in Daddy's office. Mr Kleiman and Miep, and Bep Voskuijl too, have helped us so much. We've already preserved loads of rhubarb, strawberries and cherries, so for the time being I doubt we'll be bored. We also have a supply of reading material, and we're going to buy lots of games. Of course, we can't ever look out of the window or go outside. And we have to be quiet so the people downstairs can't hear us.

Yesterday we had our hands full. We had to pit two crates of cherries for Mr Kugler to preserve. We're going to use the empty crates to make bookshelves.

Someone's calling me.

*Yours, Anne*

COMMENT ADDED BY ANNE ON 28 SEPTEMBER 1942:

*Not being able to go outside upsets me more than I can say, and I'm terrified our hiding place will be discovered and that we'll be shot. That, of course, is a fairly dismal prospect.*

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SUNDAY, 12 JULY 1942

They were all so nice to me a month ago because of my birthday, and yet every day I feel myself drifting further away from Mother and Margot. I worked hard today and they praised me, only to start picking on me again five minutes later.

You can easily see the difference between the way they deal with Margot and the way they deal with me. For example, Margot broke the vacuum cleaner, and because of that we've been without light for the rest of the day. Mother said, 'Well, Margot, it's easy to see you're not used to working; otherwise, you'd have known better than to yank the plug out by the cord.' Margot made some reply, and that was the end of the story.

But this afternoon, when I wanted to rewrite something on Mother's shopping list because her handwriting is so hard to read, she wouldn't let me. She ticked me off again, and the whole family got involved.

I don't fit in with them, and I've felt that clearly in the last few weeks. They're so sentimental together, but I'd rather be sentimental on my own. They're always saying how nice it is with the four of us, and that we get along so well, without giving a moment's thought to the fact that I don't feel that way.

Daddy's the only one who understands me, now and again, though he usually sides with Mother and Margot. Another thing I can't stand is having them talk about me in front of outsiders, telling them how I cried or how sensibly I'm behaving. It's horrible. And sometimes they talk about Moortje and I can't bear that. Moortje is my weak spot. I miss her every minute of the day, and no one knows how often I think of her; whenever I do, my eyes fill with tears. Moortje is so sweet, and I love her so much that I keep dreaming she'll come back to us.

I have plenty of dreams, but the reality is that we'll have to stay here until the war is over. We can't ever go outside, and the only visitors we can have are Miep, her husband Jan, Bep Voskuijl, Mr Voskuijl, Mr Kugler, Mr



Kleiman and Mrs Kleiman, though she hasn't come because she thinks it's too dangerous.

COMMENT ADDED BY ANNE IN SEPTEMBER 1942:

*Daddy's always so nice. He understands me perfectly, and I wish we could have a heart-to-heart talk sometime without my bursting instantly into tears. But apparently that has to do with my age. I'd like to spend all my time writing, but that would probably get boring.*

*Up till now I've only confided my thoughts to my diary. I still haven't got round to writing amusing sketches that I could read aloud at a later date. In the future I'm going to devote less time to sentimentality and more time to reality.*

•

FRIDAY, 14 AUGUST 1942

*Dear Kitty,*

I've deserted you for an entire month, but so little has happened that I can't find a newsworthy item to relate every single day. The van Daans arrived on 13 July. We thought they were coming on the fourteenth, but from the thirteenth to sixteenth the Germans were sending out call-up notices right and left and causing a lot of unrest, so they decided it would be safer to leave a day too early than a day too late.

Peter van Daan arrived at nine-thirty in the morning (while we were still at breakfast). Peter's going on sixteen, a shy, awkward boy whose company won't amount to much. Mr and Mrs van Daan came half an hour later. Much to our amusement, Mrs van Daan was carrying a hatbox with a large chamber pot inside. 'I just don't feel at home without my chamber pot,' she exclaimed, and it was the first item to find a permanent place under the divan. Instead of a chamber pot, Mr van D. was lugging a collapsible tea table under his arm.

From the first, we ate our meals together, and after three days it felt as if the seven of us had become one big family. Naturally, the van Daans had much to tell about the week we'd been away from civilization. We were

especially interested in what had happened to our flat and to Mr Goldschmidt.

Mr van Daan filled us in: ‘Monday morning at nine, Mr Goldschmidt phoned and asked if I could come over. I went straight away and found a very distraught Mr Goldschmidt. He showed me a note that the Frank family had left behind. As instructed, he was planning to take the cat to the neighbours, which I agreed was a good idea. He was afraid the house was going to be searched, so we went through all the rooms, tidying up here and there and clearing the breakfast things off the table. Suddenly I saw a notepad on Mrs Frank’s desk, with an address in Maastricht written on it. Even though I knew Mrs Frank had left it on purpose, I pretended to be surprised and horrified and begged Mr Goldschmidt to burn this incriminating piece of paper. I swore up and down that I knew nothing about your disappearance, but that the note had given me an idea. “Mr Goldschmidt,” I said, “I bet I know what this address refers to. About six months ago a high-ranking officer came to the office. It seems he and Mr Frank grew up together. He promised to help Mr Frank if it was ever necessary. As I recall, he was stationed in Maastricht. I think this officer has kept his word and is somehow planning to help them cross over to Belgium and then to Switzerland. There’s no harm in telling this to any friends of the Franks who come asking about them. Of course, you don’t need to mention the part about Maastricht.” And after that I left. This is the story most of your friends have been told, because I heard it later from several other people.’

We thought it was extremely funny, but we laughed even harder when Mr van Daan told us that certain people have vivid imaginations. For example, one family living on our square claimed they saw all four of us riding by on our bikes early in the morning, and another woman was absolutely positive we’d been loaded into some kind of military vehicle in the middle of the night.

*Yours, Anne*

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FRIDAY, 21 AUGUST 1942

*Dear Kitty,*

Now our Secret Annexe has truly become secret. Because so many houses are being searched for hidden bicycles, Mr Kugler thought it would be better to have a bookcase built in front of the entrance to our hiding place. It swings out on its hinges and opens like a door. Mr Voskuijl did the carpentry work. (Mr Voskuijl has been told that the seven of us are in hiding, and he's been most helpful.)

Now whenever we want to go downstairs we have to duck and then jump. After the first three days we were all walking around with bumps on our foreheads from banging our heads against the low doorway. Then Peter cushioned it by nailing a towel stuffed with wood shavings to the door frame. Let's see if it helps!

I'm not doing much schoolwork. I've given myself a holiday until September. Father wants to start giving me lessons then, but we have to buy all the books first.

There's little change in our lives here. Peter's hair was washed today, but that's nothing special. Mr van Daan and I are always at loggerheads with each other. Mummy always treats me like a baby, which I can't stand. For the rest, things are going better. I don't think Peter's got any nicer. He's an obnoxious boy who lies around on his bed all day, only rousing himself to do a little carpentry work before returning to his nap. What a clot!

Mummy gave me another one of her dreadful sermons this morning. We take the opposite view on everything. Daddy's a sweetheart; he may get cross with me, but it never lasts longer than five minutes.

It's a beautiful day outside, nice and hot, and in spite of everything, we make the most of the weather by lounging on the folding bed in the attic.

*Yours, Anne*

COMMENT ADDED BY ANNE ON 21 SEPTEMBER 1942:

*Mr van Daan has been as nice as pie to me recently. I've said nothing, but have been enjoying it while it lasts.*

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WEDNESDAY, 2 SEPTEMBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

Mr and Mrs van Daan have had a terrible argument. I've never seen anything like it, since Mother and Father wouldn't dream of shouting at each other like that. The argument was based on something so trivial it didn't seem worth wasting a single word on it. Oh well, to each his own.

Of course, it's very difficult for Peter, who gets caught in the middle, but no one takes Peter seriously any more, since he's hypersensitive and lazy. Yesterday he was beside himself with worry because his tongue was blue instead of pink. This rare phenomenon disappeared as quickly as it came. Today he's walking around with a thick scarf on because he's got a stiff neck. His Highness has been complaining of lumbago too. Aches and pains in his heart, kidneys and lungs are also par for the course. He's an absolute hypochondriac! (That's the right word, isn't it?)

Mother and Mrs van Daan aren't getting along very well. There are enough reasons for the friction. To give you one small example, Mrs van D. has removed all but three of her sheets from our communal linen cupboard. She's assuming that Mother's can be used for both families. She'll be in for a nasty surprise when she discovers that Mother has followed her lead.

Furthermore, Mrs van D. is miffed because we're using her china instead of ours. She's still trying to find out what we've done with our plates; they're a lot closer than she thinks, since they're packed in cardboard boxes in the attic, behind a load of Opekta advertising material. As long as we're in hiding, the plates will remain out of her reach. Since I'm always having accidents, it's just as well! Yesterday I broke one of Mrs van D.'s soup bowls.

'Oh!' she angrily exclaimed. 'Can't you be more careful? That was my last one.'

Please bear in mind, Kitty, that the two ladies speak abominable Dutch (I don't dare comment on the gentlemen: they'd be highly insulted). If you were to hear their bungled attempts, you'd laugh your head off. We've given up pointing out their errors, since correcting them doesn't help anyway. Whenever I quote Mother or Mrs van Daan, I'll write proper Dutch instead of trying to duplicate their speech.

Last week there was a brief interruption in our monotonous routine. This was provided by Peter – and a book about women. I should explain that Margot and Peter are allowed to read nearly all the books Mr Kleiman lends us. But the adults preferred to keep this special book to themselves. This

immediately piqued Peter's curiosity. What forbidden fruit did it contain? He sneaked off with it when his mother was downstairs talking, and took himself and his booty to the loft. For two days all was well. Mrs van Daan knew what he was up to, but kept mum until Mr van Daan found out about it. He threw a fit, took the book away and assumed that would be the end of the business. However, he'd neglected to take his son's curiosity into account. Peter, not in the least fazed by his father's swift action, began thinking up ways to read the rest of this vastly interesting book.

In the meantime, Mrs van D. asked Mother for her opinion. Mother didn't think this particular book was suitable for Margot, but she saw no harm in letting her read most other books.

'You see, Mrs van Daan,' Mother said, 'there's a big difference between Margot and Peter. To begin with, Margot's a girl, and girls are always more mature than boys. Second, she's already read many serious books and doesn't go looking for those which are no longer forbidden. Third, Margot's much more sensible and intellectually advanced, as a result of her four years at an excellent school.'

Mrs van Daan agreed with her, but felt it was wrong as a matter of principle to let youngsters read books written for adults.

Meanwhile, Peter had thought of a suitable time when no one would be interested in either him or the book. At seven-thirty in the evening, when the entire family was listening to the wireless in the private office, he took his treasure and stole off to the loft again. He should have been back by eight-thirty, but he was so engrossed in the book that he forgot the time and was just coming down the stairs when his father entered the room. The scene that followed was not surprising: after a slap, a whack and a tug-of-war, the book lay on the table and Peter was in the loft.

This is how matters stood when it was time for the family to eat. Peter stayed upstairs. No one gave him a moment's thought; he'd have to go to bed without his dinner. We continued eating, chatting merrily away, when suddenly we heard a piercing whistle. We lay down our forks and stared at each other, the shock clearly visible on our pale faces.

Then we heard Peter's voice through the chimney: 'I won't come down!'

Mr van Daan leapt up, his napkin falling to the floor, and shouted, with the blood rushing to his face, 'I've had enough!'

Father, afraid of what might happen, grabbed him by the arm and the two men went to the attic. After much struggling and kicking, Peter ended up in his room with the door shut, and we went on eating.

Mrs van Daan wanted to save a piece of bread for her darling son, but Mr van D. was adamant. 'If he doesn't apologize this minute, he'll have to sleep in the loft.'

We protested that going without dinner was enough punishment. What if Peter were to catch cold? We wouldn't be able to call a doctor.

Peter didn't apologize, and returned to the loft. Mr van Daan decided to leave well enough alone, though he did note the next morning that Peter's bed had been slept in. At seven Peter went to the attic again, but was persuaded to come downstairs when Father spoke a few friendly words to him. After three days of sullen looks and stubborn silence, everything was back to normal.

*Yours, Anne*

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MONDAY, 21 SEPTEMBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

Today I'll tell you the general news here in the Annexe. A lamp has been mounted above my divan bed so that in future, when I hear the guns going off, I'll be able to pull a cord and switch on the light. I can't use it at the moment because we're keeping our window open a little, day and night.

The male members of the van Daan contingent have built a very handy wood-stained food safe, with real screens. Up till now this glorious cupboard has been located in Peter's room, but in the interests of fresh air it's been moved to the attic. Where it once stood, there's now a shelf. I advised Peter to put his table underneath the shelf, add a nice rug and hang his own cupboard where the table now stands. That might make his little cubbyhole more comfy, though I certainly wouldn't like to sleep there.

Mrs van Daan is unbearable. I'm continually being scolded for my incessant chatter when I'm upstairs. I simply let the words bounce right off me! Madame now has a new trick up her sleeve: trying to get out of washing the pots and pans. If there's a bit of food left at the bottom of the pan, she leaves it to spoil instead of transferring it to a glass dish. Then in

the afternoon when Margot is stuck with cleaning all the pots and pans, Madame exclaims, 'Oh, poor Margot, you have so much work to do!'

Every other week Mr Kleiman brings me a couple of books written for girls my age. I'm enthusiastic about the *Joop ter Heul* series. I've enjoyed all of Cissy van Marxveldt's books very much. I've read *The Zaniest Summer* four times, and the ludicrous situations still make me laugh.

Father and I are currently working on our family tree, and he tells me something about each person as we go along.

I've begun my schoolwork. I'm working hard at French, cramming five irregular verbs into my head every day. But I've forgotten much too much of what I learned in school.

Peter has taken up his English with great reluctance. A few schoolbooks have just arrived, and I brought a large supply of exercise-books, pencils, rubbers and labels from home. Pim (that's our pet name for Father) wants me to help him with his Dutch lessons. I'm perfectly willing to teach him in exchange for his assistance with French and other subjects. But he makes the most unbelievable mistakes!

I sometimes listen to the Dutch broadcasts from London. Prince Bernhard recently announced that Princess Juliana is expecting a baby in January, which I think is wonderful. No one here understands why I take such an interest in the Royal Family.

A few nights ago I was the topic of discussion, and we all decided I was an ignoramus. As a result, I threw myself into my schoolwork the next day, since I have little desire to still be in the first form when I'm fourteen or fifteen. The fact that I'm hardly allowed to read anything was also discussed. At the moment, Mother's reading *The House of Tavelinck*, and of course I'm not allowed to read it (though Margot is!). First I have to be more intellectually developed, like my genius of a sister. Then we discussed my ignorance of philosophy, psychology and physiology (I immediately looked up these big words in the dictionary!). It's true, I don't know anything about these subjects. But maybe I'll have learned more by next year!

I've come to the shocking conclusion that I have only one long-sleeved dress and three cardigans to wear in the winter. Father's given me permission to knit a white jumper; the wool isn't very pretty, but it'll be

warm, and that's what counts. Some of our clothing was left with friends, but unfortunately we won't be able to get to it until after the war. Provided it's still there, of course.

I'd just finished writing something about Mrs van Daan when she walked into the room. Thump, I slammed the book shut.

'Hey, Anne, can't I even take a peek?'

'No, Mrs van Daan.'

'Just the last page then?'

'No, not even the last page, Mrs van Daan.'

Of course, I nearly died, since that particular page contained a rather unflattering description of her.

There's something happening every day, but I'm too tired and lazy to write it all down.

*Yours, Anne*

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FRIDAY, 25 SEPTEMBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

Father has a friend, a man in his mid-seventies named Mr Dreher, who's sick, poor and deaf as a post. At his side, like a useless appendage, is his wife, twenty-seven years younger and equally poor, whose arms and legs are loaded with real and fake bracelets and rings left over from more prosperous days. This Mr Dreher has already been a great nuisance to Father, and I've always admired the saintly patience with which he handled this pathetic old man on the phone. When we were still living at home, Mother used to advise him to put a gramophone in front of the receiver, one that would repeat every three minutes, 'Yes, Mr Dreher' and 'No, Mr Dreher', since the old man never understood a word of Father's lengthy replies anyway.

Today Mr Dreher phoned the office and asked Mr Kugler to come and see him. Mr Kugler wasn't in the mood and said he would send Miep, but Miep cancelled the appointment. Mrs Dreher called the office three times, but since Miep was reportedly out the entire afternoon, she had to imitate Bep's voice. Downstairs in the office as well as upstairs in the Annex, there was great hilarity. Now each time the phone rings, Bep says 'That's



Mrs Dreher!’ and Miep has to laugh, so that the people on the other end of the line are greeted with an impolite giggle. Can’t you just picture it? This has got to be the greatest office in the whole wide world. The bosses and the office girls have such fun together!

Some evenings I go to the van Daans for a little chat. We eat ‘mothball biscuits’ (biscuits that were stored in a wardrobe that was mothproofed) and have a good time. Recently the conversation was about Peter. I said that he often pats me on the cheek, which I don’t like. They asked me in a typically grown-up way whether I could ever learn to love Peter like a brother, since he loves me like a sister. ‘Oh, no!’ I said, but what I was thinking was, ‘Oh, ugh!’ Just imagine! I added that Peter’s a bit stiff, perhaps because he’s shy. Boys who aren’t used to being around girls are like that.

I must say that the Annexe Committee (the men’s section) is very creative. Listen to the scheme they’ve come up with to get a message to Mr Broks, an Opekta Co. sales representative and friend who’s surreptitiously hidden some of our things for us! They’re going to type a letter to a shop owner in southern Zeeland who is, indirectly, one of Opekta’s customers and ask him to fill out a form and send it back in the enclosed self-addressed envelope. Father will write the address on the envelope himself. Once the letter is returned from Zeeland, the form can be removed and a handwritten message confirming that Father is alive can be inserted in the envelope. This way Mr Broks can read the letter without suspecting a ruse. They chose the province of Zeeland because it’s close to Belgium (a letter can easily be smuggled across the border) and because no one is allowed to travel there without a special permit. An ordinary salesman like Mr Broks would never be granted a permit.

Yesterday Father put on another act. Groggy with sleep, he stumbled off to bed. His feet were cold, so I lent him my bed socks. Five minutes later he flung them to the floor. Then he pulled the blankets over his head because the light bothered him. The lamp was switched off, and he gingerly poked his head out from under the covers. It was all very amusing. We started talking about the fact that Peter says Margot is a ‘busy bee’. Suddenly Daddy’s voice was heard from the depths: ‘A busybody, you mean.’

Mouschi, the cat, is becoming nicer to me as time goes by, but I’m still somewhat afraid of her.

*Yours, Anne*

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SUNDAY, 27 SEPTEMBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

Mother and I had a so-called 'discussion' today, but the annoying part is that I burst into tears. I can't help it. Daddy is *always* nice to me, and he also understands me much better. At moments like these I can't stand Mother. It's obvious that I'm a stranger to her; she doesn't even know what I think about the most ordinary things.

We were talking about maids and the fact that you're supposed to refer to them as 'domestic help' these days. She claimed that when the war is over, that's what they'll want to be called. I didn't quite see it that way. Then she added that I talk about 'later' so often and that I act as if I were such a lady, even though I'm not, but I don't think building sand-castles in the air is such a terrible thing to do, as long as you don't take it too seriously. At any rate, Daddy usually comes to my defence. Without him I wouldn't be able to stick it out here.

I don't get along with Margot very well either. Even though our family never has the same kind of outbursts they have upstairs, I find it far from pleasant. Margot's and Mother's personalities are so alien to me. I understand my girlfriends better than my own mother. Isn't that a shame?

For the umpteenth time, Mrs van Daan is sulking. She's very moody and has been removing more and more of her belongings and locking them up. It's too bad Mother doesn't repay every van Daan 'disappearing act' with a Frank 'disappearing act'.

Some people, like the van Daans, seem to take special delight not only in raising their own children but in helping others raise theirs. Margot doesn't need it, since she's naturally good, kind and clever, perfection itself, but I seem to have enough mischief for the two of us. More than once the air has been filled with the van Daans' admonitions and my cheeky replies. Father and Mother always defend me fiercely. Without them I wouldn't be able to jump back into the fray with my usual composure. They keep telling me I should talk less, mind my own business and be more modest, but I seem doomed to failure. If Father weren't so patient, I'd have long ago given up hope of ever meeting my parents' quite moderate expectations.

If I take a small helping of a vegetable I loathe and eat potatoes instead, the van Daans, especially Mrs van Daan, can't get over how spoiled I am. 'Come on, Anne, eat some more vegetables,' she says.

'No, thank you, ma'am,' I reply. 'The potatoes are more than enough.'

'Vegetables are good for you; your mother says so too. Have some more,' she insists, until Father intervenes and upholds my right to refuse a dish I don't like.

Then Mrs van D. really flies off the handle: 'You should have been at our house, where children were brought up the way they should be. I don't call this a proper upbringing. Anne is terribly spoiled. I'd never allow that. If Anne were my daughter . . .'

This is always how her tirades begin and end: 'If Anne were my daughter . . .' Thank goodness I'm not.

But to get back to the subject of raising children, yesterday a silence fell after Mrs van D. finished her little speech. Father then replied, 'I think Anne is very well brought up. At least she's learned not to respond to your interminable sermons. As far as the vegetables are concerned, all I have to say is look who's calling the kettle black.'

Mrs van D. was soundly defeated. The pot calling the kettle black refers of course to Madame herself, since she can't tolerate beans or any kind of cabbage in the evening because they give her 'wind'. But I could say the same. What a twit, don't you think? In any case, let's hope she stops talking about me.

It's so funny to see how quickly Mrs van Daan flushes. I don't, and it secretly annoys her no end.

*Yours, Anne*

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MONDAY, 28 SEPTEMBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

I had to stop yesterday, though I was nowhere near finished. I'm dying to tell you about another one of our clashes, but before I do I'd like to say this: I think it's odd that grown-ups quarrel so easily and so often and about such petty matters. Up till now I always thought bickering was just something children did and that they outgrew it. Of course, there's sometimes a reason

to have a 'real' quarrel, but the verbal exchanges that take place here are just plain bickering. I should be used to the fact that these squabbles are daily occurrences, but I'm not and never will be as long as I'm the subject of nearly every discussion. (They refer to these as 'discussions' instead of 'quarrels', but Germans don't know the difference!) They criticize everything, and I mean everything, about me: my behaviour, my personality, my manners; every inch of me, from head to toe and back again, is the subject of gossip and debate. Harsh words and shouts are constantly being flung at my head, though I'm absolutely not used to it. According to the powers that be, I'm supposed to grin and bear it. But I can't! I have no intention of taking their insults lying down. I'll show them that Anne Frank wasn't born yesterday. They'll sit up and take notice and keep their big mouths shut when I make them see they ought to attend to their own manners instead of mine. How dare they behave like that! It's simply barbaric. I've been astonished, time and again, at such rudeness and most of all . . . at such stupidity (Mrs van Daan). But as soon as I've got used to the idea, and that shouldn't take long, I'll give them a taste of their own medicine, and then they'll change their tune! Am I really as bad-mannered, headstrong, stubborn, pushy, stupid, lazy, etc., etc., as the van Daans say I am? No, of course not. I know I have my faults and shortcomings, but they blow them all out of proportion! If you only knew, Kitty, how I seethe when they scold and mock me. It won't take long before I explode with pent-up rage.

But enough of that. I've bored you long enough with my quarrels, and yet I can't resist adding a highly interesting dinner conversation.

Somehow we landed on the subject of Pim's extreme diffidence. His modesty is a well-known fact, which even the stupidest person wouldn't dream of questioning. All of a sudden Mrs van Daan, who feels the need to bring herself into every conversation, remarked, 'I'm very modest and retiring too, much more so than my husband!'

Have you ever heard anything so ridiculous? This sentence clearly illustrates that she's not exactly what you'd call modest!

Mr van Daan, who felt obliged to explain the 'much more so than my husband', answered calmly, 'I have no desire to be modest and retiring. In my experience, you get a lot further by being pushy!' And turning to me, he added, 'Don't be modest and retiring, Anne. It will get you nowhere.'

Mother agreed completely with this viewpoint. But, as usual, Mrs van Daan had to add her two penn'orth. This time, however, instead of addressing me directly, she turned to my parents and said, 'You must have a strange outlook on life to be able to say that to Anne. Things were different when I was growing up. Though they probably haven't changed much since then, except in your modern household!'

This was a direct hit at Mother's modern child-rearing methods, which she's defended on many occasions. Mrs van Daan was so upset her face turned bright red. People who flush easily become even more agitated when they feel themselves getting hot under the collar, and they quickly lose to their opponents.

The non-flushed mother, who now wanted to have the matter over and done with as quickly as possible, paused for a moment to think before she replied. 'Well, Mrs van Daan, I agree that it's much better if a person isn't over-modest. My husband, Margot and Peter are all exceptionally modest. Your husband, Anne and I, though not exactly the opposite, don't let ourselves be pushed around.'

Mrs van Daan: 'Oh, but Mrs Frank, I don't understand what you mean! Honestly, I'm extremely modest and retiring. How can you say that I'm pushy?'

Mother: 'I didn't say you were pushy, but no one would describe you as having a retiring disposition.'

Mrs van D.: 'I'd like to know in what way I'm pushy! If I didn't look out for myself here, no one else would, and I'd soon starve, but that doesn't mean I'm not as modest and retiring as your husband.'

Mother had no choice but to laugh at this ridiculous self-defence, which irritated Mrs van Daan. Not exactly a born debater, she continued her magnificent account in a mixture of German and Dutch, until she got so tangled up in her own words that she finally rose from her chair and was just about to leave the room when her eye fell on me. You should have seen her! As luck would have it, the moment Mrs van D. turned around I was shaking my head in a combination of compassion and irony. I wasn't doing it on purpose, but I'd followed her tirade so intently that my reaction was completely involuntary. Mrs van D. wheeled around and gave me a tongue-lashing: hard, Germanic, mean and vulgar, exactly like some fat, red-faced fishwife. It was a joy to behold. If I could draw, I'd like to have sketched

her as she was then. She struck me as so comical, that silly little scatterbrain! I've learned one thing: you only really get to know a person after a row. Only then can you judge their true character!

*Yours, Anne*

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TUESDAY, 29 SEPTEMBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

The strangest things happen to you when you're in hiding! Try to picture this. Because we don't have a bath, we wash ourselves in a tin tub, and because there's only hot water in the office (by which I mean the entire lower floor), the seven of us take turns making the most of this great opportunity. But since no two of us are alike and we are all plagued by varying degrees of modesty, each member of the family has selected a different place to wash. Peter takes a bath in the office kitchen, even though it has a glass door. When it's time for his bath, he goes round to each of us in turn and announces that we shouldn't walk past the kitchen for the next half hour. He considers this measure to be sufficient. Mr van D. takes his bath upstairs, reasoning that the safety of his own room outweighs the difficulty of having to carry the hot water up all those stairs. Mrs van D. has yet to take a bath; she's waiting to see which is the best place. Father washes in the private office and Mother in the kitchen behind a fireguard, while Margot and I have declared the front office to be our bathing grounds. Since the curtains are drawn on Saturday afternoon, we scrub ourselves in the dark, while the one who isn't in the bath looks out of the window through a chink in the curtains and gazes in wonder at the endlessly amusing people.

A week ago I decided I didn't like this spot and have been on the lookout for more comfortable quarters. It was Peter who gave me the idea of setting my tin bath in the spacious office lavatory. I can sit down, turn on the light, lock the door, pour out the water without anyone's help, and all without the fear of being seen. I used my lovely bathroom for the first time on Sunday and, strange as it may seem, I like it better than any other place.

The plumber was at work downstairs on Wednesday, moving the water pipes and drains from the office lavatory to the passage so the pipes won't

freeze during a cold winter. The plumber's visit was far from pleasant. Not only were we not allowed to run water during the day, but the lavatory was also out of bounds. I'll tell you how we handled this problem; you may find it unseemly of me to bring it up, but I'm not so prudish about matters of this kind. On the day of our arrival, Father and I improvised a chamber pot, sacrificing a preserving jar for this purpose. For the duration of the plumber's visit, preserving jars were put into service during the daytime to hold our calls of nature. As far as I was concerned, this wasn't half as difficult as having to sit still all day and not say a word. You can imagine how hard that was for Miss Quack, Quack, Quack. On ordinary days we have to speak in a whisper; not being able to talk or move at all is ten times worse.

After three days of constant sitting, my backside was stiff and sore. Nightly calisthenics helped.

*Yours, Anne*

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THURSDAY, 1 OCTOBER 1942

*Dear Kitty,*

Yesterday I had a horrible fright. At eight o'clock the doorbell suddenly rang. All I could think of was that someone was coming to get us, you know who I mean. But I calmed down when everybody swore it must have been either pranksters or the postman.

The days here are very quiet. Mr Levinsohn, a little Jewish chemist, is doing some experiments for Mr Kugler in the kitchen. Since he's familiar with the entire building, we're in constant dread that he'll take it into his head to go and have a look at what used to be the laboratory. We're as still as baby mice. Who would have guessed three months ago that quicksilver Anne would have to sit so quietly for hours on end, and what's more, that she could?

Mrs van Daan's birthday was the twenty-ninth. Though we didn't have a large celebration, she was showered with flowers, simple gifts and good food. Apparently the red carnations from her spouse are a family tradition.

Let me pause a moment on the subject of Mrs van Daan and tell you that her attempts to flirt with Father are a constant source of irritation to me. She

pats him on the cheek and head, pulls up her skirt and makes so-called witty remarks in an effort to get Pim's attention. Fortunately, he finds her neither pretty nor charming, so he doesn't respond to her flirtations. As you know, I'm quite the jealous type, and I can't abide her behaviour. After all, Mother doesn't act that way towards Mr van D., which is what I told Mrs van D. right to her face.

From time to time Peter can be very amusing. He and I have one thing in common: we like to dress up, which makes everyone laugh. One evening we made our appearance, with Peter in one of his mother's skin-tight dresses and me in his suit. He wore a hat; I had a cap on. The grown-ups split their sides laughing, and we enjoyed ourselves every bit as much.

Bep bought new skirts for Margot and me at The Bijenkorf. The fabric is hideous, like the sacks that potatoes come in. Just the kind of thing the department stores wouldn't dare sell in the olden days, now costing 24.00 guilders (Margot's) and 7.75 guilders (mine).

We have a nice treat in store: Bep's ordered a correspondence course in shorthand for Margot, Peter and me. Just you wait, by this time next year we'll be able to take perfect shorthand. In any case, learning to write a secret code like that is really interesting.

I have a terrible pain in my index finger (on my left hand), so I can't do any ironing. What luck!

Mr van Daan wants me to sit next to him at the table, since Margot doesn't eat enough to suit him. That's all right with me, I like changes. There's always a tiny black cat roaming around the yard, and it reminds me of my dear sweet Moortje. Another reason I welcome the change is that Mummy's always carping at me, especially at the table. Now Margot will have to bear the brunt of it. Or rather, won't, since Mother doesn't make such sarcastic remarks to her. Not to that paragon of virtue! I'm always teasing Margot about being a paragon of virtue these days, and she hates it. Maybe it'll teach her not to be such a goody-goody. High time she learned.

To end this hodgepodge of news, a particularly amusing joke told by Mr van Daan:

What goes click ninety-nine times and clack once?

A centipede with a clubfoot.



*Bye-bye, Anne*

•

SATURDAY, 3 OCTOBER 1942

*Dear Kitty,*

Everybody teased me quite a bit yesterday because I lay down on the bed next to Mr van Daan. 'At your age! Shocking!' and other remarks along those lines. Silly, of course. I'd never want to sleep with Mr van Daan the way they mean.

Yesterday Mother and I had another run-in and she really kicked up a fuss. She told Daddy all my sins and started to cry, which made me cry too, and I already had such an awful headache. I finally told Daddy that I love 'him' more than I do Mother, to which he replied that it was just a passing phase, but I don't think so. I simply can't stand Mother, and I have to force myself not to snap at her all the time, and to stay calm, when I'd rather slap her across the face. I don't know why I've taken such a terrible dislike to her. Daddy says that if Mother isn't feeling well or has a headache, I should volunteer to help her, but I'm not going to because I don't love her and don't enjoy doing it. I can imagine Mother dying someday, but Daddy's death seems inconceivable. It's very mean of me, but that's how I feel. I hope Mother will *never* read this or anything else I've written.

*Eva's Youth* by Nico van Suchtelen is currently keeping me busy. I don't think there's much of a difference between this and books for teenage girls. Eva thought that children grew on trees, like apples, and that the stork plucked them off the tree when they were ripe and brought them to the mothers. But her girlfriend's cat had kittens and Eva saw them coming out of the cat, so she thought cats laid eggs and hatched them like chickens, and that mothers who wanted a child also went upstairs a few days before their time to lay an egg and brood on it. After the babies arrived, the mothers were pretty weak from all that squatting. At some point, Eva wanted a baby too. She took a woollen scarf and spread it on the ground so the egg could fall into it, and then she squatted down and began to push. She clucked as she waited, but no egg came out. Finally, after she'd been sitting for a long time, something did come, but it was a sausage instead of an egg. Eva was embarrassed. She thought she was ill. Funny, isn't it? There are also parts of

*Eva's Youth* that talk about women selling their bodies on the street and asking loads of money. I'd be mortified in front of a man like that. In addition, it mentions Eva's menstruation. Oh, I long to have my period – then I'll really be grown up.

Daddy is grumbling again and threatening to take away my diary. Oh, horror of horrors! From now on, I'm going to hide it.

*Anne Frank*

•

WEDNESDAY, 7 OCTOBER 1942

I imagine that . . .

I've gone to Switzerland. Daddy and I sleep in one room, while the boys'<sup>3</sup> study is turned into a sitting-room, where I can receive visitors. As a surprise, they've bought new furniture for me, including a tea table, a desk, armchairs and a divan. Everything's simply wonderful. After a few days Daddy gives me 150 guilders – converted into Swiss money, of course, but I'll call them guilders – and tells me to buy everything I think I'll need, all for myself. (Later on, I get a guilder a week, which I can also use to buy whatever I want.) I set off with Bernd and buy:

3 cotton vests @ 0.50 = 1.50  
3 cotton knickers @ 0.50 = 1.50  
3 wool vests @ 0.75 = 2.25  
3 wool knickers @ 0.75 = 2.25  
2 petticoats @ 0.50 = 1.00  
2 bras (smallest size) @ 0.50 = 1.00  
5 pyjamas @ 1.00 = 5.00  
1 light dressing-gown @ 2.50 = 2.50  
1 thick dressing-gown @ 3.00 = 3.00  
2 bed jackets @ 0.75 = 1.50  
1 small pillow @ 1.00 = 1.00  
1 pair of lightweight slippers @ 1.00 = 1.00  
1 pair of warm slippers @ 1.50 = 1.50  
1 pair of summer shoes (school) @ 1.50 = 1.50  
1 pair of summer shoes (best) @ 2.00 = 2.00

1 pair of winter shoes (school) @ 2.50 = 2.50  
1 pair of winter shoes (best) @ 3.00 = 3.00  
2 aprons @ 0.50 = 1.00  
25 handkerchiefs @ 0.05 = 1.25  
4 pairs of silk stockings @ 0.75 = 3.00  
4 pairs of knee socks @ 0.50 = 2.00  
4 pairs of socks @ 0.25 = 1.00  
2 pairs of thick stockings @ 1.00 = 2.00  
3 skeins of white wool (underwear, cap) = 1.50  
3 skeins of blue wool (sweater, skirt) = 1.50  
3 skeins of variegated wool (cap, scarf) = 1.50  
Scarves, belts, collars, buttons = 1.25

Plus 2 school dresses (summer), 2 school dresses (winter), 2 good dresses (summer), 2 good dresses (winter), 1 summer skirt, 1 good winter skirt, 1 school winter skirt, 1 raincoat, 1 summer coat, 1 winter coat, 2 hats, 2 caps. For a total of 108.00 guilders.

2 handbags, 1 ice-skating outfit, 1 pair of skates, 1 case (containing powder, skin cream, foundation cream, cleansing cream, suntan lotion, cotton wool, first-aid kit, rouge, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, bath salts, bath powder, eau-de-Cologne, soap, powder puff).

Plus 4 sweaters @ 1.50, 4 blouses @ 1.00, miscellaneous items @ 10.00 and books, presents @ 4.50.

•

FRIDAY, 9 OCTOBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

Today I have nothing but dismal and depressing news to report. Our many Jewish friends and acquaintances are being taken away in droves. The Gestapo is treating them very roughly and transporting them in cattle-trucks to Westerbork, the big camp in Drenthe to which they're sending all the Jews. Miep told us about someone who'd managed to escape from there. It must be terrible in Westerbork. The people get almost nothing to eat, much

less to drink, as water is available only one hour a day, and there's only one lavatory and sink for several thousand people. Men and women sleep in the same room, and women and children often have their heads shaved. Escape is almost impossible; many people look Jewish, and they're branded by their shorn heads.

If it's that bad in Holland, what must it be like in those faraway and uncivilized places where the Germans are sending them? We assume that most of them are being murdered. The English radio says they're being gassed. Perhaps that's the quickest way to die.

I feel terrible. Miep's accounts of these horrors are so heartrending, and Miep is also very distraught. The other day, for instance, the Gestapo deposited an elderly, crippled Jewish woman on Miep's doorstep while they set off to find a car. The old woman was terrified of the glaring searchlights and the guns firing at the English planes overhead. Yet Miep didn't dare let her in. Nobody would. The Germans are generous enough when it comes to punishment.

Bep is also very subdued. Her boyfriend is being sent to Germany. Every time the planes fly over, she's afraid they're going to drop their entire bomb load on Bertus's head. Jokes like 'Oh, don't worry, they can't all fall on him' or 'One bomb is all it takes' are hardly appropriate in this situation. Bertus is not the only one being forced to work in Germany. Trainloads of young men depart daily. Some of them try to sneak off the train when it stops at a small station, but only a few manage to escape unnoticed and find a place to hide.

But that's not the end of my lamentations. Have you ever heard the term 'hostages'? That's the latest punishment for saboteurs. It's the most horrible thing you can imagine. Leading citizens – innocent people – are taken prisoner to await their execution. If the Gestapo can't find the saboteur, they simply grab five hostages and line them up against the wall. You read the announcements of their death in the paper, where they're referred to as 'fatal accidents'.

Fine specimens of humanity, those Germans, and to think I'm actually one of them! No, that's not true, Hitler took away our nationality long ago. And besides, there are no greater enemies on earth than the Germans and the Jews.

*Yours, Anne*

•

WEDNESDAY, 14 OCTOBER 1942

*Dear Kitty,*

I'm terribly busy. Yesterday I began by translating a chapter from *La Belle Nivernaise* and writing down vocabulary words. Then I worked on an *awful* maths problem and translated three pages of French grammar besides. Today, French grammar and history. I simply refuse to do that wretched maths every day. Daddy thinks it's awful too. I'm almost better at it than he is, though in fact neither of us is any good, so we always have to call on Margot's help. I'm also working away at my shorthand, which I enjoy. Of the three of us, I've made the most progress.

I've read *The Storm Family*. It's quite good, but doesn't compare with *Joop ter Heul*. Anyway, the same words can be found in both books, which makes sense because they're written by the same author. Cissy van Marxveldt is a terrific writer. I'm definitely going to let my own children read her books too.

Moreover, I've read a lot of Körner plays. I like the way he writes. For example, *Hedwig*, *The Cousin from Bremen*, *The Governess*, *The Green Domino*, etc.

Mother, Margot and I are once again the best of friends. It's actually a lot nicer that way. Last night Margot and I were lying side by side in my bed. It was incredibly cramped, but that's what made it fun. She asked if she could read my diary once in a while.

'Parts of it,' I said, and asked about hers. She gave me permission to read her diary as well.

The conversation turned to the future, and I asked what she wanted to be when she was older. But she wouldn't say and was quite mysterious about it. I gathered it had something to do with teaching; of course, I'm not absolutely sure, but I suspect it's something along those lines. I really shouldn't be so nosy.

This morning I lay on Peter's bed, after first having chased him off it. He was furious, but I didn't care. He might consider being a little more friendly to me from time to time. After all, I did give him an apple last night.

I once asked Margot if she thought I was ugly. She said that I was okay and had nice eyes. A little vague, don't you think?

Well, until next time!

*Anne Frank*

PS. This morning we all took turns on the scale. Margot now weighs 9 stone 6 pounds, Mother 9 stone 10, Father 11 stone 1, Anne 6 stone 12, Peter 10 stone 8, Mrs van Daan 8 stone 5, Mr van Daan 11 stone 11. In the three months since I've been here, I've gained 19 pounds. A lot, huh?

•

TUESDAY, 20 OCTOBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

My hand's still shaking, though it's been two hours since we had the scare. I should explain that there are five fire extinguishers in the building. The office staff stupidly forgot to warn us that the carpenter, or whatever he's called, was coming to fill the extinguishers. As a result, we didn't bother to be quiet until I heard the sound of hammering on the landing (across from the bookcase). I immediately assumed it was the carpenter and went to warn Bep, who was eating lunch, that she couldn't go back downstairs. Father and I stationed ourselves at the door so we could hear when the man had left. After working for about fifteen minutes, he laid his hammer and some other tools on our bookcase (or so we thought!) and banged on our door. We turned white with fear. Had he heard something after all and did he now want to check out this mysterious-looking bookcase? It seemed so, since he kept knocking, pulling, pushing and jerking on it.

I was so scared I nearly fainted at the thought of this total stranger managing to discover our wonderful hiding place. Just when I thought my days were numbered, we heard Mr Kleiman's voice saying, 'Open up, it's me.'

We opened the door at once. What had happened? The hook fastening the bookcase had got stuck, which is why no one had been able to warn us about the carpenter. After the man had left, Mr Kleiman came to get Bep, but couldn't open the bookcase. I can't tell you how relieved I was. In my imagination, the man I thought was trying to get inside the Secret Annexe

had kept growing and growing until he'd become not only a giant but also the cruellest Fascist in the world. Whew. Fortunately, everything worked out all right, at least this time.

We had lots of fun on Monday. Miep and Jan spent the night with us. Margot and I slept in Father and Mother's room for the night so the Gieses could have our beds. The menu was drawn up in their honour, and the meal was delicious. The festivities were briefly interrupted when Father's lamp caused a short circuit and we were suddenly plunged into darkness. What were we to do? We did have fuses, but the fuse box was at the rear of the dark warehouse, which made this a particularly unpleasant job at night. Still, the men ventured forth, and ten minutes later we were able to put away the candles.

I was up early this morning. Jan was already dressed. Since he had to leave at eight-thirty, he was upstairs eating breakfast by eight. Miep was busy getting dressed, and I found her in her vest when I came in. She wears the same kind of long underwear I do when she cycles. Margot and I threw on our clothes as well and were upstairs earlier than usual. After a pleasant breakfast, Miep headed downstairs. It was pouring outside and she was glad she didn't have to cycle to work. Daddy and I made the beds, and afterwards I learned five irregular French verbs. Quite industrious, don't you think?

Margot and Peter were reading in our room, with Mouschi curled up beside Margot on the divan. After my irregular French verbs, I joined them and read *Beyond Sing the Woods*. It's quite a beautiful book, but very unusual. I'm almost finished.

Next week it's Bep's turn to spend the night.

*Yours, Anne*

•

THURSDAY, 29 OCTOBER 1942

*My dearest Kitty,*

I'm very worried. Father's ill. He's covered with spots and has a high temperature. It looks like measles. Just think, we can't even call a doctor! Mother is making him perspire in hopes of sweating out the fever.

This morning Miep told us that the furniture has been removed from the van Daans' flat on Zuider-Amstellaan. We haven't told Mrs van D. yet. She's been so '*nervenmässig*'<sup>4</sup> lately, and we don't feel like hearing her moan and groan again about all the beautiful china and lovely chairs she had to leave behind. We had to abandon most of our nice things too. What's the good of grumbling about it now?

Father wants me to start reading books by Hebbel and other well-known German writers. I can read German fairly well by now, except that I usually mumble the words instead of reading them silently to myself. But that'll pass. Father has taken the plays of Goethe and Schiller down from the big bookcase and is planning to read to me every evening. We've started off with *Don Carlos*. Encouraged by Father's good example, Mother pressed her prayer book into my hands. I read a few prayers in German, just to be polite. They certainly sound beautiful, but they mean very little to me. Why is she making me act so religious and devout?

Tomorrow we're going to light the stove for the first time. The chimney hasn't been swept in ages, so the room is bound to fill with smoke. Let's hope the thing draws!

*Yours, Anne*

•

MONDAY, 2 NOVEMBER 1942

*Dear Kitty,*

Bep stayed with us Friday evening. It was fun, but she didn't sleep very well because she'd drunk some wine. For the rest, there's nothing special to report. I had an awful headache yesterday and went to bed early. Margot's being exasperating again.

This morning I began sorting out an index card file from the office, because it'd fallen over and got all mixed up. Before long I was going barmy. I asked Margot and Peter to help, but they were too lazy, so I put it away. I'm not crazy enough to do it all by myself!

*Anne Frank*

PS. I forgot to mention the important news that I'm probably going to have my period soon. I can tell because I keep finding a whitish smear in my



panties, and Mother predicted it would start soon. I can hardly wait. It's such a momentous event. Too bad I can't use sanitary towels, but you can't get them any more, and Mummy's tampons can be used only by women who've had a baby.

COMMENT BY ANNE ON 22 JANUARY 1944:

*I wouldn't be able to write that kind of thing any more.*

*Now that I'm rereading my diary after a year and a half, I'm surprised at my childish innocence. Deep down I know I could never be that innocent again, however much I'd like to be. I can understand the mood changes and the comments about Margot, Mother and Father as if I'd written them only yesterday, but I can't imagine writing so openly about other matters. It embarrasses me greatly to read the pages dealing with subjects that I remembered as being nicer than they actually were. My descriptions are so indelicate. But enough of that.*

*I can also understand my homesickness and yearning for Moortje. The whole time I've been here I've longed unconsciously – and at times consciously – for trust, love and physical affection. This longing may change in intensity, but it's always there.*

•

THURSDAY, 5 NOVEMBER 1942

*Dear Kitty,*

The British have finally scored a few successes in Africa and Stalingrad hasn't fallen yet, so the men are happy and we had coffee and tea this morning. For the rest, nothing special to report.

This week I've been reading a lot and doing little work. That's the way things ought to be. That's surely the road to success.

Mother and I are getting along better lately, but we're *never* close. Father's not very open about his feelings, but he's the same sweetheart he's always been. We lit the stove a few days ago and the entire room is still filled with smoke. I prefer central heating, and I'm probably not the only one. Margot's a stinker (there's no other word for it), a constant source of irritation, morning, noon and night.

*Anne Frank*

•

MONDAY, 9 NOVEMBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

Yesterday was Peter's birthday, his sixteenth. I was upstairs by eight, and Peter and I looked at his presents. He received a game of Monopoly, a razor and a cigarette lighter. Not that he smokes so much, not at all; it just looks so distinguished.

The biggest surprise came from Mr van Daan, who reported at one that the English had landed in Tunis, Algiers, Casablanca and Oran.

'This is the beginning of the end,' everyone was saying, but Churchill, the British Prime Minister, who must have heard the same thing being repeated in England, declared, 'This is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning.' Do you see the difference? However, there's reason for optimism. Stalingrad, the Russian city that has been under attack for three months, still hasn't fallen into German hands.

In the true spirit of the Annexe, I should talk to you about food. (I should explain that they're real gluttons up on the top floor.)

Bread is delivered daily by a very nice baker, a friend of Mr Kleiman's. Of course, we don't have as much as we did at home, but it's enough. We also purchase ration books on the black market. The price keeps going up; it's already risen from 27 to 33 guilders. And that for mere sheets of printed paper!

To provide ourselves with a source of nutrition that will keep, aside from the hundred tins of food we've stored here, we bought three hundred pounds of beans. Not just for us, but for the office staff as well. We'd hung the sacks of beans on hooks in the hallway, just inside our secret entrance, but a few seams split under the weight. So we decided to move them to the attic, and Peter was entrusted with the heavy lifting. He managed to get five of the six sacks upstairs intact and was busy with the last one when the sack broke and a flood, or rather a hailstorm, of brown beans went flying through the air and down the stairs. Since there were about fifty pounds of beans in that sack, it made enough noise to raise the dead. Downstairs they were sure

the house was falling down around their heads. Peter was stunned, but then burst into peals of laughter when he saw me standing at the bottom of the stairs, like an island in a sea of brown, with waves of beans lapping at my ankles. We promptly began picking them up, but beans are so small and slippery that they roll into every conceivable corner and hole. Now each time we go upstairs, we bend over and hunt around so we can present Mrs van Daan with a handful of beans.

I almost forgot to mention that Father has recovered from his illness.

*Yours, Anne*

PS. The radio has just announced that Algiers has fallen. Morocco, Casablanca and Oran have been in British hands for several days. We're now waiting for Tunis.

•

TUESDAY, 10 NOVEMBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

Great news! We're planning to take an eighth person into hiding with us!

Yes, really. We always thought there was enough room and food for one more person, but we were afraid of placing an even greater burden on Mr Kugler and Mr Kleiman. But since reports of the dreadful things being done to the Jews are getting worse by the day, Father decided to sound out these two gentlemen, and they thought it was an excellent plan. 'It's just as dangerous, whether there are seven or eight,' they noted rightly. Once this was settled, we sat down and mentally went through our circle of acquaintances, trying to come up with a single person who would blend in well with our extended family. This wasn't difficult. After Father had rejected all the van Daan relatives, we chose a dentist named Albert Dussel. He lives with a charming Christian lady who's quite a bit younger than he is. They're probably not married, but that's beside the point. He's known to be quiet and refined, and he seemed, from our superficial acquaintance with him, to be nice. Miep knows him as well, so she'll be able to make the necessary arrangements. If he comes, Mr Dussel will have to sleep in my room instead of Margot, who will have to make do with the folding bed.<sup>5</sup> We'll ask him to bring along something to fill cavities with.

*Yours, Anne*

•

THURSDAY, 12 NOVEMBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

Miep came to tell us that she'd been to see Dr Dussel. He asked her the moment she entered the room if she knew of a hiding place and was enormously pleased when Miep said she had something in mind. She added that he'd need to go into hiding as soon as possible, preferably Saturday, but he thought this was highly improbable, since he wanted to bring his records up to date, settle his accounts and attend to a couple of patients. Miep relayed the message to us this morning. We didn't think it was wise to wait so long. All these preparations require explanations to various people who we feel ought to be kept in the dark. Miep went to ask if Dr Dussel couldn't manage to come on Saturday after all, but he said no, and now he's scheduled to arrive on Monday.

I think it's odd that he doesn't jump at our proposal. If they pick him up on the street, it won't help either his records or his patients, so why the delay? If you ask me, it's stupid of Father to humour him.

Otherwise, no news.

*Yours, Anne*

•

TUESDAY, 17 NOVEMBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty!*

Mr Dussel has arrived. Everything went smoothly. Miep told him to be at a certain place in front of the post office at 11.00 a.m., when a man would meet him, and he was at the appointed place at the appointed time. Mr Kleiman went up to him, announced that the man he was expecting to meet was unable to come and asked him to drop by the office to see Miep. Mr Kleiman took a tram back to the office while Mr Dussel followed on foot.

It was eleven-twenty when Mr Dussel tapped on the office door. Miep asked him to remove his coat, so the yellow star couldn't be seen, and brought him to the private office, where Mr Kleiman kept him occupied

until the cleaning lady had gone. On the pretext that the private office was needed for something else, Miep took Mr Dussel upstairs, opened the bookcase and stepped inside, while Mr Dussel looked on in amazement.

In the meantime, the seven of us had seated ourselves around the dining-table to await the latest addition to our family with coffee and cognac. Miep first led him into the Frank family's room. He immediately recognized our furniture, but had no idea we were upstairs, just above his head. When Miep told him, he was so astonished he nearly fainted. Thank goodness she didn't leave him in suspense any longer, but brought him upstairs. Mr Dussel sank into a chair and stared at us in dumbstruck silence, as though he thought he could read the truth on our faces. Then he stuttered, '*Aber . . .* but are you *nicht* in Belgium? The officer, the auto, they were not coming? Your escape was not working?'

We explained the whole thing to him, about how we'd deliberately spread the rumour of the officer and the car to throw the Germans and anyone else who might come looking for us off the track. Mr Dussel was speechless in the face of such ingenuity, and could do nothing but gaze around in surprise as he explored the rest of our lovely and ultra-practical Annexe. We all had lunch together. Then he had a short nap, joined us for tea, put away the few belongings Miep had been able to bring here in advance and began to feel much more at home. Especially when we handed him the following typewritten rules and regulations for the Secret Annexe (a van Daan production):

#### PROSPECTUS AND GUIDE TO THE SECRET ANNEXE

### A Unique Facility for the Temporary Accommodation of Jews and Other Dispossessed Persons

*Open all year round:* Located in beautiful, quiet, wooded surroundings in the heart of Amsterdam. No private residences in the vicinity. Can be reached by trams 13 or 17 and also by car and bicycle. For those to whom such transport has been forbidden by the German authorities, it can also be reached on foot. Furnished and unfurnished rooms and apartments are available at all times, with or without meals.

*Price:* Free.

*Diet:* Low-fat.

*Running water* in the bathroom (sorry, no bath) and on various inside and outside walls. Cosy stoves for heating.

*Ample storage space* for a variety of goods. Two large, modern safes.

*Private radio* with a direct line to London, New York, Tel Aviv and many other stations. Available to all residents after 6.00 p.m. No listening to forbidden broadcasts, with certain exceptions, i.e. German stations may only be tuned in to listen to classical music. It is absolutely forbidden to listen to German news bulletins (regardless of where they are transmitted from) and to pass them on to others.

*Rest hours:* From 10.00 p.m. to 7.30 a.m.; 10.15 a.m. on Sundays. Owing to circumstances, residents are required to observe rest hours during the daytime when instructed to do so by the Management. To ensure the safety of all, rest hours must be strictly observed!!!

*Free-time activities:* None allowed outside the house until further notice.

*Use of language:* It is necessary to speak softly at all times. Only the language of civilized people may be spoken, thus no German.

*Reading and relaxation:* No German books may be read, except for the classics and works of a scholarly nature. Other books are optional.

*Calisthenics:* Daily.

*Singing:* Only softly, and after 6.00 p.m.

*Films:* Prior arrangements required.

*Lessons:* A weekly correspondence course in shorthand. Courses in English, French, maths and history offered at any hour of the day or night. Payment in the form of tuition, e.g. Dutch.

*Separate department* for the care of small household pets (with the exception of vermin, for which special permits are required).

*Mealtimes:*

*Breakfast:* At 9.00 a.m. daily except public holidays and Sundays; at approximately 11.30 a.m. on Sundays and public holidays.

*Lunch:* A light meal. From 1.15 p.m. to 1.45 p.m.

*Dinner:* May or may not be a hot meal. Mealtime depends on news broadcasts.

*Obligations with respect to the Supply Corps:* Residents must be prepared to help with office work at all times.

*Baths:* The tin bath is available to all residents after 9.00 a.m. on Sundays. Residents may wash in the downstairs lavatory, kitchen, private office or front office, as they choose.

*Alcohol:* For medicinal purposes only.

The end.

*Yours, Anne*

•

THURSDAY, 19 NOVEMBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

Just as we thought, Mr Dussel is a very nice man. Of course he didn't mind sharing a room with me; to be honest, I'm not exactly delighted at having a stranger use my things, but you have to make sacrifices for a good cause, and I'm glad I can make this small one. 'If we can save even one of our friends, the rest doesn't matter,' said Father, and he's absolutely right.

The first day Mr Dussel was here, he asked me all sorts of questions – for example, what time the cleaning lady comes to the office, how we've arranged to use the bathroom and when we're allowed to go to the lavatory. You may laugh, but these things aren't so easy in a hiding place. During the daytime we can't make any noise that might be heard downstairs, and when someone else is there, like the cleaning lady, we have to be extra careful. I patiently explained all this to Mr Dussel, but I was surprised to see how slow he is to catch on. He asks everything twice and still can't remember what you've told him.

Maybe he's just confused by the sudden change and he'll get over it. Otherwise, everything is fine.

Mr Dussel has told us much about the outside world we've missed for so long. He had sad news. Countless friends and acquaintances have been taken off to a dreadful fate. Night after night, green and grey military vehicles cruise the streets. They knock on every door, asking whether any Jews live there. If so, the whole family is immediately taken away. If not, they proceed to the next house. It's impossible to escape their clutches unless you go into hiding. They often go around with lists, knocking only

on those doors where they know there's a big haul to be made. They frequently offer a bounty, so much per head. It's like the slave hunts of the olden days. I don't mean to make light of this; it's much too tragic for that. In the evenings when it's dark, I often see long lines of good, innocent people, accompanied by crying children, walking on and on, ordered about by a handful of men who bully and beat them until they nearly drop. No one is spared. The sick, the elderly, children, babies and pregnant women – all are marched to their death.

We're so fortunate here, away from the turmoil. We wouldn't have to give a moment's thought to all this suffering if it weren't for the fact that we're so worried about those we hold dear, whom we can no longer help. I feel wicked sleeping in a warm bed, while somewhere out there my dearest friends are dropping from exhaustion or being knocked to the ground.

I get frightened myself when I think of close friends who are now at the mercy of the cruellest monsters ever to stalk the earth.

And all because they're Jews.

*Yours, Anne*

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FRIDAY, 20 NOVEMBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

We don't really know how to react. Up till now very little news about the Jews had reached us here, and we thought it best to stay as cheerful as possible. Every now and then Miep used to mention what had happened to a friend, and Mother or Mrs van Daan would start to cry, so she decided it was better not to say any more. But we bombarded Mr Dussel with questions, and the stories he had to tell were so gruesome and dreadful that we can't get them out of our heads. Once we've had time to digest the news, we'll probably go back to our usual joking and teasing. It won't do us or those outside any good if we continue to be as gloomy as we are now. And what would be the point of turning the Secret Annexe into a Melancholy Annexe?

No matter what I'm doing, I can't help thinking about those who are gone. I catch myself laughing and remember that it's a disgrace to be so



cheerful. But am I supposed to spend the whole day crying? No, I can't do that. This gloom will pass.

Added to this misery there's another, but of a more personal nature, and it pales in comparison to the suffering I've just told you about. Still, I can't help telling you that lately I've begun to feel deserted. I'm surrounded by too great a void. I never used to give it much thought, since my mind was filled with my friends and having a good time. Now I think either about unhappy things or about myself. It's taken a while, but I've finally realized that Father, no matter how kind he may be, can't take the place of my former world. When it comes to my feelings, Mother and Margot ceased to count long ago.

But why do I bother you with this foolishness? I'm terribly ungrateful, Kitty, I know, but when I've been scolded for the umpteenth time and have all these other woes to think about as well, my head begins to reel!

*Yours, Anne*

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SATURDAY, 28 NOVEMBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

We've been using too much electricity and have now exceeded our ration. The result: excessive economy and the prospect of having the electricity cut off. No light for a fortnight; that's a pleasant thought, isn't it? But who knows, maybe it won't be so long! It's too dark to read after four or four-thirty, so we while away the time with all kinds of crazy activities: telling riddles, doing calisthenics in the dark, speaking English or French, reviewing books – after a while everything gets boring. Yesterday I discovered a new pastime: using a good pair of binoculars to peek into the lighted rooms of the neighbours. During the day our curtains can't be opened, not even an inch, but there's no harm when it's so dark.

I never knew that neighbours could be so interesting. Ours are, at any rate. I've come across a few at dinner, one family making a cine-film and the dentist opposite working on a frightened old lady.

Mr Dussel, the man who was said to get along so well with children and to absolutely adore them, has turned out to be an old-fashioned disciplinarian and preacher of unbearably long sermons on manners. Since I

have the singular pleasure (!) of sharing my far too narrow room with His Excellency, and since I'm generally considered to be the worst behaved of the three young people, it's all I can do to avoid having the same old scoldings and admonitions repeatedly flung at my head and to pretend not to hear. This wouldn't be so bad if Mr Dussel weren't such a telltale and hadn't singled out Mother to be the recipient of his reports. If Mr Dussel's just read me the riot act, Mother lectures me all over again, this time throwing the whole book at me. And if I'm really lucky, Mrs van D. calls me to account five minutes later and lays down the law as well!

Really, it's not easy being the badly brought-up centre of attention of a family of nit-pickers.

In bed at night, as I ponder my many sins and exaggerated shortcomings, I get so confused by the sheer amount of things I have to consider that I either laugh or cry, depending on my mood. Then I fall asleep with the strange feeling of wanting to be different from what I am or being different from what I want to be, or perhaps of behaving differently from what I am or want to be.

Oh dear, now I'm confusing you too. Forgive me, but I don't like crossing things out, and in these times of scarcity, tossing away a piece of paper is clearly taboo. So I can only advise you not to reread the above passage and to make no attempt to get to the bottom of it, because you'll never find your way out again!

*Yours, Anne*

MONDAY, 7 DECEMBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

Hanukkah and St Nicholas' Day nearly coincided this year; they were only one day apart. We didn't make much of a fuss with Hanukkah, merely exchanging a few small gifts and lighting the candles. Since candles are in short supply, we lit them for only ten minutes, but as long as we sing the song, that doesn't matter. Mr van Daan made a menorah out of wood, so that was taken care of too.

St Nicholas' Day on Saturday was much more fun. During dinner Bep and Miep were so busy whispering to Father that our curiosity was aroused and we suspected they were up to something. Sure enough, at eight o'clock

we all trooped downstairs through the passage in pitch darkness (it gave me the shivers, and I wished I was safely back upstairs!) to the alcove. We could switch on the light, since this room doesn't have any windows. When that was done, Father opened the big cupboard.

'Oh, how wonderful!' we all cried.

In the corner was a large basket decorated with colourful paper and a mask of Black Peter.

We quickly took the basket upstairs with us. Inside was a little gift for everyone, including an appropriate verse. Since you're familiar with the kinds of poems people write each other on St Nicholas' Day, I won't copy them down for you.

I received a doll, Father got bookends, and so on. Well anyway, it was a nice idea, and since the eight of us had never celebrated St Nicholas' Day before, this was a good time to begin.

*Yours, Anne*

PS. We also had presents for everyone downstairs, a few things left over from the Good Old Days; plus Miep and Bep are always grateful for money.

Today we heard that Mr van Daan's ashtray, Mr Dussel's picture frame and Father's bookends were made by none other than Mr Voskuijl. How anyone can be so clever with his hands is a mystery to me!

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THURSDAY, 10 DECEMBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

Mr van Daan used to be in the meat, sausage and spice business. He was hired for his knowledge of spices, and yet, to our great delight, it's his sausage talents that have come in handy now.

We ordered a large amount of meat (under the counter, of course) that we were planning to preserve in case there were hard times ahead. Mr van Daan decided to make bratwurst, sausages and mettwurst. I had fun watching him put the meat through the mincer: once, twice, three times. Then he added the remaining ingredients to the minced meat and used a long pipe to force the mixture into the casings. We ate the bratwurst with sauerkraut for lunch, but the sausages, which were going to be preserved,

had to dry first, so we hung them over a pole suspended from the ceiling. Everyone who came into the room burst into laughter when they saw the dangling sausages. It was such a comical sight.

The kitchen was a shambles. Mr van Daan, clad in his wife's apron and looking fatter than ever, was working away at the meat. What with his bloody hands, red face and spotted apron, he looked like a real butcher. Mrs van D. was trying to do everything at once: learning Dutch out of a book, stirring the soup, watching the meat, sighing and moaning about her broken rib. That's what happens when old (!) ladies do such stupid exercises to get rid of their fat behinds! Dussel had an eye infection and was sitting next to the stove dabbing his eye with camomile tea. Pim, seated in the one ray of sunshine coming through the window, kept having to move his chair this way and that to stay out of the way. His rheumatism must have been bothering him because he was slightly hunched over and was keeping an eye on Mr van Daan with an agonized expression on his face. He reminded me of those aged invalids you see in the poorhouse. Peter was romping around the room with Mouschi, the cat, while Mother, Margot and I were peeling boiled potatoes. When you get right down to it, none of us was doing our work properly, because we were all so busy watching Mr van Daan.

Dussel has opened his dental practice. Just for fun, I'll describe the session with his very first patient.

Mother was ironing, and Mrs van D., the first victim, sat down on a chair in the middle of the room. Dussel, unpacking his case with an air of importance, asked for some eau-de-Cologne, which could be used as a disinfectant, and Vaseline, which would have to do for wax. He looked in Mrs van D.'s mouth and found two teeth that made her wince with pain and utter incoherent cries every time he touched them. After a lengthy examination (lengthy as far as Mrs van D. was concerned, since it actually took no longer than two minutes), Dussel began to scrape out a cavity. But Mrs van D. had no intention of letting him. She flailed her arms and legs until Dussel finally let go of his probe and . . . it remained stuck in Mrs van D.'s tooth. That really did it! Mrs van D. lashed out wildly in all directions, cried (as much as you can with an instrument like that in your mouth), tried to remove it, but only managed to push it in even farther. Mr Dussel calmly

observed the scene, his hands on his hips, while the rest of the audience roared with laughter. Of course, that was very mean of us. If it'd been me, I'm sure I would have yelled even louder. After a great deal of squirming, kicking, screaming and shouting, Mrs van D. finally managed to yank the thing out, and Mr Dussel went on with his work as if nothing had happened. He was so quick that Mrs van D. didn't have time to pull any more shenanigans. But then, he had more help than he's ever had before: no fewer than two assistants; Mr van D. and I performed our job well. The whole scene resembled one of those engravings from the Middle Ages entitled 'A Quack at Work'. In the meantime, however, the patient was getting restless, since she had to keep an eye on 'her' soup and 'her' food. One thing is certain: it'll be a while before Mrs van D. makes another dental appointment!

*Yours, Anne*

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SUNDAY, 13 DECEMBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

I'm sitting here nice and cosy in the front office, peering out through a chink in the heavy curtains. It's dark, but there's just enough light to write by.

It's really strange watching people walk past. They all seem to be in such a hurry that they nearly trip over their own feet. Those on bicycles whizz by so fast I can't even tell who's on the bike. The people in this neighbourhood aren't particularly attractive to look at. The children especially are so dirty you wouldn't want to touch them with a bargepole. Real slum kids with runny noses. I can hardly understand a word they say.

Yesterday afternoon, when Margot and I were taking a bath, I said, 'What if we took a fishing rod and reeled in each of those kids one by one as they walked by, stuck them in the tub, washed and mended their clothes and then ...'

'And then tomorrow they'd be just as dirty and tattered as they were before,' Margot replied.

But I'm babbling. There are also other things to look at: cars, boats and the rain. I can hear the tram and the children and I'm enjoying myself.

Our thoughts are subject to as little change as we are. They're like a merry-go-round, turning from the Jews to food, from food to politics. By the way, speaking of Jews, I saw two yesterday when I was peeking through the curtains. I felt as though I were gazing at one of the Seven Wonders of the World. It gave me such a funny feeling, as if I'd denounced them to the authorities and was now spying on their misfortune.

Opposite us is a houseboat. The captain lives there with his wife and children. He has a small yapping dog. We know the little dog only by its bark and by its tail, which we can see whenever it runs round the deck. Oh, what a shame, it's just started raining and most of the people are hidden under their umbrellas. All I can see are raincoats, and now and again the back of a stocking-capped head. Actually, I don't even need to look. By now I can recognize the women at a glance: gone to fat from eating potatoes, dressed in a red or green coat and worn-out shoes, a shopping bag dangling from their arms, with faces that are either grim or good-humoured, depending on the mood of their husbands.

*Yours, Anne*

TUESDAY, 22 DECEMBER 1942

*Dearest Kitty,*

The Annexe was delighted to hear that we'll all be receiving an extra quarter of a pound of butter for Christmas. According to the newspaper, everyone is entitled to half a pound, but they mean those lucky souls who get their ration books from the government, not Jews in hiding like us who can only afford to buy four rather than eight ration books on the black market. Each of us is going to bake something with the butter. This morning I made two cakes and some biscuits. It's very busy upstairs, and Mother has informed me that I'm not to do any studying or reading until all the household tasks have been finished.

Mrs van Daan is lying in bed nursing her bruised rib. She complains all day long, constantly demands that the bandages be changed and is generally dissatisfied with everything. I'll be glad when she gets back on her feet and can clean up after herself because, I must admit, she's extraordinarily hardworking and neat, and as long as she's in good physical and mental condition, she's quite cheerful.

As if I don't hear 'shh, shh' enough during the day because I'm always making 'too much' noise, my dear room-mate has come up with the idea of saying 'shh, shh' to me all night too. According to him, I shouldn't even turn over. I refuse to take any notice of him, and the next time he shushes me, I'm going to shush him right back.

He gets more exasperating and egotistical as the days go by. Except for the first week, I haven't seen even one of the biscuits he so generously promised me. He's particularly infuriating on Sundays, when he switches on the light at the crack of dawn to exercise for ten minutes.

To me, the torment seems to last for hours, since the chairs I use to make my bed longer are constantly being jiggled under my sleepy head. After rounding off his limbering-up exercises with a few vigorous arm swings, His Lordship begins dressing. His underwear is hanging on a hook, so first he lumbers over to get it and then lumbers back, past my bed. But his tie is on the table, so once again he pushes and bumps his way past the chairs.

But I mustn't waste any more of your time griping about disgusting old men. It won't help matters anyway. My plans for revenge, such as unscrewing the light bulb, locking the door and hiding his clothes, have unfortunately had to be abandoned in the interests of peace.

Oh, I'm becoming so sensible! We've got to be reasonable about everything we do here: studying, listening, holding our tongues, helping others, being kind, making compromises and I don't know what else! I'm afraid my common sense, which was in short supply to begin with, will be used up too quickly and I won't have any left by the time the war is over.

*Yours, Anne*

WEDNESDAY, 13 JANUARY 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

This morning I was constantly interrupted, and as a result I haven't been able to finish a single thing I've begun.

We have a new pastime, namely, filling packets with powdered gravy. The gravy is one of Gies & Co.'s products. Mr Kugler hasn't been able to find anyone else to fill the packets, and besides, it's cheaper if we do the job. It's the kind of work they do in prisons. It's incredibly boring and makes us dizzy and giggly.

Terrible things are happening outside. At any time of night and day, poor helpless people are being dragged out of their homes. They're allowed to take only a rucksack and a little cash with them, and even then, they're robbed of these possessions on the way. Families are torn apart; men, women and children are separated. Children come home from school to find that their parents have disappeared. Women return from shopping to find their houses sealed, their families gone. The Christians in Holland are also living in fear because their sons are being sent to Germany. Everyone is scared. Every night hundreds of planes pass over Holland on their way to German cities, to sow their bombs on German soil. Every hour hundreds, or maybe even thousands, of people are being killed in Russia and Africa. No one can keep out of the conflict, the entire world is at war, and even though the Allies are doing better, the end is nowhere in sight.

As for us, we're quite fortunate. Luckier than millions of people. It's quiet and safe here, and we're using our money to buy food. We're so selfish that we talk about 'after the war' and look forward to new clothes and shoes, when actually we should be saving every penny to help others when the war is over, to salvage whatever we can.

The children in this neighbourhood run around in thin shirts and wooden clogs. They have no coats, no socks, no caps and no one to help them. Gnawing on a carrot to still their hunger pangs, they walk from their cold houses through cold streets to an even colder classroom. Things have got so bad in Holland that hordes of children stop passers-by in the streets to beg for a piece of bread.

I could spend hours telling you about the suffering the war has brought, but I'd only make myself more miserable. All we can do is wait, as calmly as possible, for it to end. Jews and Christians alike are waiting, the whole world is waiting, and many are waiting for death.

*Yours, Anne*

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SATURDAY, 30 JANUARY 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

I'm seething with rage, yet I can't show it. I'd like to scream, stamp my foot, give Mother a good shaking, cry and I don't know what else because



of the nasty words, mocking looks and accusations that she hurls at me day after day, piercing me like arrows from a tightly strung bow, which are nearly impossible to pull from my body. I'd like to scream at Mother, Margot, the van Daans, Dussel and Father too: 'Leave me alone, let me have at least one night when I don't cry myself to sleep with my eyes burning and my head pounding. Let me get away, away from everything, away from this world!' But I can't do that. I can't let them see my doubts, or the wounds they've inflicted on me. I couldn't bear their sympathy or their good-humoured derision. It would only make me want to scream even more.

Everyone thinks I'm showing off when I talk, ridiculous when I'm silent, insolent when I answer, cunning when I have a good idea, lazy when I'm tired, selfish when I eat one bite more than I should, stupid, cowardly, calculating, etc., etc. All day long I hear nothing but what an exasperating child I am, and although I laugh it off and pretend not to mind, I do mind. I wish I could ask God to give me another personality, one that doesn't antagonize everyone.

But that's impossible. I'm stuck with the character I was born with, and yet I'm sure I'm not a bad person. I do my best to please everyone, more than they'd ever suspect in a million years. When I'm upstairs, I try to laugh it off because I don't want them to see my troubles.

More than once, after a series of absurd reproaches, I've snapped at Mother: 'I don't care what you say. Why don't you just wash your hands of me – I'm a hopeless case.' Of course, she'd tell me not to talk back and virtually ignore me for two days. Then suddenly all would be forgotten and she'd treat me like everyone else.

It's impossible for me to be all smiles one day and venomous the next. I'd rather choose the golden mean, which isn't so golden, and keep my thoughts to myself. Perhaps sometime I'll treat the others with the same contempt as they treat me. Oh, if only I could.

*Yours, Anne*

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FRIDAY, 5 FEBRUARY 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Though it's been ages since I've written to you about the squabbles, there's still no change. In the beginning Mr Dussel took our soon-forgotten clashes very seriously, but now he's grown used to them and no longer tries to mediate.

Margot and Peter aren't exactly what you'd call 'young'; they're both so quiet and boring. Next to them, I stick out like a sore thumb, and I'm always being told, 'Margot and Peter don't act that way. Why don't you follow your sister's example!' I hate that.

I confess that I have absolutely no desire to be like Margot. She's too weak-willed and passive to suit me; she lets herself be swayed by others and always gives way under pressure. I want to have more backbone! But I keep ideas like these to myself. They'd only laugh at me if I offered this in my defence.

During meals the air is filled with tension. Fortunately, the outbursts are sometimes held in check by the 'soup eaters', the people from the office who come up to have a cup of soup for lunch.

This afternoon Mr van Daan again brought up the fact that Margot eats so little. 'I suppose you do it to keep your figure,' he added in a mocking tone.

Mother, who always comes to Margot's defence, said in a loud voice, 'I can't stand that stupid chatter of yours a minute longer.'

Mrs van D. turned red as a beetroot. Mr van D. stared straight ahead and said nothing.

Still, we often have a good laugh. Not long ago Mrs van D. was entertaining us with some bit of nonsense or other. She was talking about the past, about how well she got along with her father and what a flirt he was. 'And you know,' she continued, 'my father told me that if a gentleman ever got fresh, I was to say, "Remember, sir, that I'm a lady," and he'd know what I meant.' We split our sides laughing, as if she'd told us a good joke.

Even Peter, though he's usually quiet, occasionally gives rise to hilarity. He has the misfortune of adoring foreign words without knowing what they mean. One afternoon we couldn't use the lavatory because there were visitors in the office. Unable to wait, he went to the toilet but didn't flush it. To warn us of the unpleasant smell, he tacked a sign to the door: 'RSVP – gas!'. Of course, he meant 'Danger – gas!' but he thought 'RSVP' looked more elegant. He didn't have the faintest idea that it meant 'please reply'.

*Yours, Anne*

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SATURDAY, 27 FEBRUARY 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Pim is expecting the invasion any day now. Churchill has had pneumonia, but is gradually getting better. Gandhi, the champion of Indian freedom, is on one of his umpteen hunger strikes.

Mrs van D. claims she's fatalistic. But who's the most afraid when the guns go off? None other than Petronella van Daan.

Jan brought along the episcopal letter that the bishops addressed to their parishioners. It was beautiful and inspiring. 'People of the Netherlands, stand up and take action. Each of us must choose our own weapons to fight for the freedom of our country, our people and our religion! Give your help and support. Act now!' This is what they're preaching from the pulpit. Will it do any good? It's definitely too late to help our fellow Jews.

Guess what's happened to us now? The owner of the building sold it without informing Mr Kugler and Mr Kleiman. One morning the new landlord arrived with an architect to look the place over. Thank goodness Mr Kleiman was in the office. He showed the gentlemen all there was to see, with the exception of the Secret Annex. He claimed he'd left the key at home and the new owner asked no further questions. If only he doesn't come back demanding to see the Annex. In that case, we'll be in big trouble!

Father emptied a card file for Margot and me and filled it with index cards that are blank on one side. This is to become our reading file, in which Margot and I are supposed to note down the books we've read, the author and the date. I've learned two new words: 'brothel' and 'coquette'. I've bought a separate exercise-book for new words.

There's a new division of butter and margarine. Each person is to get their portion on their own plate. The distribution is very unfair. The van Daans, who always make breakfast for everyone, give themselves one and a half times more than they do us. My parents are much too afraid of an argument to say anything, which is a shame, because I think people like that should always be given a taste of their own medicine.

*Yours, Anne*

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THURSDAY, 4 MARCH 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Mrs van D. has a new nickname – we’ve started calling her Mrs Beaverbrook. Of course, that doesn’t mean anything to you, so let me explain. A certain Mr Beaverbrook often talks on the English radio about what he considers to be the far too lenient bombardment of Germany. Mrs van Daan, who always contradicts everyone, including Churchill and the news reports, is in complete agreement with Mr Beaverbrook. So we thought it would be a good idea for her to be married to him, and since she was flattered by the notion, we’ve decided to call her Mrs Beaverbrook from now on.

We’re getting a new warehouse employee, since the old one is being sent to Germany. That’s bad for him but good for us because the new one won’t be familiar with the building. We’re still afraid of the men who work in the warehouse.

Gandhi is eating again.

The black market is doing a booming business. If we had enough money to pay the ridiculous prices, we could stuff ourselves silly. Our greengrocer buys potatoes from the ‘Wehrmacht’ and brings them in sacks to the private office. Since he suspects we’re hiding here, he makes a point of coming during lunchtime, when the warehouse employees are out.

So much pepper is being ground at the moment that we sneeze and cough with every breath we take. Everyone who comes upstairs greets us with an ‘ah-CHOO’. Mrs van D. swears she won’t go downstairs; one more whiff of pepper and she’s going to be ill.

I don’t think Father has a very nice business. Nothing but pectin and pepper. As long as you’re in the food business, why not make sweets?

A veritable thunderstorm of words came crashing down on me again this morning. The air flashed with so many coarse expressions that my ears were ringing with ‘Anne’s bad this’ and ‘van Daans’ good that’. Fire and brimstone!

*Yours, Anne*

WEDNESDAY, 10 MARCH 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

We had a short circuit last night, and besides that, the guns were booming away until dawn. I still haven't got over my fear of planes and shooting, and I crawl into Father's bed nearly every night for comfort. I know it sounds childish, but wait till it happens to you! The ack-ack guns make so much noise you can't hear your own voice. Mrs Beaverbrook, the fatalist, practically burst into tears and said in a timid little voice, 'Oh, it's so awful. Oh, the guns are so loud!' – which is another way of saying 'I'm so scared'.

It didn't seem nearly as bad by candlelight as it did in the dark. I was shivering, as if I had a temperature, and begged Father to relight the candle. He was adamant: there was to be no light. Suddenly we heard a burst of machine-gun fire, and that's ten times worse than anti-aircraft guns. Mother jumped out of bed and, to Pim's great annoyance, lit the candle. Her resolute answer to his grumbling was, 'After all, Anne is not an ex-soldier!' And that was the end of that!

Have I told you any of Mrs van D.'s other fears? I don't think so. To keep you up to date on the latest adventures in the Secret Annexe, I should tell you this as well. One night Mrs van D. thought she heard loud footsteps in the attic, and she was so afraid of burglars, she woke her husband. At that very same moment, the thieves disappeared, and the only sound Mr van D. could hear was the frightened pounding of his fatalistic wife's heart. 'Oh, Putti!' she cried. (Putti is Mrs van D.'s pet name for her husband.) 'They must have taken all our sausages and dried beans. And what about Peter? Oh, do you think Peter's still safe and sound in his bed?'

'I'm sure they haven't stolen Peter. Stop being such a ninny, and let me get back to sleep!'

Impossible. Mrs van D. was too scared to sleep.

A few nights later the entire van Daan family was awakened by ghostly noises. Peter went to the attic with a torch and – scurry, scurry – what do you think he saw running away? A swarm of enormous rats!

Once we knew who the thieves were, we let Mouschi sleep in the attic and never saw our uninvited guests again . . . at least not at night.

A few evenings ago (it was seven-thirty and still light), Peter went up to the loft to get some old newspapers. He had to hold on tightly to the

trapdoor to climb down the ladder. He put down his hand without looking, and nearly fell off the ladder from shock and pain. Without realizing it, he'd put his hand on a large rat, which had bitten him in the arm. By the time he reached us, white as a sheet and with his knees knocking, the blood had soaked through his pyjamas. No wonder he was so shaken – stroking a rat isn't much fun, especially when it takes a chunk out of your arm.

*Yours, Anne*

FRIDAY, 12 MARCH 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

May I introduce: Mother Frank, the children's advocate! Extra butter for the youngsters, the problems facing today's youth – you name it, and she defends the younger generation. After a skirmish or two, she always gets her way.

One of the jars of pickled tongue has gone off. A feast for Mouschi and Boche.

You haven't met Boche yet, despite the fact that she was here before we went into hiding. She's the warehouse and office cat, who keeps the rats at bay in the storeroom. Her odd, political name can easily be explained. For a while the firm of Gies & Co. had two cats: one for the warehouse and one for the attic. Their paths crossed from time to time, which invariably resulted in a fight. The warehouse cat was always the aggressor, while the attic cat was ultimately the victor, just as in politics. So the warehouse cat was named the German, or 'Boche', and the attic cat the Englishman, or 'Tommy'. Some time after that they got rid of Tommy, but Boche is always there to amuse us when we go downstairs.

We've eaten so many brown beans and haricot beans that I can't stand to look at them. Just thinking about them makes me sick.

Our evening serving of bread has been cancelled.

Daddy just said that he's not in a very cheerful mood. His eyes look so sad again, the poor man!

I can't tear myself away from the book *A Knock at the Door* by Ina Bakker Boudier. This family saga is extremely well written, but the parts dealing with war, writers and the emancipation of women aren't very good. To be honest, these subjects don't interest me much.

Terrible bombing raids on Germany. Mr van Daan is grumpy. The reason: the cigarette shortage.

The debate about whether or not to start eating the tinned food ended in our favour.

I can't wear any of my shoes, except my ski boots, which are not very practical around the house. A pair of straw sandals that were purchased for 6.50 guilders were worn down to the soles within a week. Maybe Miep will be able to dig up something on the black market.

It's time to cut Father's hair. Pim swears that I do such a good job he'll never go to another barber after the war. If only I didn't nick his ear so often!

*Yours, Anne*

•

THURSDAY, 18 MARCH 1943

*My dearest Kitty,*

Turkey's entered the war. Great excitement. Anxiously awaiting radio reports.

FRIDAY, 19 MARCH 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

In less than an hour, joy was followed by disappointment. Turkey hasn't entered the war yet. It was only a cabinet minister talking about Turkey giving up its neutrality some time soon. The newspaper-seller in Dam Square was shouting 'Turkey on England's side!' and the papers were being snatched out of his hands. This was how we'd heard the encouraging rumour.

Thousand-guilder notes are being declared invalid. That'll be a blow to the black marketeers and others like them, but even more to people in hiding and anyone else with money that can't be accounted for. To turn in a thousand-guilder note, you have to be able to state how you came by it and provide proof. They can still be used to pay taxes, but only until next week. The five-hundred notes will lapse at the same time. Gies & Co. still had some unaccounted-for thousand-guilder notes, which they used to pay their

estimated taxes for the coming years, so everything seems to be above board.

Dussel has received an old-fashioned, foot-operated dentist's drill. That means I'll probably be getting a thorough check-up soon.

Dussel is terribly lax when it comes to obeying the rules of the house. Not only does he write letters to his Charlotte, he's also carrying on a chatty correspondence with various other people. Margot, the Annexe's Dutch teacher, has been correcting these letters for him. Father has forbidden him to keep up the practice and Margot has stopped correcting the letters, but I think it won't be long before he starts up again.

The Führer has been talking to wounded soldiers. We heard him on the radio, and it was pathetic. The questions and answers went something like this:

'My name is Heinrich Scheppel.'

'Where were you wounded?'

'Near Stalingrad.'

'What kind of wound is it?'

'Two frostbitten feet and a fracture of the left arm.'

This is an exact report of the hideous puppet show aired on the radio. The wounded seemed proud of their wounds – the more the better. One was so beside himself at the thought of shaking hands (I presume he still had one) with the Führer that he could barely say a word.

I happened to drop Dussel's soap on the floor and step on it. Now there's a whole piece missing. I've already asked Father to compensate him for the damages, especially since Dussel only gets one bar of inferior wartime soap a month.

*Yours, Anne*

THURSDAY, 25 MARCH 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Mother, Father, Margot and I were sitting quite pleasantly together last night when Peter suddenly came in and whispered in Father's ear. I caught the words 'a barrel falling over in the warehouse' and 'someone fiddling with the door'.



Margot heard it too, but was trying to calm me down, since I'd turned white as chalk and was extremely nervous. The three of us waited while Father and Peter went downstairs. A minute or two later Mrs van Daan came up from where she'd been listening to the radio and told us that Pim had asked her to turn it off and tiptoe upstairs. But you know what happens when you're trying to be quiet – the old stairs creaked twice as loud. Five minutes later Peter and Pim, the colour drained from their faces, appeared again to relate their experiences.

They had positioned themselves under the staircase and waited. Nothing happened. Then all of a sudden they heard a couple of bangs, as if two doors had been slammed shut inside the house. Pim bounded up the stairs, while Peter went to warn Dussel, who finally presented himself upstairs, though not without kicking up a fuss and making a lot of noise. Then we all tiptoed in our stockinged feet to the van Daans on the next floor. Mr van D. had a bad cold and had already gone to bed, so we gathered around his bedside and discussed our suspicions in a whisper. Every time Mr van D. coughed loudly, Mrs van D. and I nearly had a nervous fit. He kept coughing until someone came up with the bright idea of giving him codeine. His cough subsided immediately.

Once again we waited and waited, but heard nothing. Finally we came to the conclusion that the burglars had taken to their heels when they heard footsteps in an otherwise quiet building. The problem now was that the chairs in the private office were neatly grouped around the radio, which was tuned to England. If the burglars had forced the door and the air-raid wardens were to notice it and call the police, there could be very serious repercussions. So Mr van Daan got up, pulled on his coat and trousers, put on his hat and cautiously followed Father down the stairs, with Peter (armed with a heavy hammer, to be on the safe side) right behind him. The ladies (including Margot and me) waited in suspense until the men returned five minutes later and reported that there was no sign of any activity in the building. We agreed not to run any water or flush the toilet; but since everyone's stomach was churning from all the tension, you can imagine the stench after we'd each had a turn in the lavatory.

Incidents like these are always accompanied by other disasters, and this was no exception. Number one: the Westertoren bells stopped chiming, and I'd always found them so comforting. Number two: Mr Voskuijl left early

last night, and we weren't sure if he'd given Bep the key and she'd forgotten to lock the door.

But that was of little importance now. The night had just begun, and we still weren't sure what to expect. We were somewhat reassured by the fact that between eight-fifteen – when the burglar had first entered the building and put our lives in jeopardy – and ten-thirty, we hadn't heard a sound. The more we thought about it, the less likely it seemed that a burglar would have forced a door so early in the evening, when there were still people out on the streets. Besides that, it occurred to us that the warehouse manager at the Keg Company next door might still have been at work. What with the excitement and the thin walls, it's easy to mistake the sounds. Besides, your imagination often plays tricks on you in moments of danger.

So we went to bed, though not to sleep. Father and Mother and Mr Dussel were awake most of the night, and I'm not exaggerating when I say that I hardly got a wink of sleep. This morning the men went downstairs to see if the outside door was still locked, but all was well!

Of course, we gave the entire office staff a blow-by-blow account of the incident, which had been far from pleasant. It's much easier to laugh at these kinds of things after they've happened, and Bep was the only one who took us seriously.

*Yours, Anne*

PS. This morning the toilet was clogged, and Father had to stick in a long wooden pole and fish out several pounds of excrement and strawberry recipes (which is what we use for toilet paper these days). Afterwards we burned the pole.

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SATURDAY, 27 MARCH 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

We've finished our shorthand course and are now working on improving our speed. Aren't we clever! Let me tell you more about my 'time killers' (this is what I call my courses, because all we ever do is try to make the days go by as quickly as possible so we're that much closer to the end of our time here). I adore mythology, especially the Greek and Roman gods.

Everyone here thinks my interest is just a passing fancy, since they've never heard of a teenager with an appreciation of mythology. Well then, I suppose I'm the first!

Mr van Daan has a cold. Or rather, he has a scratchy throat, but he's making an enormous to-do over it. He gargles with camomile tea, coats the roof of his mouth with a tincture of myrrh and rubs Vick on his chest, nose, gums and tongue. And to top it off, he's in a foul mood!

Rauter, some German bigwig, recently gave a speech. 'All Jews must be out of the German-occupied territories before 1 July. The province of Utrecht will be cleansed of Jews (as if they were cockroaches) between 1 April and 1 May, and the provinces of North and South Holland between 1 May and 1 June.' These poor people are being shipped off to filthy slaughterhouses like a herd of sick and neglected cattle. But I'll say no more on the subject. My own thoughts give me nightmares!

One good piece of news is that the Labour Exchange was set on fire in an act of sabotage. A few days later the Register Office also went up in flames. Men posing as German police bound and gagged the guards and managed to destroy some important documents.

*Yours, Anne*

THURSDAY, 1 APRIL 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

I'm not really in the mood for pranks (see the date). On the contrary, today I can safely quote the saying 'Misfortunes never come singly'.

First, Mr Kleiman, our merry ray of sunshine, had another bout of gastrointestinal haemorrhaging yesterday and will have to stay in bed for at least three weeks. I should tell you that his stomach has been bothering him quite a bit, and there's no cure. Second, Bep has flu. Third, Mr Voskuijl has to go into hospital next week. He probably has an ulcer and will have to undergo surgery. Fourth, the managers of Pomosin Industries came from Frankfurt to discuss the new Opekta deliveries. Father had gone over the important points with Mr Kleiman, and there wasn't enough time to give Mr Kugler a thorough briefing.

The gentlemen arrived from Frankfurt, and Father was already shaking at the thought of how the talks would go. 'If only I could be there, if only I

were downstairs,' he exclaimed.

'Go and lie down with your ear to the floor. They'll be brought to the private office, and you'll be able to hear everything.'

Father's face cleared, and yesterday morning at ten-thirty Margot and Pim (two ears are better than one) took up their posts on the floor. By noon the talks weren't finished, but Father was in no shape to continue his listening campaign. He was in agony from having to lie for hours in such an unusual and uncomfortable position. At two-thirty we heard voices in the passage, and I took his place; Margot kept me company. The conversation was so long-winded and boring that I suddenly fell asleep on the cold, hard linoleum. Margot didn't dare touch me for fear they'd hear us, and of course she couldn't shout. I slept for a good half-hour and then awoke with a start, having forgotten every word of the important discussion. Luckily, Margot had paid more attention.

*Yours, Anne*

•

FRIDAY, 2 APRIL 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Oh my, another item has been added to my list of sins. Last night I was lying in bed, waiting for Father to tuck me in and say my prayers with me, when Mother came into the room, sat on my bed and asked very gently, 'Anne, Daddy isn't ready. What if I listen to your prayers tonight?'

'No, Mumsie,' I replied.

Mother got up, stood beside my bed for a moment and then slowly walked towards the door. Suddenly she turned, her face contorted with pain, and said, 'I don't want to be angry with you. I can't make you love me!' A few tears slid down her cheeks as she went out of the door.

I lay still, thinking how mean it was of me to reject her so cruelly, but I also knew that I was incapable of answering her any other way. I can't be a hypocrite and pray with her when I don't feel like it. It just doesn't work that way. I felt sorry for Mother – very, very sorry – because for the first time in my life I noticed she wasn't indifferent to my coldness. I saw the sorrow in her face when she talked about not being able to make me love her. It's hard to tell the truth, and yet the truth is that she's the one who's

rejected me. She's the one whose tactless comments and cruel jokes about matters I don't think are funny have made me insensitive to any sign of love on her part. Just as my heart sinks every time I hear her harsh words, that's how her heart sank when she realized there was no more love between us.

She cried half the night and didn't get any sleep. Father has avoided looking at me, and if his eyes do happen to meet mine, I can read his unspoken words: 'How can you be so unkind? How dare you make your mother so sad!'

Everyone expects me to apologize, but this is not something I can apologize for, because I told the truth, and sooner or later Mother was bound to find out anyway. I seem to be indifferent to Mother's tears and Father's glances, and I am, because both of them are now feeling what I've always felt. I can only feel sorry for Mother, who will have to decide what her attitude should be all by herself. For my part, I will continue to remain silent and aloof, and I don't intend to shrink from the truth, because the longer it's postponed, the harder it will be for them to accept it when they do hear it!

*Yours, Anne*

•

TUESDAY, 27 APRIL 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

The house is still trembling from the after-effects of the quarrels. Everyone is angry with everyone else: Mother and I, Mr van Daan and Father, Mother and Mrs van D. Terrific atmosphere, don't you think? Once again Anne's usual list of shortcomings has been extensively aired.

Our German visitors were back last Saturday. They stayed until six. We all sat upstairs, not daring to move an inch. If there's no one else working in the building or in the neighbourhood, you can hear every single step in the private office. I've got ants in my pants again from having to sit still so long.

Mr Voskuijl has been hospitalized, but Mr Kleiman's back at the office. His stomach stopped bleeding sooner than it normally does. He told us that the Register Office took an extra beating because the firemen flooded the entire building instead of just putting out the fire. That does my heart good!

The Carlton Hotel has been destroyed. Two British planes loaded with fire-bombs landed right on top of the German Officers' Club. The entire corner of Vijzelstraat and Singel has gone up in flames. The number of air strikes on German cities is increasing daily. We haven't had a good night's rest in ages, and I have bags under my eyes from lack of sleep.

Our food is terrible. Breakfast consists of plain, unbuttered bread and ersatz coffee. For the last two weeks lunch has been either spinach or cooked lettuce with huge potatoes that have a rotten, sweetish taste. If you're trying to slim, the Annexe is the place to be! Upstairs they complain bitterly, but we don't think it's such a tragedy.

All the Dutch men who either fought or were mobilized in 1940 have been called up to work in prisoner-of-war camps. I bet they're taking this precaution because of the invasion!

*Yours, Anne*

•

SATURDAY, 1 MAY 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Yesterday was Dussel's birthday. At first he acted as if he didn't want to celebrate it, but when Miep arrived with a large shopping bag overflowing with gifts, he was as excited as a little child. His darling 'Lotje' has sent him eggs, butter, biscuits, lemonade, bread, cognac, spice cake, flowers, oranges, chocolate, books and writing paper. He piled his presents on a table and displayed them for no fewer than three days, the ridiculous old fool!

You mustn't get the idea that he's starving. We found bread, cheese, jam and eggs in his cupboard. It's absolutely disgraceful that Dussel, whom we've treated with such kindness and whom we took in to save from destruction, should stuff himself behind our backs and not give us anything. After all, we've shared all we had with him! But what's worse, in our opinion, is that he's so stingy with respect to Mr Kleiman, Mr Voskuijl and Bep. He doesn't give them a thing. In Dussel's view the oranges that Kleiman so badly needs for his sick stomach will benefit his own stomach even more.

Tonight the guns have been banging away so much that I've already had to gather up my belongings four times. Today I packed a suitcase with the stuff I'd need in case we had to flee, but as Mother correctly noted, 'Where would you go?'

All of Holland is being punished for the workers' strikes. Martial law has been declared, and everyone is going to get one less butter coupon. What naughty children.

I washed Mother's hair this evening, which is no easy task these days. We have to use a very sticky liquid cleanser because there's no more shampoo. Besides that, Mums had a hard time combing her hair because the family comb has only ten teeth left.

*Yours, Anne*

•

SUNDAY, 2 MAY 1943

When I think about our lives here, I usually come to the conclusion that we live in a paradise compared with the Jews who aren't in hiding. All the same, later on, when everything has returned to normal, I'll probably wonder how we, who always lived in such comfortable circumstances, could have 'sunk' so low. With respect to manners, I mean. For example, the same oilcloth has covered the dining-table ever since we've been here. After so much use, it's hardly what you'd call spotless. I do my best to clean it, but since the dishcloth was also purchased before we went into hiding and consists of more holes than cloth, it's a thankless task. The van Daans have been sleeping all winter long on the same flannelette sheet, which can't be washed because soap powder is rationed and in short supply. Besides, it's of such poor quality that it's practically useless. Father is walking around in frayed trousers, and his tie is also showing signs of wear and tear. Mummy's corset snapped today and is beyond repair, while Margot is wearing a bra that's two sizes too small. Mother and Margot have shared the same three vests the entire winter, and mine are so small they don't even cover my stomach. These are all things that can be overcome, but I sometimes wonder: how can we, whose every possession, from my knickers to Father's shaving brush, is so old and worn, ever hope to regain the position we had before the war?

## THE ATTITUDE OF THE ANNEXE RESIDENTS TOWARDS THE WAR

*Mr van Daan.* In the opinion of us all, this revered gentleman has great insight into politics. Nevertheless, he predicts we'll have to stay here until the end of '43. That's a very long time, and yet it's possible to hold out until then. But who can assure us that this war, which has caused nothing but pain and sorrow, will then be over? And that nothing will have happened to us and our helpers long before that time? No one! That's why each and every day is filled with tension. Expectation and hope generate tension, as does fear – for example, when we hear a noise inside or outside the house, when the guns go off or when we read new 'proclamations' in the paper, since we're afraid our helpers might be forced to go into hiding themselves sometime. These days everyone is talking about having to hide. We don't know how many people are actually in hiding; of course, the number is relatively small compared with the general population, but later on we'll no doubt be astonished at how many good people in Holland were willing to take Jews and Christians, with or without money, into their homes. There're also an unbelievable number of people with false identity papers.

*Mrs van Daan.* When this beautiful damsel (by her own account) heard that it was getting easier these days to obtain false IDs, she immediately proposed that we each have one made. As if there were nothing to it, as if Father and Mr van Daan were made of money.

Mrs van Daan is always saying the most ridiculous things, and her Putti is often exasperated. But that's not surprising, because one day Kerli announces, 'When this is all over, I'm going to have myself baptized'; and the next, 'As long as I can remember, I've wanted to go to Jerusalem. I only feel at home with other Jews!'

*Pim* is a big optimist, but he always has his reasons.

*Mr Dussel* makes up everything as he goes along, and anyone wishing to contradict His Majesty had better think twice. In Albert Dussel's home his word is law, but that doesn't suit Anne Frank in the least.

What the other members of the Annexé family think about the war doesn't matter. When it comes to politics, these four are the only ones who



count. Actually, only two of them do, but Madame van Daan and Dussel include themselves as well.

•

TUESDAY, 18 MAY 1943

*Dearest Kit,*

I recently witnessed a fierce dogfight between German and English pilots. Unfortunately, a couple of Allied airmen had to jump out of their burning plane. Our milkman, who lives in Halfweg, saw four Canadians sitting along the side of the road, and one of them spoke fluent Dutch. He asked the milkman if he had a light for his cigarette, and then told him the crew had consisted of six men. The pilot had been burned to death, and the fifth crew member had hidden himself somewhere. The German Security Police came to pick up the four remaining men, none of whom was injured. After parachuting out of a flaming plane, how can anyone have such presence of mind?

Although it's undeniably hot, we have to light a fire every other day to burn our vegetable peelings and rubbish. We can't throw anything into the dustbins, because the warehouse employees might see it. One small act of carelessness and we're done for!

All university students are being asked to sign an official statement to the effect that they 'sympathize with the Germans and approve of the New Order'. Eighty per cent have decided to obey the dictates of their conscience, but the penalty will be severe. Any student refusing to sign will be sent to a German labour camp. What's to become of the youth of our country if they've all got to do hard labour in Germany?

Last night the guns were making so much noise that Mother shut the window; I was in Pim's bed. Suddenly, right above our heads, we heard Mrs van D. leap up, as if she'd been bitten by Mouschi. This was followed by a loud boom, which sounded as if a firebomb had landed beside my bed. 'Lights! Lights!' I screamed.

Pim switched on the lamp. I expected the room to burst into flames any minute. Nothing happened. We all rushed upstairs to see what was going on. Mr and Mrs van D. had seen a red glow through the open window, and he thought there was a fire nearby, while she was certain our house was ablaze.

Mrs van D. was already standing beside her bed with her knees knocking when the boom came. Dussel stayed upstairs to smoke a cigarette, and we crawled back into bed. Less than fifteen minutes later the shooting started again. Mrs van D. sprang out of bed and went downstairs to Dussel's room to seek the comfort she was unable to find with her spouse. Dussel welcomed her with the words 'Come into my bed, my child!'

We burst into peals of laughter, and the roar of the guns bothered us no more; our fears had all been swept away.

*Yours, Anne*

•

SUNDAY, 13 JUNE 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

The poem Father composed for my birthday is too nice to keep to myself.

Since Pim writes his verses only in German, Margot volunteered to translate it into Dutch. See for yourself whether Margot hasn't done herself proud. It begins with the usual summary of the year's events and then continues:

*As youngest among us, but small no more,  
Your life can be trying, for we have the chore  
Of becoming your teachers, a terrible bore.  
'We've got experience! Take it from me!'  
'We've done this all before, you see.  
We know the ropes, we know the game.'  
Since time immemorial, always the same.  
One's own shortcomings are nothing but fluff,  
But everyone else's are heavier stuff.  
Fault-finding comes easy when this is our plight,  
But it's hard for your parents, try as they might,  
To treat you with fairness, and kindness as well;  
Nit-picking's a habit that's hard to dispel.  
When you're living with old folk, all you can do  
Is put up with their nagging – it's hard but it's true.  
The pill may be bitter, but down it must go,*

*For it's meant to keep the peace, you know.  
The many months here have not been in vain,  
Since wasting time goes against your grain.  
You read and study nearly all the day,  
Determined to chase the boredom away.  
The more difficult question, much harder to bear,  
Is 'What on earth do I have to wear?  
I've got no more knickers, my clothes are too tight,  
My vest is a loincloth, I'm really a sight!  
To put on my shoes I must cut off my toes,  
Oh dear, I'm plagued with so many woes!'*

Margot had trouble getting the part about food to rhyme, so I'm leaving it out. But aside from that, don't you think it's a good poem?

For the rest, I've been thoroughly spoiled and have received a number of lovely presents, including a big book on my favourite subject, Greek and Roman mythology. Nor can I complain about the lack of sweets; everyone had dipped into their last reserves. As the Benjamin of the Annexe, I got more than I deserve.

*Yours, Anne*

•

TUESDAY, 15 JUNE 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Heaps of things have happened, but I often think I'm boring you with my dreary chitchat and that you'd just as soon have fewer letters. So I'll keep the news brief.

Mr Voskuijl wasn't operated on for his ulcer after all. Once the doctors had him on the operating table and opened him up, they saw that he had cancer. It was in such an advanced stage that an operation was pointless. So they stitched him up again, kept him in hospital for three weeks, fed him well and sent him back home. But they made an unforgivable error: they told the poor man exactly what was in store for him. He can't work any more, and he's just sitting at home, surrounded by his eight children, brooding about his approaching death. I feel very sorry for him and hate not

being able to go out; otherwise, I'd visit him as often as I could and help take his mind off matters. Now the good man can no longer let us know what's being said and done in the warehouse, which is a disaster for us. Mr Voskuijl was our greatest source of help and support when it came to safety measures. We miss him very much.

Next month it's our turn to hand over our radio to the authorities. Mr Kleiman has a small set hidden in his home that he's giving us to replace our beautiful Philips. It's a pity we have to turn in our big one, but when you're in hiding, you can't afford to bring the authorities down on your heads. Of course, we'll put the 'baby' radio upstairs. What's a clandestine radio when there are already clandestine Jews and clandestine money?

All over the country people are trying to get hold of an old radio that they can hand over instead of their 'morale booster'. It's true: as the reports from outside grow worse and worse, the radio, with its wondrous voice, helps us not to lose heart and to keep telling ourselves, 'Cheer up, keep your spirits high, things are bound to get better!'

*Yours, Anne*

•

SUNDAY, 11 JULY 1943

*Dear Kitty,*

To get back to the subject of child-rearing (for the umpteenth time), let me tell you that I'm doing my best to be helpful, friendly and kind and to do all I can to keep the rain of rebukes down to a light drizzle. It's not easy trying to behave like a model child with people you can't stand, especially when you don't mean a word of it. But I can see that a little hypocrisy gets me a lot further than my old method of saying exactly what I think (even though no one ever asks my opinion or cares one way or another). Of course, I often forget my role and find it impossible to curb my anger when they're unfair, so that they spend the next month saying I'm the cheekiest girl in the world. Don't you think I'm to be pitied sometimes? It's a good thing I'm not a moaner, because then I might become sour and bad-tempered. I can usually see the humorous side of their scoldings, but it's easier when somebody else is being hauled over the coals.

Further, I've decided (after a great deal of thought) to drop the shorthand. First, so that I have more time for my other subjects, and second, because of my eyes. That's a sad story. I've become very short-sighted and should have had glasses ages ago. (Ugh, won't I look like a muggins!) But as you know, people in hiding can't . . .

Yesterday all anyone here could talk about was Anne's eyes, because Mother had suggested I go to the specialist with Mrs Kleiman. Just hearing this made my knees weak, since it's no small matter. Going outside! Just think of it, walking down the *street*! I can't imagine it. I was petrified at first, and then glad. But it's not as simple as all that; the various authorities who had to approve such a step were unable to reach a quick decision. They first had to carefully weigh all the difficulties and risks, though Miep was ready to set off immediately with me in tow. In the meantime, I'd taken my grey coat from the wardrobe, but it was so small it looked as if it might have belonged to my little sister. We lowered the hem, but I still couldn't button it. I'm really curious to see what they decide, only I don't think they'll ever work out a plan, because the British have landed in Sicily and Father's all set for a 'quick finish'.

Bep's been giving Margot and me a lot of office work to do. It makes us both feel important, and it's a big help to her. Anyone can file letters and make entries in a sales book, but we do it with remarkable accuracy.

Miep has so much to carry she looks like a pack mule. She goes out nearly every day in search of vegetables, and then cycles back with her purchases in large shopping bags. She's also the one who brings five library books with her every Saturday. We long for Saturdays because that means books. We're like a lot of little children with a present. Ordinary people don't know how much books can mean to someone who's cooped up. Our only diversions are reading, studying and listening to the wireless.

*Yours, Anne*

•

TUESDAY, 13 JULY 1943

THE BEST LITTLE TABLE

Yesterday afternoon Father gave me permission to ask Mr Dussel whether he would please be so good as to allow me (see how polite I am?) to use the table in our room two afternoons a week, from four to five-thirty. I already sit there every day from two-thirty to four while Dussel has a nap, but the rest of the time the room and the table are out of bounds to me. It's impossible to study next door in the afternoon, because there's too much going on. Besides, Father sometimes likes to sit at the desk during the afternoon.

So it seemed like a reasonable request, and I asked Dussel very politely. What do you think the learned gentleman's reply was? 'No.' Just plain 'No'!

I was incensed and wasn't about to let myself be put off like that. I asked him the reason for his 'No', but this didn't get me anywhere. The gist of his reply was: 'I have to study too, you know, and if I can't do that in the afternoons, I won't be able to fit it in at all. I have to finish the task I've set for myself; otherwise, there's no point in starting. Besides, you aren't serious about your studies. Mythology – what kind of work is that? Reading and knitting don't count either. I use that table and I'm not going to give it up!'

I replied, 'Mr Dussel, I do take my work seriously. I can't study next door in the afternoons, and I would appreciate it if you would reconsider my request!'

Having said these words, the insulted Anne turned round and pretended the learned doctor wasn't there. I was seething with rage and felt that Dussel had been incredibly rude (which he certainly had been) and that I'd been very polite.

That evening, when I managed to get hold of Pim, I told him what had happened and we discussed what my next step should be, because I had no intention of giving up and preferred to deal with the matter myself. Pim gave me a rough idea of how to approach Dussel, but cautioned me to wait until the next day, since I was in such a flap. I ignored this last piece of advice and waited for Dussel after I'd done the washing-up. Pim was sitting next door and that had a calming effect.

I began, 'Mr Dussel, you seem to believe further discussion of the matter is pointless, but I beg you to reconsider.'

Dussel gave me his most charming smile and said, 'I'm always prepared to discuss the matter, even though it's already been settled.'

I went on talking, despite Dussel's repeated interruptions. 'When you first came here,' I said, 'we agreed that the room was to be shared by the two of us. If we were to divide it fairly, you'd have the entire morning and I'd have the entire afternoon! I'm not asking for that much, but two afternoons a week does seem reasonable to me.'

Dussel leapt out of his chair as if he'd sat on a pin. 'You have no business talking about your rights to the room. Where am I supposed to go? Maybe I should ask Mr van Daan to build me a cubbyhole in the attic. You're not the only one who can't find a quiet place to work. You're always looking for a fight. If your sister Margot, who has more right to work space than you do, had come to me with the same request, I'd never even have thought of refusing, but you . . .'

And once again he brought up the business about the mythology and the knitting, and once again Anne was insulted. However, I showed no sign of it and let Dussel finish: 'But no, it's impossible to talk to you. You're shamefully self-centred. No one else matters, as long as you get your way. I've never seen such a child. But after all is said and done, I'll be obliged to let you have your way, since I don't want people saying later on that Anne Frank failed her exams because Mr Dussel refused to relinquish his table!'

He went on and on until there was such a deluge of words I could hardly keep up. For one fleeting moment I thought, 'Him and his lies. I'll smack his ugly mug so hard he'll go bouncing off the wall!' But the next moment I thought, 'Calm down, he's not worth getting so upset about!'

At long last Mr Dussel's fury was spent, and he left the room with an expression of triumph mixed with wrath, his coat pockets bulging with food.

I went running over to Father and recounted the entire story, or at least those parts he hadn't been able to follow himself. Pim decided to talk to Dussel that very same evening, and they spoke for more than half an hour. They first discussed whether Anne should be allowed to use the table, yes or no. Father said that he and Dussel had dealt with the subject once before, at which time he'd professed to agree with Dussel because he didn't want to contradict the elder in front of the younger, but that, even then, he hadn't thought it was fair. Dussel felt I had no right to talk as if he were an intruder

laying claim to everything in sight. But Father protested strongly, since he himself had heard me say nothing of the kind. And so the conversation went back and forth, with Father defending my 'selfishness' and my 'pointless activities' and Dussel grumbling the whole time.

Dussel finally had to give in, and I was granted the opportunity to work without interruption two afternoons a week. Dussel looked very sullen, didn't speak to me for two days and made sure he occupied the table from five to five-thirty – all very childish, of course.

Anyone who's so petty and pedantic at the age of fifty-four was born that way and is never going to change.

•

FRIDAY, 16 JULY 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

There's been another break-in, but this time a real one! Peter went down to the warehouse this morning at seven, as usual, and noticed at once that both the warehouse door and the street door were open. He immediately reported this to Pim, who went to the private office, tuned the radio to a German station and locked the door. Then they both went back upstairs. In such cases our orders are 'not to wash ourselves or run any water, to be quiet, to be dressed by eight and not to go to the lavatory', and as usual we followed these to the letter. We were all glad we'd slept so well and hadn't heard anything. For a while we were indignant because no one from the office came upstairs the entire morning; Mr Kleiman left us on tenterhooks until eleven-thirty. He told us that the burglars had forced the outside door and the warehouse door with a crowbar, but when they didn't find anything worth stealing, they tried their luck on the next floor. They stole two cash-boxes containing 40 guilders, blank chequebooks and, worst of all, coupons for 330 pounds of sugar, our entire allotment. It won't be easy to wangle new ones.

Mr Kugler thinks this burglar belongs to the same gang as the one who made an unsuccessful attempt six weeks ago to open all three doors (the warehouse door and the two outside doors).

The burglary caused another stir, but the Annexe seems to thrive on excitement. Naturally, we were glad the cash register and the typewriters



had been safely tucked away in our wardrobe.

*Yours, Anne*

PS. Landing in Sicily. Another step closer to the . . . !

•

MONDAY, 19 JULY 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

North Amsterdam was very heavily bombed on Sunday. There was apparently a great deal of destruction. Entire streets are in ruins, and it will take a while for them to dig out all the bodies. So far there have been two hundred dead and countless wounded; the hospitals are bursting at the seams. We've been told of children searching forlornly in the smouldering ruins for their dead parents. It still makes me shiver to think of the dull, distant drone that signified the approaching destruction.

•

FRIDAY, 23 JULY 1943

Bep is currently able to get hold of exercise-books, especially journals and ledgers, useful for my bookkeeping sister! Other kinds are for sale as well, but don't ask what they're like or how long they'll last. At the moment they're all labelled 'No Coupons Needed'! Like everything else you can purchase without ration stamps, they're totally worthless. They consist of twelve sheets of grey paper with narrow lines that slant across the page. Margot is thinking about taking a course in calligraphy; I've advised her to go ahead and do it. Mother won't let me because of my eyes, but I think that's silly. Whether I do that or something else, it all comes down to the same thing.

Since you've never been through a war, Kitty, and since you know very little about life in hiding, in spite of my letters, let me tell you, just for fun, what we each want to do first when we're able to go outside again.

Margot and Mr van Daan wish, above all else, to have a hot bath, filled to the brim, which they can lie in for more than half an hour. Mrs van Daan would like a cake, Dussel can think of nothing but seeing his Charlotte, and

Mother is dying for a cup of real coffee. Father would like to visit Mr Voskuil, Peter would go into town, and as for me, I'd be so overjoyed I wouldn't know where to begin.

Most of all I long to have a home of our own, to be able to move around freely and have someone help me with my homework again, at last. In other words, to go back to school!

Bep has offered to get us some fruit, at so-called bargain prices: grapes 2.50 guilders a pound, gooseberries 70 cents a pound, one peach 50 cents, melons 75 cents a pound. No wonder the papers write every evening in big, fat letters: 'Play Fair and Keep Prices Down'!

•

MONDAY, 26 JULY 1943

*Dear Kitty,*

Yesterday was a very tumultuous day, and we're still all wound up. Actually, you may wonder if there's ever a day that passes without some kind of excitement.

The first warning siren went off in the morning while we were at breakfast, but we paid no attention, because it only meant that the planes were crossing the coast. I had a terrible headache, so I lay down for an hour after breakfast and then went to the office at about two. At two-thirty Margot had finished her office work and was just gathering her things together when the sirens began wailing again. So she and I trooped back upstairs. None too soon, it seems, for less than five minutes later the guns were booming so loudly that we went and stood in the passage. The house shook and the bombs kept falling. I was clutching my 'escape bag', more because I wanted to have something to hold on to than because I wanted to run away. I know we can't leave here, but if we had to, being seen on the streets would be just as dangerous as getting caught in an air raid. After half an hour the drone of engines faded and the house began to hum with activity again. Peter emerged from his lookout post in the front attic, Dussel remained in the front office, Mrs van D. felt safest in the private office, Mr van Daan had been watching from the loft, and those of us on the landing spread out to watch the columns of smoke rising from the harbour. Before

long the smell of fire was everywhere, and outside it looked as if the city were enveloped in a thick fog.

A big fire like that is not a pleasant sight, but fortunately for us it was all over, and we went back to our various jobs. Just as we were starting dinner: another air-raid alarm. The food was good, but I lost my appetite the moment I heard the siren. Nothing happened, however, and forty-five minutes later the all-clear was sounded. After the washing-up: another air-raid warning, gunfire and swarms of planes. 'Oh, gosh, twice in one day,' we thought, 'that's twice too many.' Little good that did us, because once again the bombs rained down, this time on the other side of the city. According to British reports, Schiphol Airport was bombed. The planes dived and climbed, the air was abuzz with the drone of engines. It was very scary, and the whole time I kept thinking, 'Here it comes, this is it.'

I can assure you that when I went to bed at nine, my legs were still shaking. At the stroke of midnight I woke up again: more planes! Dussel was undressing, but I took no notice and leapt up, wide awake, at the sound of the first shot. I stayed in Father's bed until one, in my own bed until one-thirty, and was back in Father's bed at two. But the planes kept on coming. At last they stopped firing and I was able to go back 'home' again. I finally fell asleep at half past two.

Seven o'clock. I awoke with a start and sat up in bed. Mr van Daan was with Father. My first thought was: burglars. 'Everything,' I heard Mr van Daan say, and I thought everything had been stolen. But no, this time it was wonderful news, the best we've had in months, maybe even since the war began. Mussolini has resigned and the King of Italy has taken over the government.

We jumped for joy. After the awful events of yesterday, finally something good happens and brings us . . . hope! Hope for an end to the war, hope for peace.

Mr Kugler popped in and told us that the Fokker aircraft factory had been hit hard. Meanwhile, there was another air-raid alarm this morning, with planes flying over, and another warning siren. I've had it up to here with alarms. I've hardly slept, and the last thing I want to do is work. But now the suspense about Italy and the hope that the war will be over by the end of the year are keeping us awake . . .

*Yours, Anne*

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THURSDAY, 29 JULY 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Mrs van Daan, Dussel and I were doing the washing-up, and I was extremely quiet. This is very unusual for me and they were sure to notice, so in order to avoid any questions, I quickly racked my brains for a neutral topic. I thought the book *Henry from Across the Street* might fit the bill, but I couldn't have been more wrong; if Mrs van Daan doesn't jump down my throat, Mr Dussel does. It all boiled down to this: Mr Dussel had recommended the book to Margot and me as an example of excellent writing. We thought it was anything but that. The little boy had been portrayed well, but as for the rest . . . the less said the better. I mentioned something to that effect while we were washing up, and Dussel launched into a veritable tirade.

'How can you possibly understand the psychology of a man? That of a child isn't so difficult (!). But you're far too young to read a book like that. Even a twenty-year-old man would be unable to comprehend it.' (So why did he go out of his way to recommend it to Margot and me?)

Mrs van D. and Dussel continued their harangue: 'You know far too much about things you're not supposed to. You've been brought up all wrong. Later on, when you're older, you won't be able to enjoy anything any more. You'll say, "Oh, I read that twenty years ago in some book." You'd better hurry if you want to catch a husband or fall in love, since everything is bound to be a disappointment to you. You already know all there is to know in theory. But in practice? That's another story!'

Can you imagine how I felt? I astonished myself by calmly replying, 'You may think I haven't been raised properly, but many people would disagree!'

They apparently believe that good child-rearing includes trying to pit me against my parents, since that's all they ever do. And not telling a girl my age about grown-up subjects is fine. We can all see what happens when people are raised that way.

At that moment I could have slapped them both for poking fun at me. I was beside myself with rage, and if I only knew how much longer we had

to put up with each other's company, I'd start counting the days.

Mrs van Daan's a fine one to talk! She sets an example all right – a bad one! She's known to be exceedingly pushy, egotistical, cunning, calculating and perpetually dissatisfied. Add to that, vanity and coquettishness and there's no question about it: she's a thoroughly despicable person. I could write an entire book about Madame van Daan, and who knows, maybe someday I will. Anyone can put on a charming exterior when they want to. Mrs van D. is friendly to strangers, especially men, so it's easy to make a mistake when you first get to know her.

Mother thinks that Mrs van D. is too stupid for words, Margot that she's too unimportant, Pim that she's too ugly (literally and figuratively!), and after long observation (I'm never prejudiced at the beginning), I've come to the conclusion that she's all three of the above, and lots more besides. She has so many bad traits, why should I single out just one of them?

*Yours, Anne*

PS. Will the reader please take into consideration that this story was written before the writer's fury had cooled?

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TUESDAY, 3 AUGUST 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Things are going well on the political front. Italy has banned the Fascist Party. The people are fighting the Fascists in many places – even the army has joined the fight. How can a country like that continue to wage war against England?

Our beautiful radio was taken away last week. Dussel was very angry at Mr Kugler for turning it in on the appointed day. Dussel is slipping lower and lower in my estimation, and he's already below zero. Whatever he says about politics, history, geography or anything else is so ridiculous that I hardly dare repeat it: Hitler will fade from history; the harbour in Rotterdam is bigger than the one in Hamburg; the English are idiots for not taking the opportunity to bomb Italy to smithereens; etc., etc.

We just had a third air raid. I decided to grit my teeth and practise being courageous.

Mrs van Daan, the one who always said ‘Let them fall’ and ‘Better to end with a bang than not to end at all’, is the most cowardly one among us. She was shaking like a leaf this morning and even burst into tears. She was comforted by her husband, with whom she recently declared a truce after a week of squabbling; I nearly got sentimental at the sight.

Mouschi has now proved, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that having a cat has disadvantages as well as advantages. The whole house is crawling with fleas, and it’s getting worse each day. Mr Kleiman sprinkled yellow powder in every nook and cranny, but the fleas haven’t taken the slightest notice. It’s making us all very jittery; we’re forever imagining a bite on our arms and legs or other parts of our bodies, so we leap up and do a few exercises, since it gives us an excuse to take a better look at our arms or necks. But now we’re paying the price for having had so little physical exercise; we’re so stiff we can hardly turn our heads. The real calisthenics fell by the wayside long ago.

*Yours, Anne*

•

WEDNESDAY, 4 AUGUST 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Now that we’ve been in hiding for a little over a year, you know a great deal about our lives. Still, I can’t possibly tell you everything, since it’s all so different compared with ordinary times and ordinary people. Nevertheless, to give you a closer look into our lives, from time to time I’ll describe part of an ordinary day. I’ll start with the evening and night.

*Nine in the evening.* Bedtime always begins in the Annexe with an enormous hustle and bustle. Chairs are shifted, beds pulled out, blankets unfolded – nothing stays where it is during the daytime. I sleep on a small divan, which is only five feet long, so we have to add a few chairs to make it longer. Eiderdown, sheets, pillows, blankets: everything has to be removed from Dussel’s bed, where it’s kept during the day.

In the next room there’s a terrible creaking: that’s Margot’s folding bed being set up. More blankets and pillows, anything to make the wooden slats a bit more comfortable. Upstairs it sounds like thunder, but it’s only Mrs van D.’s bed being shoved against the window so that Her Majesty, arrayed

in her pink bed jacket, can sniff the night air through her delicate little nostrils.

*Nine o'clock.* After Peter's finished, it's my turn for the bathroom. I wash myself from head to toe, and more often than not I find a tiny flea floating in the sink (only during the hot months, weeks or days). I brush my teeth, curl my hair, manicure my nails and dab peroxide on my upper lip to bleach the black hairs – all this in less than half an hour.

*Nine-thirty.* I throw on my dressing-gown. With soap in one hand, and potty, hairpins, knickers, curlers and cotton wool in the other, I hurry out of the bathroom. The next person in invariably calls me back to remove the gracefully curved but unsightly hairs that I've left in the sink.

*Ten o'clock.* Time to put up the black-out screen and say good night. For the next fifteen minutes, at least, the house is filled with the creaking of beds and the sigh of broken springs, and then, provided our upstairs neighbours aren't having a marital tiff in bed, all is quiet.

*Eleven-thirty.* The bathroom door creaks. A narrow strip of light falls into the room. Squeaking shoes, a large coat, even larger than the man inside it . . . Dussel is returning from his nightly work in Mr Kugler's office. I hear him shuffling back and forth for ten whole minutes, the rustle of paper (from the food he's tucking away in his cupboard) and the bed being made up. Then the figure disappears again, and the only sound is the occasional suspicious noise from the lavatory.

*Approximately three o'clock.* I have to get up to use the tin under my bed, which, to be on the safe side, has a rubber mat underneath in case of leaks. I always hold my breath while I go, since it clatters into the tin like a brook down a mountainside. The potty is returned to its place, and the figure in the white nightdress (the one that causes Margot to exclaim every evening, 'Oh, that indecent nightie!') climbs back into bed. A certain somebody lies awake for about fifteen minutes, listening to the sounds of the night. In the first place, to hear whether there are any burglars downstairs, and then to the various beds – upstairs, next door and in my room – to tell whether the others are asleep or half awake. This is no fun, especially when it concerns a member of the family named Dr Dussel. First, there's the sound of a fish gasping for air, and this is repeated nine or ten times. Then, the lips are moistened profusely. This is alternated with little smacking sounds, followed by a long period of tossing and turning and rearranging the

pillows. After five minutes of perfect quiet, the same sequence repeats itself three more times, after which he's presumably lulled himself back to sleep for a while.

Sometimes the guns go off during the night, between one and four. I'm never aware of it before it happens, but all of a sudden I find myself standing beside my bed, out of sheer habit. Occasionally I'm dreaming so deeply (of irregular French verbs or a quarrel upstairs) that I realize only when my dream is over that the shooting has stopped and that I've remained quietly in my room. But usually I wake up. Then I grab a pillow and a handkerchief, throw on my dressing-gown and slippers and dash next door to Father, just the way Margot described in this birthday poem:

*When shots ring out in the dark of night,  
The door creaks open and into sight  
Come a hanky, a pillow, a figure in white . . .*

Once I've reached the big bed, the worst is over, except when the shooting is extra loud.

*Six forty-five.* Brrring . . . the alarm clock, which raises its shrill voice at any hour of the day or night, whether you want it to or not. Creak . . . wham . . . Mrs van D. turns it off. Scream . . . Mr van D. gets up, puts on the water and races to the bathroom.

*Seven fifteen.* The door creaks again. Dussel can go to the bathroom. Alone at last, I remove the black-out screen . . . and a new day begins in the Annex.

*Yours, Anne*

THURSDAY, 5 AUGUST 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Today let's talk about the lunch break.

*It's twelve thirty.* The whole gang breathes a sigh of relief: Mr van Maaren, the man with the shady past, and Mr de Kok have gone home for lunch.

Upstairs you can hear the thud of the vacuum cleaner on Mrs van D.'s beautiful and only rug. Margot tucks a few books under her arm and heads for the class for 'slow learners', which is what Dussel seems to be. Pim



goes and sits in a corner with his constant companion, Dickens, in hopes of finding a bit of peace and quiet. Mother hastens upstairs to help the busy little housewife, and I tidy up both the bathroom and myself at the same time.

*Twelve forty-five.* One by one they trickle in: first Mr Gies and then either Mr Kleiman or Mr Kugler, followed by Bep and sometimes even Miep.

*One.* Clustered round the radio, they all listen raptly to the BBC. This is the only time the members of the Annexe family don't interrupt each other, since even Mr van Daan can't argue with the speaker.

*One fifteen.* Food distribution. Everyone from downstairs gets a cup of soup, plus pudding, if there happens to be any. A contented Mr Gies sits on the divan or leans against the desk with his newspaper, cup and usually the cat at his side. If one of the three is missing, he doesn't hesitate to let his protest be heard. Mr Kleiman relates the latest news from town, and he's an excellent source. Mr Kugler hurries up the stairs, gives a short but solid knock on the door and comes in either wringing his hands or rubbing them in glee, depending on whether he's quiet and in a bad mood or talkative and in a good mood.

*One forty-five.* Everyone rises from the table and goes about their business. Margot and Mother do the washing-up, Mr and Mrs van D. head for the divan, Peter for the attic, Father for his divan, Dussel too, and Anne does her homework.

What comes next is the quietest hour of the day; when they're all asleep, there are no disturbances. To judge by his face, Dussel is dreaming of food. But I don't look at him long, because the time whizzes by and before you know it, it'll be 4.00 p.m. and the pedantic Dr Dussel will be standing with the clock in his hand because I'm one minute late clearing off the table.

*Yours, Anne*

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SATURDAY, 7 AUGUST 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

A few weeks ago I started writing a story, something I made up from beginning to end, and I've enjoyed it so much that the products of my pen are piling up.

*Yours, Anne*

MONDAY, 9 AUGUST 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

We now continue with a typical day in the Annexe. Since we've already had lunch, it's time to describe dinner.

*Mr van Daan.* Is served first, and takes a generous portion of whatever he likes. Usually joins in the conversation, never fails to give his opinion. Once he's spoken, his word is final. If anyone dares to suggest otherwise, Mr van D. can put up a good fight. Oh, he can hiss like a cat . . . but I'd rather he didn't. Once you've seen it, you never want to see it again. His opinion is the best, he knows the most about everything. Granted, the man has a good head on his shoulders, but it's swelled to no small degree.

*Madame.* Actually, the best thing would be to say nothing. Some days, especially when a foul mood is on the way, her face is hard to read. If you analyse the discussions, you realize she's not the subject, but the guilty party! A fact everyone prefers to ignore. Even so, you could call her the instigator. Stirring up trouble, now *that's* what Mrs van Daan calls fun. Stirring up trouble between Mrs Frank and Anne. Margot and Mr Frank aren't quite as easy.

But let's return to the table. Mrs van D. may think she doesn't always get enough, but that's not the case. The choicest potatoes, the tastiest morsel, the tenderest bit of whatever there is, that's Madame's motto. The others can all have their turn, as long as I get the best. (Exactly what she accuses Anne Frank of doing.) Her second watchword is: keep talking. As long as somebody's listening, it doesn't seem to occur to her to wonder whether they're interested. She must think that whatever Mrs van Daan says will interest everyone.

Smile coquettishly, pretend you know everything, offer everyone a piece of advice and mother them – that's sure to make a good impression. But if you take a better look, the good impression fades. One, she's hardworking; two, cheerful; three, coquettish – and sometimes a pretty face. That's Petronella van Daan.

*The third diner.* Says very little. Young Mr van Daan is usually quiet and hardly makes his presence known. As far as his appetite is concerned, he's a

Danaïdean vessel that never gets full. Even after the most substantial meal, he can look you calmly in the eye and claim he could have eaten twice as much.

*Number four – Margot.* Eats like a bird and doesn't talk at all. She eats only vegetables and fruit. 'Spoiled', in the opinion of the van Daans. 'Too little exercise and fresh air', in ours.

*Beside her – Mummy.* Has a hearty appetite, does her share of the talking. No one has the impression, as they do with Mrs van Daan, that this is a housewife. What's the difference between the two? Well, Mrs van D. does the cooking and Mother washes up and polishes the furniture.

*Numbers six and seven.* I won't say much about Father and me. The former is the most modest person at the table. He always looks to see whether the others have been served first. He needs nothing for himself; the best things are for the children. He's goodness personified. Seated next to him is the Annexe's little bundle of nerves.

*Dussel.* Help yourself, keep your eyes on the food, eat and don't talk. And if you have to say something, then for goodness' sake talk about food. That doesn't lead to quarrels, just to bragging. He consumes enormous portions, and 'no' is not part of his vocabulary, whether the food is good or bad.

Trousers that come up to his chest, a red jacket, black patent-leather slippers and horn-rimmed glasses – that's how he looks when he's at work at the little table, always studying and never progressing. This is interrupted only by his afternoon nap, food and – his favourite spot – the lavatory. Three, four or five times a day there's bound to be someone waiting outside the door, hopping impatiently from one foot to another, trying to hold it in and barely managing. Does Dussel care? Not a whit. From seven-fifteen to seven-thirty, from twelve-thirty to one, from two to two-fifteen, from four to four-fifteen, from six to six-fifteen, from eleven-thirty to twelve. You can set your watch by them; these are the times for his 'regular sessions'. He never deviates or lets himself be swayed by the voices outside the door, begging him to open up before a disaster occurs.

*Number nine* is not part of our Annexe family, although she does share our house and table. Bep has a healthy appetite. She cleans her plate and isn't choosy. Bep's easy to please and that pleases us. She can be characterized as follows: cheerful, good-humoured, kind and willing.

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TUESDAY, 10 AUGUST 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

A new idea: during meals I talk more to myself than to the others, which has two advantages. First, they're glad they don't have to listen to my continuous chatter, and second, I don't have to get annoyed by their opinions. I don't think my opinions are stupid but other people do, so it's better to keep them to myself. I apply the same tactic when I have to eat something I loathe. I put the dish in front of me, pretend it's delicious, avoid looking at it as much as possible, and it's gone before I've had time to realize what it is. When I get up in the morning, another very disagreeable moment, I leap out of bed, think to myself, 'You'll be slipping back under the covers soon,' walk to the window, take down the black-out screen, sniff at the crack until I feel a bit of fresh air, and I'm awake. I strip the bed as fast as I can so I won't be tempted to get back in. Do you know what Mother calls this sort of thing? The art of living. Isn't that a funny expression?

We've all been a little confused this past week because our dearly beloved Westertoren bells have been carted off to be melted down for the war, so we have no idea of the exact time, either night or day. I still have hopes that they'll come up with a substitute, made of tin or copper or some such thing, to remind the neighbourhood of the clock.

Everywhere I go, upstairs or down, they all cast admiring glances at my feet, which are adorned by a pair of exceptionally beautiful (for times like these!) shoes. Miep managed to snap them up for 27.50 guilders. Burgundy-coloured suede and leather with medium-sized high heels. I feel as if I'm on stilts, and look even taller than I already am.

Yesterday was my unlucky day. I pricked my right thumb with the blunt end of a big needle. As a result, Margot had to peel potatoes for me (take the good with the bad), and writing was awkward. Then I bumped into the cupboard door so hard it nearly knocked me over, and was scolded for making such a racket. They wouldn't let me run water to bathe my forehead, so now I'm walking around with a giant lump over my right eye. To make matters worse, the little toe on my right foot got stuck in the

vacuum cleaner. It bled and hurt, but my other ailments were already causing me so much trouble that I let this one slide, which was stupid of me, because now I'm walking around with an infected toe. What with the ointment, the gauze and the tape, I can't get my heavenly new shoe on my foot.

Dussel has put us in danger for the umpteenth time. He actually had Miep bring him a book, an anti-Mussolini tirade, which has been banned. On the way here she was knocked down by an SS motorcycle. She lost her head and shouted 'You brutes!' and went on her way. I don't dare think what would have happened if she'd been taken down to headquarters.

*Yours, Anne*

A DAILY CHORE IN OUR LITTLE COMMUNITY:  
PEELING POTATOES!

One person goes to get some newspapers; another, the knives (keeping the best for himself, of course); the third, the potatoes; and the fourth, the water.

Mr Dussel begins. He may not always peel them very well, but he does peel non-stop, glancing left and right to see if everyone is doing it the way he does. No, they're not!

'Look, Anne, I am taking peeler in my hand like so and going from the top to bottom! *Nein*, not so . . . but so!'

'I think my way is easier, Mr Dussel,' I say tentatively.

'But this is best way, Anne. This you can take from me. Of course, it is no matter, you do the way you want.'

We go on peeling. I glance at Dussel out of the corner of my eye. Lost in thought, he shakes his head (over me, no doubt), but says no more.

I keep on peeling. Then I look at Father, on the other side of me. To Father, peeling potatoes is not a chore, but precision work. When he reads, he has a deep wrinkle in the back of his head. But when he's preparing potatoes, beans or vegetables, he seems to be totally absorbed in his task. He puts on his potato-peeling face, and when it's set in that particular way, it would be impossible for him to turn out anything less than a perfectly peeled potato.

I keep on working. I glance up for a second, but that's all the time I need. Mrs van D. is trying to attract Dussel's attention. She starts by looking in

his direction, but Dussel pretends not to notice. She winks, but Dussel goes on peeling. She laughs, but Dussel still doesn't look up. Then Mother laughs too, but Dussel pays them no notice. Having failed to achieve her goal, Mrs van D. is obliged to change tactics. There's a brief silence. Then she says, 'Putti, why don't you put on an apron? Otherwise, I'll have to spend all day tomorrow trying to get the spots out of your suit!'

'I'm not getting it dirty.'

Another brief silence. 'Putti, why don't you sit down?'

'I'm fine this way. I like standing up!'

Silence.

'Putti, look out, *du spritzt schon!*'<sup>6</sup>

'I know, Mummy, but I'm being careful.'

Mrs van D. casts about for another topic. 'Um, Putti, why aren't the British carrying out any bombing raids today?'

'Because the weather's bad, Kerli!'

'But yesterday it was such nice weather and they weren't flying then either.'

'Let's drop the subject.'

'Why? Can't a person talk about that or offer an opinion?'

'No!'

'Well, why in the world not?'

'Oh, be quiet, *Mammichen!*'<sup>7</sup>

'Mr Frank always answers *his* wife.'

Mr van D. is trying to control himself. This remark always rubs him up the wrong way, but Mrs van D.'s not one to quit: 'Oh, there's never going to be an invasion!'

Mr van D. goes white, and when she notices it, Mrs van D. turns red, but she's not about to be deterred: 'The British aren't doing a thing!'

The bomb bursts. 'And now shut up, *Donnerwetter noch mal!*'<sup>8</sup>

Mother can barely stifle a laugh, and I stare straight ahead.

Scenes like these are repeated almost daily, unless they've just had a terrible row. In that case, neither Mr nor Mrs van D. says a word.

It's time for me to get some more potatoes. I go up to the attic, where Peter is busy picking fleas from the cat. He looks up, the cat notices it, and whoosh . . . he's gone. Out of the window and into the rain gutter.

Peter swears; I laugh and slip out of the room.

#### FREEDOM IN THE ANNEXE

*Five-thirty.* Bep's arrival signals the beginning of our nightly freedom. Things get going right away. I go upstairs with Bep, who usually has her pudding before the rest of us. The moment she sits down, Mrs van D. begins stating her wishes. Her list usually starts with 'Oh, by the way, Bep, something else I'd like . . .' Bep winks at me. Mrs van D. doesn't miss a chance to make her wishes known to whoever comes upstairs. It must be one of the reasons none of them likes to go up there.

*Five forty-five.* Bep leaves. I go down two floors to have a look around: first to the kitchen, then to the private office and then to the coal store to open the cat door for Mouschi.

After a long tour of inspection, I land up in Mr Kugler's office. Mr van Daan is combing all the drawers and files for today's mail. Peter picks up Boche and the warehouse key; Pim lugs the typewriters upstairs; Margot looks around for a quiet place to do her office work; Mrs van D. puts a kettle of water on the gas ring; Mother comes down the stairs with a pan of potatoes; we all know our jobs.

Soon Peter comes back from the warehouse. The first question they ask him is whether he's remembered the bread. No, he hasn't. He crouches before the door to the front office to make himself as small as possible and crawls on his hands and knees to the steel cabinet, takes out the bread and starts to leave. At any rate, that's what he intends to do, but before he knows what's happened, Mouschi has jumped over him and gone to sit under the desk.

Peter looks all around him. Aha, there's the cat! He crawls back into the office and grabs the cat by the tail. Mouschi hisses, Peter sighs. What has he accomplished? Mouschi's now sitting by the window licking herself, very pleased at having escaped Peter's clutches. Peter has no choice but to lure her with a piece of bread. Mouschi takes the bait, follows him out, and the door closes.

I watch the entire scene through a crack in the door.

Mr van Daan is angry and slams the door. Margot and I exchange looks and think the same thing: he must have worked himself into a rage again

because of some blunder on Mr Kugler's part, and he's forgotten all about the Keg Company next door.

Another step is heard in the passage. Dussel comes in, goes towards the window with an air of propriety, sniffs . . . coughs, sneezes and clears his throat. He's out of luck – it was pepper. He continues to the front office. The curtains are open, which means he can't get at his writing paper. He disappears with a scowl.

Margot and I exchange another glance. 'One less page for his sweetheart tomorrow,' I hear her say. I nod in agreement.

An elephant's tread is heard on the stairway. It's Dussel, seeking comfort in his favourite spot.

We continue working. Knock, knock, knock . . . Three taps means dinnertime!

•

MONDAY, 23 AUGUST 1943

WENN DIE UHR HALB NEUNE SCHLÄGT . . .\*

Margot and Mother are nervous. 'Shh . . . Father. Be quiet, Otto. Shh . . . Pim! It's eight-thirty. Come here, you can't run the water any more. Walk softly!' A sample of what's said to Father in the bathroom. At the stroke of half past eight, he has to be in the living-room. No running water, no flushing toilet, no walking around, no noise whatsoever. As long as the office staff hasn't arrived, sounds travel more easily to the warehouse.

The door opens upstairs at eight-twenty, and this is followed by three gentle taps on the floor . . . Anne's porridge. I clamber up the stairs to get my dog-bowl.

Back downstairs, everything has to be done quickly, quickly: I comb my hair, put away the potty, shove the bed back in place. Quiet! The clock is striking eight-thirty! Mrs van D. changes her shoes and shuffles through the room in her slippers; Mr van D. too – a veritable Charlie Chaplin. All is quiet.

The ideal family scene has now reached its high point. I want to read or study and Margot does too. Father and Mother ditto. Father is sitting (with Dickens and the dictionary, of course) on the edge of the sagging, squeaky



bed, which doesn't even have a decent mattress. Two bolsters can be piled on top of each other. 'I don't need these,' he thinks. 'I can manage without them!'

Once he starts reading, he doesn't look up. He laughs now and then and tries to get Mother to read a passage.

'I don't have the time right now!'

He looks disappointed, but then continues to read. A little while later, when he comes across another interesting bit, he tries again: 'You *have* to read this, Mother!'

Mother sits on the folding bed, either reading, sewing, knitting or studying, whichever is next on her list. An idea suddenly occurs to her, and she quickly says, so as not to forget, 'Anne, remember to . . . Margot, jot this down . . .'

After a while it's quiet again. Margot slams her book shut; Father knits his forehead, his eyebrows forming a funny curve and his wrinkle of concentration reappearing at the back of his head, and he buries himself in his book again; Mother starts chatting with Margot; and I get curious and listen too. Pim is drawn into the conversation . . . Nine o'clock. Breakfast!

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FRIDAY, 10 SEPTEMBER 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Every time I write to you, something special has happened, usually unpleasant rather than pleasant. This time, however, something wonderful is going on.

On Wednesday, 8 September we were listening to the seven o'clock news when we heard an announcement: 'Here is some of the best news of the war so far: Italy has capitulated.' Italy has unconditionally surrendered! The Dutch broadcast from England began at eight-fifteen with the news: 'Listeners, an hour and fifteen minutes ago, just as I finished writing my daily report, we received the wonderful news of Italy's capitulation. I tell you, I never tossed my notes into the wastepaper basket with more delight than I did today!'

'God Save the King', the American national anthem and the Russian 'Internationale' were played. As always, the Dutch programme was

uplifting without being too optimistic.

The British have landed in Naples. Northern Italy is occupied by the Germans. The truce was signed on Friday, 3 September, the day the British landed in Italy. The Germans are ranting and raving in all the newspapers at the treachery of Badoglio and the Italian king.

Still, there's bad news as well. It's about Mr Kleiman. As you know, we all like him very much. He's unfailingly cheerful and amazingly brave, despite the fact that he's always ill and in pain and can't eat much or do a lot of walking. 'When Mr Kleiman enters a room, the sun begins to shine,' Mother said recently, and she's absolutely right.

Now it seems he has to go into hospital for a very difficult operation on his stomach, and will have to stay there for at least four weeks. You should have seen him when he said good-bye to us. He acted so normally, as though he were just off to run an errand.

*Yours, Anne*

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THURSDAY, 16 SEPTEMBER 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Relationships here in the Annexe are getting worse all the time. We don't dare open our mouths at mealtime (except to slip in a bite of food), because no matter what we say, someone is bound to resent it or take it the wrong way. Mr Voskuijl occasionally comes to visit us. Unfortunately, he's not doing very well. He isn't making it any easier for his family, because his attitude seems to be: what do I care, I'm going to die anyway! When I think how touchy everyone is here, I can just imagine what it must be like at the Voskuijls'.

I've been taking valerian every day to fight the anxiety and depression, but it doesn't stop me from being even more miserable the next day. A good hearty laugh would help more than ten valerian drops, but we've almost forgotten how to laugh. Sometimes I'm afraid my face is going to sag with all this sorrow and that my mouth is going to permanently droop at the corners. The others aren't doing any better. Everyone here is dreading the great terror known as winter.

Another fact that doesn't exactly brighten up our days is that Mr van Maaren, the man who works in the warehouse, is getting suspicious about the Annexe. A person with any brains must have noticed by now that Miep sometimes says she's going to the lab, Bep to the files and Mr Kleiman to the Opekta stores, while Mr Kugler claims the Annexe doesn't belong to this building at all, but to the one next door.

We wouldn't care what Mr van Maaren thought of the situation except that he's known to be unreliable and to possess a high degree of curiosity. He's not one who can be put off with a flimsy excuse.

One day Mr Kugler wanted to be extra cautious, so at twenty past twelve he put on his coat and went to the chemist round the corner. Less than five minutes later he was back, and he sneaked up the stairs like a thief to visit us. At one-fifteen he started to leave, but Bep met him on the landing and warned him that van Maaren was in the office. Mr Kugler did an about-turn and stayed with us until one-thirty. Then he took off his shoes and went in his stockinged feet (despite his cold) to the front attic and down the other stairway, taking one step at a time to avoid the creaks. It took him fifteen minutes to negotiate the stairs, but he ended up safely in the office after having entered from the outside.

In the meantime, Bep had got rid of van Maaren and come to get Mr Kugler from the Annexe. But he'd already left and at that moment was still tiptoeing down the stairs. What must the passers-by have thought when they saw the manager putting on his shoes outside? Hey, you there, in the socks!

*Yours, Anne*

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WEDNESDAY, 29 SEPTEMBER 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

It's Mrs van Daan's birthday. Other than one ration coupon each for cheese, meat and bread, all she received from us was a pot of jam. Her husband, Dussel and the office staff gave her nothing but flowers and also food. Such are the times we live in!

Bep had a nervous fit last week because she had so many errands to do. Ten times a day people were sending her out for something, each time insisting she go right away or go again or that she'd done it all wrong. And

when you think that she has her regular office work to do, that Mr Kleiman is ill, that Miep is home with a cold and that Bep herself has a sprained ankle, boyfriend troubles and a grumpy father, it's no wonder she's at the end of her tether. We comforted her and told her that if she'd put her foot down once or twice and say she didn't have the time, the shopping lists would shrink of their own accord.

Saturday there was a big drama, the likes of which have never been seen here before. It started with a discussion of van Maaren and ended in a general argument and tears. Dussel complained to Mother that he was being treated like a leper, that no one was friendly to him and that, after all, he hadn't done anything to deserve it. This was followed by a lot of sweet talk, which luckily Mother didn't fall for this time. She told him we were disappointed in him and that, on more than one occasion, he'd been a source of great annoyance. Dussel promised her the moon, but, as usual, we haven't seen so much as a beam.

There's trouble brewing with the van Daans, I can tell! Father's furious because they're cheating us: they've been holding back meat and other things. Oh, what kind of bombshell is about to burst now? If only I weren't so involved in all these skirmishes! If only I could leave here! They're driving us crazy!

*Yours, Anne*

SUNDAY, 17 OCTOBER 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Mr Kleiman is back, thank goodness! He looks a bit pale, and yet he cheerfully set off to sell some clothes for Mr van Daan.

The disagreeable fact is that Mr van Daan has run out of money. He lost his last hundred guilders in the warehouse, which is still creating trouble for us: the men are wondering how a hundred guilders could land up in the warehouse on a Monday morning. Suspicion abounds. Meanwhile, the hundred guilders have been stolen. Who's the thief?

But I was talking about the money shortage. Mrs van D. has piles of dresses, coats and shoes, none of which she feels she can do without. Mr van D.'s suit is difficult to shift, and Peter's bike was put up for sale but is back again, since nobody wanted it. But the story doesn't end there. You

see, Mrs van. D. is going to have to part with her fur coat. In her opinion, the firm should pay for our upkeep, but that's ridiculous. They just had a flaming row about it and have entered the 'oh, my sweet Putti' and 'darling Kerli' stage of reconciliation.

My mind boggles at the profanity this honourable house has had to endure in the past month. Father walks around with his lips pressed together, and whenever he hears his name, he looks up in alarm, as if he's afraid he'll be called upon to resolve another delicate problem. Mother's so overwrought her cheeks are blotched with red, Margot complains of headaches, Dussel can't sleep, Mrs van D. frets and fumes all day long, and I've gone completely round the bend. To tell you the truth, I sometimes forget who we're at odds with and who we're not.

The only way to take my mind off it is to study, and I've been doing a lot of that lately.

*Yours, Anne*

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FRIDAY, 29 OCTOBER 1943

*My dearest Kitty,*

Mr Kleiman is out again: his stomach won't give him a moment's peace. He doesn't even know whether it's stopped bleeding. He came to tell us he wasn't feeling well and was going home, and for the first time he seemed really down.

Mr and Mrs van D. have had more raging battles. The reason is simple: they're broke. They wanted to sell an overcoat and a suit of Mr van D.'s, but were unable to find any buyers. His prices were much too high.

Some time ago Mr Kleiman was talking about a furrier he knows. This gave Mr van D. the idea of selling his wife's fur coat. It's made of rabbit skin, and she's had it for seventeen years. Mrs van D. got 325 guilders for it, an enormous amount. She wanted to keep the money herself to buy new clothes after the war, and it took some doing before Mr van D. could make her understand that it was desperately needed to cover household expenses.

You can't imagine the screaming, shouting, stamping of feet and swearing that went on. It was terrifying. My family stood holding its breath at the bottom of the stairs, in case it might be necessary to drag them apart.

All the bickering, tears and nervous tension have become such a stress and strain that I fall into my bed at night crying and thanking my lucky stars that I have half an hour to myself.

I'm doing fine, except I've got no appetite. I keep hearing: 'Goodness, you look awful!' I must admit they're doing their best to keep me fit: they're plying me with dextrose, cod-liver oil, brewer's yeast and calcium. My nerves often get the better of me, especially on Sundays; that's when I really feel miserable. The atmosphere is stifling, sluggish, leaden. Outside, you don't hear a single bird, and a deathly, oppressive silence hangs over the house and clings to me as if it were going to drag me into the deepest regions of the underworld. At times like these, Father, Mother and Margot don't matter to me in the least. I wander from room to room, climb up and down the stairs and feel like a songbird whose wings have been ripped off and who keeps hurling itself against the bars of its dark cage. 'Let me out, where there's fresh air and laughter!' a voice within me cries. I don't even bother to reply any more, but lie down on the divan. Sleep makes the silence and the terrible fear go by more quickly, helps pass the time, since it's impossible to kill it.

*Yours, Anne*

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SATURDAY, 30 OCTOBER 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Mother's nerves are very much on edge, and that doesn't bode well for me. Is it just a coincidence that Father and Mother never scold Margot and always blame me for everything? Last night, for example, Margot was reading a book with beautiful illustrations; she got up and put the book aside for later. I wasn't doing anything, so I picked it up and began looking at the pictures. Margot came back, saw 'her' book in my hands, knitted her brow and crossly demanded the book back. I wanted to look through it a bit more. Margot got angrier by the minute, and Mother butted in: 'Margot was reading that book; give it back to her.'

Father came in, and without even knowing what was going on, saw that Margot was being wronged and lashed out at me: 'I'd like to see what you'd do if Margot was looking at one of your books!'

I promptly gave in, put the book down and, according to them, left the room 'in a huff'. I was neither huffy nor cross, but merely sad.

It wasn't right of Father to pass judgement without knowing what the issue was. I would have given the book to Margot myself, and a lot sooner, if Father and Mother hadn't intervened and rushed to take Margot's part, as if she were suffering some great injustice.

Of course, Mother took Margot's side; they always take each other's sides. I'm so used to it that I've become completely indifferent to Mother's rebukes and Margot's moodiness. I love them, but only because they're Mother and Margot. I don't give a dash about them as people. As far as I'm concerned, they can go jump in the lake. It's different with Father. When I see him being partial to Margot, approving Margot's every action, praising her, hugging her, I feel a gnawing ache inside, because I'm mad about him. I model myself on Father, and there's no one in the world I love more. He doesn't realize that he treats Margot differently from me: Margot just happens to be the cleverest, the kindest, the prettiest and the best. But I have a right to be taken seriously too. I've always been the clown and mischief-maker of the family; I've always had to pay double for my sins: once with scoldings and then again with my own sense of despair. I'm no longer satisfied with the meaningless affection or the supposedly serious talks. I long for something from Father that he's incapable of giving. I'm not jealous of Margot; I never have been. I'm not envious of her brains or her beauty. It's just that I'd like to feel that Father really loves me, not because I'm his child, but because I'm me, Anne.

I cling to Father because my contempt of Mother is growing daily and it's only through him that I'm able to retain the last ounce of family feeling I have left. He doesn't understand that I sometimes need to vent my feelings for Mother. He doesn't want to talk about it, and he avoids any discussion involving Mother's failings.

And yet Mother, with all her shortcomings, is tougher for me to deal with. I don't know how I should behave. I can't very well confront her with her carelessness, her sarcasm and her hard-heartedness, yet I can't continue to take the blame for everything.

I'm the opposite of Mother, so of course we clash. I don't mean to judge her; I don't have that right. I'm simply looking at her as a mother. She's not a mother to me – I have to mother myself. I've cut myself adrift from them.

I'm charting my own course, and we'll see where it leads me. I have no choice, because I can picture what a mother and a wife should be and can't seem to find anything of the sort in the woman I'm supposed to call 'Mother'.

I tell myself time and again to overlook Mother's bad example. I only want to see her good points, and to look inside myself for what's lacking in her. But it doesn't work, and the worst part is that Father and Mother don't realize their own inadequacies and how much I blame them for letting me down. Are there any parents who can make their children completely happy?

Sometimes I think God is trying to test me, both now and in the future. I'll have to become a good person on my own, without anyone to serve as a model or advise me, but it'll make me stronger in the end.

Who else but me is ever going to read these letters? Who else but me can I turn to for comfort? I'm frequently in need of consolation, I often feel weak, and more often than not, I fail to meet expectations. I know this, and every day I resolve to do better.

They aren't consistent in their treatment of me. One day they say that Anne's a sensible girl and entitled to know everything, and the next that Anne's a silly noodle who doesn't know a thing and yet imagines she's learned all she needs to know from books! I'm no longer the baby and spoiled little darling whose every deed can be laughed at. I have my own ideas, plans and ideals, but am unable to articulate them yet.

Oh well. So much comes into my head at night when I'm alone, or during the day when I'm obliged to put up with people I can't abide or who invariably misinterpret my intentions. That's why I always come back to my diary – I start there and end there because Kitty's always patient. I promise her that, despite everything, I'll keep going, that I'll find my own way and choke back my tears. I only wish I could see some results or, just once, receive encouragement from someone who loves me.

Don't condemn me, but think of me as a person who sometimes reaches bursting point!

*Yours, Anne*



WEDNESDAY, 3 NOVEMBER 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

To take our minds off matters as well as to develop them, Father ordered a catalogue from a correspondence school. Margot pored through the thick brochure three times without finding anything to her liking and within her budget. Father was easier to satisfy and decided to write and ask for a trial lesson in 'Elementary Latin'. No sooner said than done. The lesson arrived, Margot set to work enthusiastically and decided to take the course, despite the expense. It's much too hard for me, though I'd really like to learn Latin.

To give me a new project as well, Father asked Mr Kleiman for a children's Bible so I could finally learn something about the New Testament.

'Are you planning to give Anne a Bible for Hanukkah?' Margot asked, somewhat perturbed.

'Yes . . . Well, maybe St Nicholas' Day would be a better occasion,' Father replied.

Jesus and Hanukkah don't exactly go together.

Since the vacuum cleaner's broken, I have to take an old brush to the rug every night. The window's closed, the light's on, the stove's burning, and there I am brushing away at the rug. 'That's sure to be a problem,' I thought to myself the first time. 'There're bound to be complaints.' I was right: Mother got a headache from the thick clouds of dust whirling around the room, Margot's new Latin dictionary was caked with dirt, and Pim grumbled that the floor didn't look any different anyway. Small thanks for my pains.

We've decided that from now on the stove is going to be lit at seven-thirty on Sunday mornings instead of five-thirty. I think it's risky. What will the neighbours think of our smoking chimney?

It's the same with the curtains. Ever since we first went into hiding, they've been tacked firmly to the windows. Sometimes one of the ladies or gentlemen can't resist the urge to peek outside. The result: a storm of reproaches. The response: 'Oh, nobody will notice.' That's how every act of carelessness begins and ends. No one will notice, no one will hear, no one will pay the least bit of attention. Easy to say, but is it true?

At the moment, the tempestuous quarrels have subsided; only Dussel and the van Daans are still at loggerheads. When Dussel is talking about Mrs van D., he invariably calls her ‘that old bat’ or ‘that stupid hag’, and conversely, Mrs van D. refers to our ever so learned gentleman as an ‘old maid’ or a ‘touchy neurotic spinster’, etc.

The pot calling the kettle black!

*Yours, Anne*

•

MONDAY EVENING, 8 NOVEMBER 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

If you were to read all my letters in one sitting, you’d be struck by the fact that they were written in a variety of moods. It annoys me to be so dependent on the moods here in the Annex, but I’m not the only one: we’re all subject to them. If I’m engrossed in a book, I have to rearrange my thoughts before I can mingle with other people, because otherwise they might think I was strange. As you can see, I’m currently in the middle of a depression. I couldn’t really tell you what set it off, but I think it stems from my cowardice, which confronts me at every turn. This evening, when Bep was still here, the doorbell rang long and loud. I instantly turned white, my stomach churned, and my heart beat wildly – and all because I was afraid.

At night in bed I see myself alone in a dungeon, without Father and Mother. Or I’m roaming the streets, or the Annex is on fire, or they come in the middle of the night to take us away and I crawl under my bed in desperation. I see everything as if it were actually taking place. And to think it might all happen soon!

Miep often says she envies us because we have such peace and quiet here. That may be true, but she’s obviously not thinking about our fear.

I simply can’t imagine the world will ever be normal again for us. I do talk about ‘after the war’, but it’s as if I were talking about a castle in the air, something that can never come true.

I see the eight of us in the Annex as if we were a patch of blue sky surrounded by menacing black clouds. The perfectly round spot on which we’re standing is still safe, but the clouds are moving in on us, and the ring between us and the approaching danger is being pulled tighter and tighter.

We're surrounded by darkness and danger, and in our desperate search for a way out we keep bumping into each other. We look at the fighting down below and the peace and beauty up above. In the meantime, we've been cut off by the dark mass of clouds, so that we can go neither up nor down. It looms before us like an impenetrable wall, trying to crush us, but not yet able to. I can only cry out and implore, 'Oh, ring, ring, open wide and let us out!'

*Yours, Anne*

THURSDAY, 11 NOVEMBER 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

I have a good title for this chapter:

*Ode to My Fountain Pen  
In Memoriam*

My fountain pen was always one of my most prized possessions; I valued it highly, especially because it had a thick nib, and I can only write neatly with thick nibs. It has led a long and interesting fountain-pen life, which I will summarize below.

When I was nine, my fountain pen (packed in cotton wool) arrived as a 'sample of no commercial value' all the way from Aachen, where my grandmother (the kindly donor) used to live. I lay in bed with flu, while the February winds howled around our flat. This splendid fountain pen came in a red leather case, and I showed it to my girlfriends the first chance I got. Me, Anne Frank, the proud owner of a fountain pen.

When I was ten, I was allowed to take the pen to school, and to my surprise, the teacher even let me write with it. When I was eleven, however, my treasure had to be tucked away again, because my sixth-form teacher allowed us to use only school pens and ink-pots. When I was twelve, I started at the Jewish Lyceum and my fountain pen was given a new case in honour of the occasion. Not only did it have room for a pencil, it also had a zip, which was much more impressive. When I was thirteen, the fountain pen went with me to the Annexe, and together we've raced through

countless diaries and compositions. I'd turned fourteen and my fountain pen was enjoying the last year of its life with me when . . .

It was just after five on Friday afternoon. I came out of my room and was about to sit down at the table to write when I was roughly pushed to one side to make room for Margot and Father, who wanted to practise their Latin. The fountain pen remained unused on the table, while its owner, sighing, was forced to make do with a very tiny corner of the table, where she began rubbing beans. That's how we remove mould from the beans and restore them to their original state. At a quarter to six I swept the floor, dumped the dirt into a newspaper, along with the rotten beans, and tossed it into the stove. A giant flame shot up, and I thought it was wonderful that the stove, which had been gasping its last breath, had made such a miraculous recovery.

All was quiet again. The Latin students had left, and I sat down at the table to pick up where I'd left off. But no matter where I looked, my fountain pen was nowhere in sight. I took another look. Margot looked, Mother looked, Father looked, Dussel looked. But it had vanished.

'Maybe it fell in the stove, along with the beans!' Margot suggested.

'No, it couldn't have!' I replied.

But that evening, when my fountain pen still hadn't turned up, we all assumed it had been burned, especially because celluloid is highly inflammable. Our darkest fears were confirmed the next day when Father went to empty the stove and discovered the clip, used to fasten it to a pocket, among the ashes. Not a trace of the gold nib was left. 'It must have melted into stone,' Father conjectured.

I'm left with one consolation, small though it may be: my fountain pen was cremated, just as I would like to be some day.

*Yours, Anne*

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WEDNESDAY, 17 NOVEMBER 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Recent events have the house rocking on its foundations. Owing to an outbreak of diphtheria at Bep's, she won't be allowed to come in contact with us for six weeks. Without her, the cooking and shopping will be very

difficult, not to mention how much we'll miss her company. Mr Kleiman is still in bed and has eaten nothing but gruel for three weeks. Mr Kugler is up to his neck in work.

Margot sends her Latin lessons to a teacher, who corrects and then returns them. She's registered under Bep's name. The teacher's very nice, and witty too. I bet he's glad to have such a clever pupil.

Dussel is in a turmoil and we don't know why. It all began with Dussel's saying nothing when he was upstairs; he didn't exchange so much as a word with either Mr or Mrs van Daan. We all noticed it. This went on for a few days, and then Mother took the opportunity to warn him about Mrs van D., who could make life miserable for him. Dussel said Mr van Daan had started the silent treatment and he had no intention of breaking it. I should explain that yesterday was 16 November, the first anniversary of his living in the Annexe. Mother received a plant in honour of the occasion, but Mrs van Daan, who had alluded to the date for weeks and made no bones about the fact that she thought Dussel should treat us to dinner, received nothing. Instead of making use of the opportunity to thank us – for the first time – for unselfishly taking him in, he didn't utter a word. And on the morning of the sixteenth, when I asked him whether I should offer him my congratulations or my condolences, he replied that either one would do. Mother, having cast herself in the role of peacemaker, made no headway whatsoever, and the situation finally ended in a draw.

I can say without exaggeration that Dussel has definitely got a screw loose. We often laugh to ourselves because he has no memory, no fixed opinions and no common sense. He's amused us more than once by trying to pass on the news he's just heard, since the message invariably gets garbled in transmission. Furthermore, he answers every reproach or accusation with a load of fine promises, which he never manages to keep.

*'Der Mann hat einen grossen Geist  
Und ist so klein von Taten!'*<sup>10</sup>

*Yours, Anne*

SATURDAY, 27 NOVEMBER 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Last night, just as I was falling asleep, Hanneli suddenly appeared before me.

I saw her there, dressed in rags, her face thin and worn. She looked at me with such sadness and reproach in her enormous eyes that I could read the message in them: 'Oh, Anne, why have you deserted me? Help me, help me, rescue me from this hell!'

And I can't help her. I can only stand by and watch while other people suffer and die. All I can do is pray to God to bring her back to us. I saw Hanneli, and no one else, and I understood why. I misjudged her, wasn't mature enough to understand how difficult it was for her. She was devoted to her friend, and it must have seemed as though I were trying to take her away. The poor thing, she must have felt awful! I know, because I recognize the feeling in myself! I had an occasional flash of understanding, but then got selfishly wrapped up again in my own problems and pleasures.

It was horrible of me to treat her that way, and now she was looking at me, oh so helplessly, with her pale face and beseeching eyes. If only I could help her! Dear God, I have everything I could wish for, while fate has her in its deadly clutches. She was as devout as I am, maybe even more so, and she too wanted to do what was right. But then why have I been chosen to live, while she's probably going to die? What's the difference between us? Why are we now so far apart?

To be honest, I hadn't thought of her for months – no, for at least a year. I hadn't forgotten her entirely, and yet it wasn't until I saw her before me that I thought of all her suffering.

Oh, Hanneli, I hope that if you live to the end of the war and return to us, I'll be able to take you in and make up for the wrong I've done you.

But even if I were ever in a position to help, she wouldn't need it more than she does now. I wonder if she ever thinks of me, and what she's feeling?

Merciful God, comfort her, so that at least she won't be alone. Oh, if only You could tell her I'm thinking of her with compassion and love, it might help her go on.

I've got to stop dwelling on this. It won't get me anywhere. I keep seeing her enormous eyes, and they haunt me. Does Hanneli really and truly

believe in God, or has religion merely been foisted upon her? I don't even know that. I never took the trouble to ask.

Hanneli, Hanneli, if only I could take you away, if only I could share everything I have with you. It's too late. I can't help, or undo the wrong I've done. But I'll never forget her again and I'll always pray for her!

*Yours, Anne*

MONDAY, 6 DECEMBER 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

The closer it got to St Nicholas' Day, the more we all thought back to last year's festively decorated basket. More than anyone, I thought it would be terrible to skip a celebration this year. After long deliberation, I finally came up with an idea, something funny. I consulted Pim, and a week ago we set to work writing a verse for each person.

Sunday evening at a quarter to eight we trooped upstairs carrying the big laundry basket, which had been decorated with cutouts and bows made of pink and blue carbon paper. On top was a large piece of brown wrapping paper with a note attached. Everyone was rather amazed at the sheer size of the gift. I removed the note and read it aloud:

*'Once again St Nicholas' Day  
Has even come to our hideaway;  
It won't be quite as fun, I fear,  
As the happy day we had last year.  
Then we were hopeful, no reason to doubt  
That optimism would win the bout,  
And by the time this year came round,  
We'd all be free, and safe and sound.  
Still, let's not forget it's St Nicholas' Day,  
Though we've nothing left to give away.  
We'll have to find something else to do:  
So everyone please look in their shoe!'*

As each person took their own shoe out of the basket, there was a roar of laughter. Inside each shoe was a little paper parcel addressed to its owner.

*Yours, Anne*

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WEDNESDAY, 22 DECEMBER 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

A bad case of flu has prevented me from writing to you until today. Being ill here is dreadful. With every cough, I had to duck under the blanket – once, twice, three times – and try to keep from coughing any more. Most of the time the tickle refused to go away, so I had to drink milk with honey, sugar or cough drops. I get dizzy just thinking about all the cures I've been subjected to: sweating out the fever, steam treatment, wet compresses, dry compresses, hot drinks, swabbing my throat, lying still, heating pad, hot-water bottles, lemonade and, every two hours, the thermometer. Will these remedies really make you better? The worst part was when Mr Dussel decided to play doctor and lay his pomaded head on my bare chest to listen to the sounds. Not only did his hair tickle, but I was embarrassed, even though he went to school thirty years ago and does have some kind of medical degree. Why should he lay his head on my heart? After all, he's not my boyfriend! For that matter, he wouldn't be able to tell a healthy sound from an unhealthy one. He'd have to have his ears cleaned first, since he's becoming alarmingly hard of hearing. But enough about my illness. I'm fit as a fiddle again. I've grown almost half an inch and gained two pounds. I'm pale, but itching to get back to my books.

*Ausnahmsweise*<sup>11</sup> (the only word that will do here), we're all getting on well together. No squabbles, though that probably won't last long. There hasn't been such peace and quiet in this house for at least six months.

Bep is still in isolation, but any day now her sister will no longer be contagious.

For Christmas, we're getting extra cooking oil, sweets and treacle. For Hanukkah, Mr Dussel gave Mrs van Daan and Mother a beautiful cake, which he'd asked Miep to bake. On top of all the work she has to do! Margot and I received a brooch made out of a penny, all bright and shiny. I can't really describe it, but it's lovely.

I also have a Christmas present for Miep and Bep. For a whole month I've saved up the sugar I put on my porridge, and Mr Kleiman has used it to have fondant made.



The weather is drizzly and overcast, the stove stinks, and the food lies heavily on our stomachs, producing a variety of rumbles.

The war is at an impasse, spirits are low.

*Yours, Anne*

•

FRIDAY, 24 DECEMBER 1943

*Dear Kitty,*

As I've written many times before, moods have a tendency to affect us quite a bit here, and in my case it's been getting worse lately. '*Himmelhoch jauchzend, zu Tode betrübt*'<sup>12</sup> certainly applies to me. I'm 'on top of the world' when I think of how fortunate we are and compare myself to other Jewish children, and 'in the depths of despair' when, for example, Mrs Kleiman comes by and talks about Jopie's hockey club, canoe trips, school plays and afternoon teas with friends.

I don't think I'm jealous of Jopie, but I long to have a really good time for once and to laugh so hard it hurts. We're stuck in this house like lepers, especially during winter and the Christmas and New Year holidays. Actually, I shouldn't even be writing this, since it makes me seem so ungrateful, but I can't keep everything to myself, so I'll repeat what I said at the beginning: 'Paper is more patient than people.'

Whenever someone comes in from outside, with the wind in their clothes and the cold on their cheeks, I feel like burying my head under the blankets to keep from thinking, 'When will we be allowed to breathe fresh air again?' I can't do that – on the contrary, I have to hold my head up high and put a bold face on things, but the thoughts keep coming anyway. Not just once, but over and over.

Believe me, if you've been shut up for a year and a half, it can get to be too much for you sometimes. But feelings can't be ignored, no matter how unjust or ungrateful they seem. I long to ride a bike, dance, whistle, look at the world, feel young and know that I'm free, and yet I can't let it show. Just imagine what would happen if all eight of us were to feel sorry for ourselves or walk around with the discontent clearly visible on our faces. Where would that get us? I sometimes wonder if anyone will ever

understand what I mean, if anyone will ever overlook my ingratitude and not worry about whether or not I'm Jewish and merely see me as a teenager badly in need of some good plain fun. I don't know, and I wouldn't be able to talk about it with anyone, since I'm sure I'd start to cry. Crying can bring relief, as long as you don't cry alone. Despite all my theories and efforts, I miss – every day and every hour of the day – having a mother who understands me. That's why with everything I do and write, I imagine the kind of mum I'd like to be to my children later on. The kind of mum who doesn't take everything people say too seriously, but who does take *me* seriously. I find it difficult to describe what I mean, but the word 'mum' says it all. Do you know what I've come up with? In order to give me the feeling of calling my mother something that sounds like 'Mum', I often call her 'Mumsie'. Sometimes I shorten it to 'Mums': an imperfect 'Mum'. I wish I could honour her by removing the 's'. It's a good thing she doesn't realize this, since it would only make her unhappy.

Well, that's enough of that. My writing has raised me somewhat from 'the depths of despair'.

*Yours, Anne*

It's the day after Christmas, and I can't help thinking about Pim and the story he told me this time last year. I didn't understand the meaning of his words then as well as I do now. If only he'd bring it up again, I might be able to show him I understood what he meant!

I think Pim told me because he, who knows the 'intimate secrets' of so many others, needed to express his own feelings for once; Pim never talks about himself, and I don't think Margot has any inkling of what he's been through. Poor Pim, he can't fool me into thinking he's forgotten that girl. He never will. It's made him very accommodating, since he's not blind to Mother's faults. I hope I'm going to be a little like him, without having to go through what he has!

*Anne*

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MONDAY, 27 DECEMBER 1943

Friday evening, for the first time in my life, I received a Christmas present. Mr Kleiman, Mr Kugler and the girls had prepared a wonderful surprise for us. Miep made a delicious Christmas cake with 'Peace 1944' written on top, and Bep provided biscuits that were up to pre-war standards.

There was a pot of yoghurt for Peter, Margot and me, and a bottle of beer for each of the adults. And once again everything was wrapped so nicely, with pretty pictures glued to the parcels. For the rest, the holidays passed by quickly for us.

*Anne*

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WEDNESDAY, 29 DECEMBER 1943

I was very sad again last night. Grandma and Hanneli came to me once more. Grandma, oh, my sweet Grandma. How little we understood what she suffered, how kind she always was and what an interest she took in everything that concerned us. And to think that all that time she was carefully guarding her terrible secret.<sup>13</sup>

Grandma was always so loyal and good. She would never have let any of us down. Whatever happened, no matter how much I misbehaved, Grandma always stuck up for me. Grandma, did you love me, or did you not understand me either? I don't know. How lonely Grandma must have been, in spite of us. You can be lonely even when you're loved by many people, since you're still not anybody's 'one and only'.

And Hanneli? Is she still alive? What's she doing? Dear God, watch over her and bring her back to us. Hanneli, you're a reminder of what my fate might have been. I keep seeing myself in your place. So why am I often miserable about what goes on here? Shouldn't I be happy, contented and glad, except when I'm thinking of Hanneli and those suffering along with her? I'm selfish and cowardly. Why do I always think and dream the most awful things and want to scream in terror? Because, in spite of everything, I still don't have enough faith in God. He's given me so much, which I don't deserve, and yet each day I make so many mistakes!

Thinking about the suffering of those you hold dear can reduce you to tears; in fact, you could spend the whole day crying. The most you can do is

pray for God to perform a miracle and save at least some of them. And I hope I'm doing enough of that!

*Anne*

•

THURSDAY, 30 DECEMBER 1943

*Dearest Kitty,*

Since the last raging quarrels, things have settled down here, not only between ourselves, Dussel and 'upstairs', but also between Mr and Mrs van D. Nevertheless, a few dark thunderclouds are heading this way, and all because of . . . food. Mrs van D. came up with the ridiculous idea of frying fewer potatoes in the morning and saving them for later in the day. Mother and Dussel and the rest of us didn't agree with her, so now we're dividing up the potatoes as well. It seems the fats and oils aren't being doled out fairly, and Mother's going to have to put a stop to it. I'll let you know if there are any interesting developments. For the last few months now we've been splitting up the meat (theirs with fat, ours without), the soup (they eat it, we don't), the potatoes (theirs peeled, ours not), the extras and now the fried potatoes too.

If only we could split up completely!

*Yours, Anne*

PS. Bep had a picture postcard of the entire Royal Family copied for me. Juliana looks very young, and so does the Queen. The three little girls are adorable. It was incredibly nice of Bep, don't you think?

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SUNDAY, 2 JANUARY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

This morning, when I had nothing to do, I leafed through the pages of my diary and came across so many letters dealing with the subject of 'Mother' in such strong terms that I was shocked. I said to myself, 'Anne, is that really you talking about hate? Oh, Anne, how could you?'

I continued to sit with the open book in my hand and wonder why I was filled with so much anger and hate that I had to confide it all to you. I tried to understand the Anne of last year and make apologies for her, because as long as I leave you with these accusations and don't attempt to explain what prompted them, my conscience won't be clear. I was suffering then (and still do) from moods that kept my head under water (figuratively speaking) and allowed me to see things only from my own perspective, without calmly considering what the others – those whom I, with my mercurial temperament, had hurt or offended – had said, and then behaving as they would have done.

I hid inside myself, thought of no one but myself and calmly wrote down all my joy, sarcasm and sorrow in my diary. Because this diary has become a kind of scrapbook, it means a great deal to me, but I could easily write 'over and done with' on many of its pages.

I was furious at Mother (and still am a lot of the time). It's true, she didn't understand me, but I didn't understand her either. Because she loved me, she was tender and affectionate, but because of the difficult situations I put her in, and the sad circumstances in which she found herself, she was nervous and irritable, so I can understand why she was often short with me.

I was offended, took it far too much to heart and was insolent and beastly to her, which, in turn, made her unhappy. We were caught in a vicious circle of unpleasantness and sorrow. Not a very happy period for either of us, but at least it's coming to an end. I didn't want to see what was going on, and I felt very sorry for myself, but that's understandable too.

Those violent outbursts on paper are simply expressions of anger that, in normal life, I could have worked off by locking myself in my room and stamping my foot a few times or calling Mother names behind her back.

The period of tearfully passing judgement on Mother is over. I've grown wiser and Mother's nerves are a bit steadier. Most of the time I manage to hold my tongue when I'm annoyed, and she does too; so on the surface, we seem to be getting along better. But there's one thing I can't do, and that's to love Mother with the devotion of a child.

I soothe my conscience with the thought that it's better for unkind words to be down on paper than for Mother to have to carry them around in her heart.

*Yours, Anne*

•

THURSDAY, 6 JANUARY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Today I have two things to confess. It's going to take a long time, but I have to tell them to someone, and you're the most likely candidate, since I know you'll keep a secret, no matter what happens.

The first is about Mother. As you know, I've frequently complained about her and then tried my best to be nice. I've suddenly realized what's wrong with her. Mother has said that she sees us more as friends than as daughters. That's all very nice, of course, except that a friend can't take the place of a mother. I need my mother to set a good example and be a person I can respect, but in most matters she's an example of what *not* to do. I have the feeling that Margot thinks so differently about these things that she'd never be able to understand what I've just told you. And Father avoids all conversations having to do with Mother.

I imagine a mother as a woman who, first and foremost, possesses a great deal of tact, especially towards her adolescent children, and not one who, like Mumsie, pokes fun at me when I cry. Not because I'm in pain, but because of other things.

This may seem trivial, but there's one incident I've never forgiven her for. It happened one day when I had to go to the dentist. Mother and Margot planned to go with me and agreed I should take my bicycle. When the dentist was finished and we were back outside, Margot and Mother very sweetly informed me that they were going into town to buy or look at something, I don't remember what, and of course I wanted to go along. But they said I couldn't come because I had my bike with me. Tears of rage rushed to my eyes, and Margot and Mother began laughing at me. I was so furious that I stuck my tongue out at them, right there on the street. A little old lady happened to be passing by, and she looked terribly shocked. I cycled home and must have cried for hours. Strangely enough, even though Mother has wounded me thousands of times, this particular wound still stings whenever I think of how angry I was.

I find it difficult to confess the second one because it's about myself. I'm not prudish, Kitty, and yet every time they give a blow-by-blow account of

their trips to the lavatory, which they often do, my whole body rises in revolt.

Yesterday I read an article on blushing by Sis Heyster. It was as if she'd addressed it directly to me. Not that I blush easily, but the rest of the article did apply. What she basically says is that during puberty girls withdraw into themselves and begin thinking about the wondrous changes taking place in their bodies. I feel that too, which probably accounts for my recent embarrassment over Margot, Mother and Father. On the other hand, Margot is a lot shyer than I am, and yet she's not in the least embarrassed.

I think that what's happening to me is so wonderful, and I don't just mean the changes taking place on the outside of my body, but also those on the inside. I never discuss myself or any of these things with others, which is why I have to talk about them to myself. Whenever I have my period (and that's only been three times), I have the feeling that in spite of all the pain, discomfort and mess, I'm carrying around a sweet secret. So even though it's a nuisance, in a certain way I'm always looking forward to the time when I'll feel that secret inside me once again.

Sis Heyster also writes that girls my age feel very insecure about themselves and are just beginning to discover that they're individuals with their own ideas, thoughts and habits. I'd just turned thirteen when I came here, so I started thinking about myself and realized that I've become an 'independent person' sooner than most girls. Sometimes when I lie in bed at night I feel a terrible urge to touch my breasts and listen to the quiet, steady beating of my heart.

Unconsciously, I had these feelings even before I came here. Once when I was spending the night at Jacque's, I could no longer restrain my curiosity about her body, which she'd always hidden from me and which I'd never seen. I asked her whether, as proof of our friendship, we could touch each other's breasts. Jacque refused. I also had a terrible desire to kiss her, which I did. Every time I see a female nude, such as the Venus in my art history book, I go into ecstasy. Sometimes I find them so exquisite I have to struggle to hold back my tears. If only I had a girlfriend!

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THURSDAY, 6 JANUARY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

My longing for someone to talk to has become so unbearable that I somehow took it into my head to select Peter for this role. On the few occasions when I have gone to Peter's room during the day, I've always thought it was nice and cosy. But Peter's too polite to show someone the door when they're bothering him, so I've never dared to stay long. I've always been afraid he'd think I was a pest. I've been looking for an excuse to linger in his room and get him talking without his noticing, and yesterday I got my chance. Peter, you see, is currently going through a crossword-puzzle craze, and he doesn't do anything else all day. I was helping him, and we soon ended up sitting across from each other at his table, Peter on the chair and me on the divan.

It gave me a wonderful feeling when I looked into his dark blue eyes and saw how bashful my unexpected visit had made him. I could read his innermost thoughts, and in his face I saw a look of helplessness and uncertainty as to how to behave, and at the same time a flicker of awareness of his masculinity. I saw his shyness, and I melted. I wanted to say, 'Tell me about yourself. Look beneath my chatty exterior.' But I found that it was easier to think up questions than to ask them.

The evening came to a close, and nothing happened, except that I told him about the article on blushing. Not what I wrote you, of course, just that he would grow more secure as he got older.

That night I lay in bed and cried my eyes out, all the while making sure no one could hear me. The idea that I had to beg Peter for favours was simply revolting. But people will do almost anything to satisfy their longings; take me, for example, I've made up my mind to visit Peter more often and, somehow, get him to talk to me.

You mustn't think I'm in love with Peter, because I'm not. If the van Daans had had a daughter instead of a son, I'd have tried to make friends with her.

This morning I woke up just before seven and immediately remembered what I'd been dreaming about. I was sitting on a chair and across from me was Peter . . . Peter Schiff. We were looking at Mary Bos's sketchbook. The dream was so vivid I can even remember some of the drawings. But that wasn't all – the dream went on. Peter's eyes suddenly met mine, and I stared for a long time into those velvety brown eyes. Then he said very



softly, 'If I'd only known, I'd have come to you long ago!' I turned abruptly away, overcome by emotion. And then I felt a soft, oh-so-cool and gentle cheek against mine, and it felt so good, so good . . .

At that point I woke up, still feeling his cheek against mine and his brown eyes staring deep into my heart, so deep that he could read how much I'd loved him and how much I still do. Again my eyes filled with tears, and I was sad because I'd lost him once more, and yet at the same time glad because I knew with certainty that Peter is still the only one for me.

It's funny, but I often have such vivid images in my dreams. One night I saw Grammy<sup>14</sup> so clearly that I could even make out her skin of soft, crinkly velvet. Another time Grandma appeared to me as a guardian angel. After that it was Hanneli, who still symbolizes to me the suffering of my friends as well as that of Jews in general, so that when I'm praying for her, I'm also praying for all the Jews and all those in need.

And now Peter, my dearest Peter. I've never had such a clear mental image of him. I don't need a photograph, I can see him oh so well.

*Yours, Anne*

FRIDAY, 7 JANUARY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

I'm such an idiot. I forgot that I haven't yet told you the story of my one true love.

When I was a little girl, way back in nursery school, I took a liking to Sally Kimmel. His father was gone, and he and his mother lived with an aunt. One of Sally's cousins was a good-looking, slender, dark-haired boy named Appy, who later turned out to look like a *matinée* idol and aroused more admiration than the short, comical, chubby Sally. For a long time we went everywhere together, but aside from that, my love was unrequited until Peter crossed my path. I had an absolute crush on him. He liked me too, and we were inseparable for one whole summer. I can still see us walking hand in hand through our neighbourhood, Peter in a white cotton suit and me in a short summer dress. At the end of the summer holidays he moved up a form to the next school, while I stayed in the sixth form. He'd collect me on the way home, or I'd pick him up. Peter was the ideal boy: tall, slim and good-

looking, with a serious, quiet and intelligent face. He had dark hair, beautiful brown eyes, ruddy cheeks and a nicely pointed nose. I was crazy about his smile, which made him look so boyish and mischievous.

I'd gone to the country during the summer holidays, and when I came back, Peter was no longer at his old address; he'd moved and was living with a much older boy, who apparently told him I was just a child, because Peter stopped seeing me. I loved him so much that I didn't want to face the truth. I kept clinging to him until the day I finally realized that if I continued to chase after him, people would say I was mad about boys.

The years went by. Peter went around with girls his own age and no longer bothered to say hello to me. I started school at the Jewish Lyceum, and several boys in my class were in love with me. I enjoyed it and felt honoured by their attentions, but that was all. Later on, Hello had a terrible crush on me, but as I've already told you, I never fell in love again.

There's a saying: 'Time heals all wounds.' That's how it was with me. I told myself I'd forgotten Peter and no longer liked him in the least. But my memories of him were so strong that I had to admit to myself that the only reason I no longer liked him was that I was jealous of the other girls. This morning I realized that nothing has changed; on the contrary, as I've grown older and more mature, my love has grown along with me. I can understand now that Peter thought I was childish, and yet it still hurts to think he'd forgotten me completely. I saw his face so clearly; I knew for certain that no one but Peter could have stuck in my mind that way.

I've been in an utter state of confusion today. When Father kissed me this morning, I wanted to shout, 'Oh, if only you were Peter!' I've been thinking of him constantly, and all day long I've been repeating to myself, 'Oh, Petel, my darling, darling Petel . . .'

Where can I find help? I simply have to go on living and praying to God that, if we ever get out of here, Peter's path will cross mine and he'll gaze into my eyes, read the love in them and say, 'Oh, Anne, if I'd only known, I'd have come to you long ago.'

Once when Father and I were talking about sex, he said I was too young to understand that kind of desire. But I thought I did understand it, and now I'm sure I do. Nothing is as dear to me now as my darling Petel!

I saw my face in the mirror, and it looked so different. My eyes were clear and deep, my cheeks were rosy, which they hadn't been in weeks, my mouth was much softer. I looked happy, and yet there was something so sad in my expression that the smile immediately faded from my lips. I'm not happy, since I know Petel's not thinking of me, and yet I can still feel his beautiful eyes gazing at me and his cool, soft cheek against mine . . . Oh, Petel, Petel, how am I ever going to free myself from your image? Wouldn't anyone who took your place be a poor substitute? I love you, with a love so great that it simply couldn't keep growing inside my heart, but had to leap out and reveal itself in all its magnitude.

A week ago, even a day ago, if you'd asked me, 'Which of your friends do you think you'd be most likely to marry?' I'd have answered, 'Sally, since he makes me feel good, peaceful and safe!' But now I'd cry, 'Petel, because I love him with all my heart and all my soul. I surrender myself completely!' Except for that one thing: he may touch my face, but that's as far as it goes.

This morning I imagined I was in the front attic with Petel, sitting on the floor by the windows, and after talking for a while, we both began to cry. Moments later I felt his mouth and his wonderful cheek! Oh, Petel, come to me. Think of me, my dearest Petel!

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WEDNESDAY, 12 JANUARY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Bep's been back for the last two weeks, though her sister won't be allowed back at school until next week. Bep herself spent two days in bed with a bad cold. Miep and Jan were also out for two days, with upset stomachs.

I'm currently going through a dance and ballet craze and am diligently practising my dance steps every evening. I've made an ultra-modern dance costume out of a lacy lavender petticoat belonging to Mumsie. Tape is threaded through the top and tied just above the bust. A pink corded ribbon completes the ensemble. I tried to turn my gym shoes into ballet slippers, but with no success. My stiff limbs are well on the way to becoming as supple as they used to be. A terrific exercise is to sit on the floor, place a

heel in each hand and raise both legs in the air. I have to sit on a cushion, because otherwise my poor backside really takes a beating.

Everyone here is reading a book called *Salute to Freedom*. Mother thought it was extremely good because it describes a number of adolescent problems. I thought to myself, a bit ironically, 'Why don't you take more interest in your own adolescents first!'

I think Mother believes that Margot and I have a better relationship with our parents than anyone in the whole wide world, and that no mother is more involved in the lives of her children than she is. She must have my sister in mind, since I don't believe Margot has the same problems and thoughts as I do. Far be it from me to point out to Mother that one of her daughters is not at all what she imagines. She'd be completely bewildered, and anyway, she'd never be able to change; I'd like to spare her that grief, especially since I know that everything would remain the same. Mother does sense that Margot loves her much more than I do, but she thinks I'm just going through a phase.

Margot's much nicer. She seems a lot different from what she used to be. She's not nearly as catty these days and is becoming a real friend. She no longer thinks of me as a little baby who doesn't count.

It's funny, but I can sometimes see myself as others see me. I take a leisurely look at the person called 'Anne Frank' and browse through the pages of her life as though she were a stranger.

Before I came here, when I didn't think about things as much as I do now, I occasionally had the feeling that I didn't belong to Mumsie, Pim and Margot and that I would always be an outsider. I sometimes went around for six months at a time pretending I was an orphan. Then I'd chastise myself for playing the victim, when really, I'd always been so fortunate. After that I'd force myself to be friendly for a while. Every morning when I heard footsteps on the stairs, I hoped it would be Mother coming to say good morning. I'd greet her warmly, because I honestly did look forward to her affectionate glance. But then she'd snap at me for having made some comment or other and I'd go off to school feeling completely discouraged. On the way home I'd make excuses for her, telling myself that she had so many worries. I'd arrive home in high spirits, chatting nineteen to the dozen, until the events of the morning would repeat themselves and I'd leave the room with my satchel in my hand and a pensive look on my face.

Sometimes I'd decide to stay angry, but then I always had so much to talk about after school that I'd forget my resolution and want Mother to stop whatever she was doing and lend a willing ear. Then the time would come once more when I no longer listened for the steps on the stairs and felt lonely and cried into my pillow every night.

Everything has become much worse here. But you already knew that. Now God has sent someone to help me: Peter. I fondle my pendant, press it to my lips and think, 'What do I care! Petel is mine and nobody knows it!' With this in mind, I can rise above every nasty remark. Which of the people here would suspect that so much is going on in the mind of a teenage girl?

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SATURDAY, 15 JANUARY 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

There's no reason for me to go on describing all our quarrels and arguments down to the last detail. It's enough to tell you that we've divided many things like meat and fats and oils and are frying our own potatoes. Recently we've been eating a little extra rye bread because by four o'clock we're so hungry for dinner we can barely control our rumbling stomachs.

Mother's birthday is rapidly approaching. She received some extra sugar from Mr Kugler, which sparked off jealousy on the part of the van Daans, because Mrs van D. didn't receive any on her birthday. But what's the point of boring you with harsh words, spiteful conversations and tears when you know they bore us even more?

Mother has expressed a wish, which isn't likely to come true any time soon: not to have to see Mr van Daan's face for two whole weeks. I wonder if everyone who shares a house sooner or later ends up at odds with their fellow residents. Or have we just had a stroke of bad luck? At mealtimes, when Dussel helps himself to a quarter of the half-filled gravy boat and leaves the rest of us to do without, I lose my appetite and feel like jumping to my feet, knocking him off his chair and throwing him out of the door.

Are most people so stingy and selfish? I've gained some insight into human nature since I came here, which is good, but I've had enough for the present. Peter says the same.

The war is going to go on despite our quarrels and our longing for freedom and fresh air, so we should try to make the best of our stay here.

I'm preaching, but I also believe that if I live here much longer, I'll turn into a dried-up old beanstalk. And all I really want is to be an honest-to-goodness teenager!

*Yours, Anne*

•

WEDNESDAY EVENING, 19 JANUARY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

I (there I go again!) don't know what's happened, but since my dream I keep noticing how I've changed. By the way, I dreamed about Peter again last night and once again I felt his eyes penetrate mine, but this dream was less vivid and not quite as beautiful as the last.

You know that I always used to be jealous of Margot's relationship with Father. There's not a trace of my jealousy left now; I still feel hurt when Father's nerves cause him to be unreasonable towards me, but then I think, 'I can't blame you for being the way you are. You talk so much about the minds of children and adolescents, but you don't know the first thing about them!' I long for more than Father's affection, more than his hugs and kisses. Isn't it awful of me to be so preoccupied with myself? Shouldn't I, who want to be good and kind, forgive them first? I forgive Mother too, but every time she makes a sarcastic remark or laughs at me, it's all I can do to control myself.

I know I'm far from being what I should; will I ever be?

*Anne Frank*

PS. Father asked if I told you about the cake. For Mother's birthday, she received a real mocha cake, pre-war quality, from the office. It was a really nice day! But at the moment there's no room in my head for things like that.

•

SATURDAY, 22 JANUARY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Can you tell me why people go to such lengths to hide their real selves? Or why I always behave very differently when I'm in the company of others? Why do people have so little trust in one another? I know there must be a reason, but sometimes I think it's horrible that you can't ever confide in anyone, not even those closest to you.

It seems as if I've grown up since the night I had that dream, as if I've become more independent. You'll be amazed when I tell you that even my attitude towards the van Daans has changed. I've stopped looking at all the discussions and arguments from my family's biased point of view. What's brought on such a radical change? Well, you see, I suddenly realized that if Mother had been different, if she'd been a real mum, our relationship would have been very, very different. Mrs van Daan is by no means a wonderful person, yet half the arguments could have been avoided if Mother hadn't been so hard to deal with every time they got on to a tricky subject. Mrs van Daan does have one good point, though: you can talk to her. She may be selfish, stingy and underhanded, but she'll readily back down as long as you don't provoke her and make her unreasonable. This tactic doesn't work every time, but if you're patient, you can keep trying and see how far you get.

All the conflicts about our upbringing, about not pampering children, about the food – about everything, absolutely everything – might have taken a different turn if we'd remained open and on friendly terms instead of always seeing the worst side.

I know exactly what you're going to say, Kitty. 'But, Anne, are these words really coming from your lips? From you, who have had to put up with so many unkind words from upstairs? From you, who are aware of all the injustices?'

And yet they are coming from me. I want to take a fresh look at things and form my own opinion, not just ape my parents, as in the proverb 'The apple never falls far from the tree.' I want to re-examine the van Daans and decide for myself what's true and what's been blown out of proportion. If I end up being disappointed in them, I can always side with Father and Mother. But if not, I can try to change their attitude. And if that doesn't work, I'll have to stick with my own opinions and judgement. I'll take every opportunity to speak openly to Mrs van D. about our many differences and not be afraid – despite my reputation as a smart aleck – to

offer my impartial opinion. I won't say anything negative about my own family, though that doesn't mean I won't defend them if somebody else does, and as of today, my gossiping is a thing of the past.

Up till now I was absolutely convinced that the van Daans were entirely to blame for the quarrels, but now I'm sure the fault was largely ours. We were right as far as the issues were concerned, but intelligent people (such as ourselves!) should have more insight into how to deal with others.

I hope I've got at least a touch of that insight, and that I'll find an occasion to put it to good use.

*Yours, Anne*

•

MONDAY, 24 JANUARY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

A very strange thing has happened to me. (Actually, 'happened' isn't quite the right word.)

Before I came here, whenever anyone at home or at school talked about sex, they were either secretive or disgusting. Any words having to do with sex were spoken in a low whisper, and those who weren't in the know were often laughed at. That struck me as odd, and I often wondered why people were so mysterious or obnoxious when they talked about this subject. But because I couldn't change things, I said as little as possible or asked my girlfriends for information.

After I'd learned quite a lot, Mother once said to me, 'Anne, let me give you some good advice. Never discuss this with boys, and if they bring it up, don't answer them.'

I still remember my exact reply. 'No, of course not,' I exclaimed. 'Imagine!' And nothing more was said.

When we first went into hiding, Father often told me about things I'd rather have heard from Mother, and I learned the rest from books or things I picked up in conversations.

Peter van Daan wasn't ever as obnoxious about this subject as the boys at school. Or maybe just once or twice, in the beginning, though he wasn't trying to get me to talk. Mrs van Daan once told us she'd never discussed these matters with Peter, and as far as she knew, neither had her husband.



Apparently she didn't even know how much Peter knew or where he got his information.

Yesterday, when Margot, Peter and I were peeling potatoes, the conversation somehow turned to Boche. 'We're still not sure whether Boche is a boy or a girl, are we?' I asked.

'Yes we are,' he answered. 'Boche is a tomcat.'

I began to laugh. 'Some tomcat if he's pregnant.'

Peter and Margot joined in the laughter. You see, a month or two ago Peter informed us that Boche was sure to have kittens before long, because her stomach was rapidly swelling. However, Boche's fat tummy turned out to be due to a bunch of stolen bones. No kittens were growing inside, much less about to be born.

Peter felt called upon to defend himself against my accusation. 'Come with me. You can see for yourself. I was horsing around with the cat one day, and I could definitely see it was a "he".'

Unable to restrain my curiosity, I went with him to the warehouse. Boche, however, wasn't receiving visitors at that hour, and was nowhere in sight. We waited for a while, but when it got cold, we went back upstairs.

Later that afternoon I heard Peter go downstairs for the second time. I mustered the courage to walk through the silent house by myself and reached the warehouse. Boche was on the packing table, playing with Peter, who was getting ready to put him on the scales and weigh him.

'Hello, do you want to have a look?' Without any preliminaries, he picked up the cat, turned him over on his back, deftly held his head and paws and began the lesson. 'This is the male sexual organ, these are a few stray hairs, and that's his backside.'

The cat flipped himself over and stood up on his little white feet.

If any other boy had pointed out the 'male sexual organ' to me, I would never have given him a second glance. But Peter went on talking in a normal voice about what is otherwise a very awkward subject. Nor did he have any ulterior motives. By the time he'd finished, I felt so much at ease that I started acting normally too. We played with Boche, had a good time, chatted a bit and finally sauntered through the long warehouse to the door.

'Were you there when Mouschi was fixed?'

'Yes, of course. It doesn't take long. Naturally, they give the cat an anaesthetic.'

‘Do they take something out?’

‘No, the vet just snips the tube. There’s nothing to see on the outside.’

I had to get up my nerve to ask a question, since it wasn’t as ‘normal’ as I thought. ‘Peter, the German word *Geschlechtsteil* means “sexual organ”, doesn’t it? But then the male and female ones have different names.’

‘I know that.’

‘The female one is a vagina, that I know, but I don’t know what it’s called in males.’

‘Hmm.’

‘Oh well,’ I said. ‘How are we supposed to know these words? Most of the time you just come across them by accident.’

‘Why wait? I’ll ask my parents. They know more than I do and they’ve had more experience.’

We were already on the stairs, so nothing more was said.

Yes, it really did happen. I’d never have talked to a girl about this in such a normal tone of voice. I’m also certain that this isn’t what Mother meant when she warned me about boys.

All the same, I wasn’t exactly my usual self for the rest of the day. When I thought back to our talk, it struck me as odd. But I’ve learned at least one thing: there are young people, even those of the opposite sex, who can discuss these things naturally, without cracking jokes.

Is Peter really going to ask his parents a lot of questions? Is he really the way he seemed yesterday?

Oh, what do I know?!!!

*Yours, Anne*

•

FRIDAY, 28 JANUARY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

In recent weeks I’ve developed a great liking for family trees and the genealogical tables of royal families. I’ve come to the conclusion that once you begin your search, you have to keep digging deeper and deeper into the past, which leads you to even more interesting discoveries.

Although I’m extremely diligent when it comes to my schoolwork and can pretty much follow the BBC Home Service on the radio, I still spend

many of my Sundays sorting out and looking over my film-star collection, which has grown to a very respectable size. Mr Kugler makes me happy every Monday by bringing me a copy of *Cinema & Theatre* magazine. The less worldly members of our household often refer to this small indulgence as a waste of money, yet they never fail to be surprised at how accurately I can list the actors in any given film, even after a year. Bep, who often goes to the cinema with her boyfriend on her day off, tells me on Saturday the name of the film they're going to see, and I then proceed to rattle off the names of the leading actors and actresses and the reviews. Mums recently remarked that I wouldn't need to go to the cinema later on, because I know all the plots, the names of the stars and the reviews by heart.

Whenever I come sailing in with a new hairstyle, I can read the disapproval on their faces, and I can be sure someone will ask which film star I'm trying to imitate. My reply, that it's my own invention, is greeted with scepticism. As for the hair-do, it doesn't hold its set for more than half an hour. By that time I'm so sick and tired of their remarks that I race to the bathroom and restore my hair to its normal mass of curls.

*Yours, Anne*

•

FRIDAY, 28 JANUARY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

This morning I was wondering whether you ever felt like a cow, having to chew my stale news over and over again until you're so fed up with the monotonous fare that you yawn and secretly wish Anne would dig up something new.

Sorry, I know you find it dull as ditchwater, but imagine how sick and tired I am of hearing the same old stuff. If the talk at mealtimes isn't about politics or good food, then Mother or Mrs van D. trot out stories about their childhood that we've heard a thousand times before, or Dussel goes on and on about beautiful racehorses, his Charlotte's extensive wardrobe, leaky rowing-boats, boys who can swim at the age of four, aching muscles and frightened patients. It all boils down to this: whenever one of the eight of us opens his mouth, the other seven can finish the story for him. We know the punch line of every joke before it gets told, so that whoever's telling it is

left to laugh alone. The various milkmen, grocers and butchers of the two former housewives have been praised to the skies or run into the ground so many times that in our imaginations they've grown as old as Methuselah; there's absolutely no chance of anything new or fresh being brought up for discussion in the Annexe.

Still, all this might be bearable if only the grown-ups weren't in the habit of repeating the stories we hear from Mr Kleiman, Jan or Miep, each time embellishing them with a few details of their own, so that I often have to pinch my arm under the table to keep myself from setting the enthusiastic storyteller on the right track. Little children, such as Anne, must never, ever correct their elders, no matter how many blunders they make or how often they let their imaginations run away with them.

Jan and Mr Kleiman love talking about people who have gone underground or into hiding; they know we're eager to hear about others in our situation and that we truly sympathize with the sorrow of those who've been arrested as well as the joy of prisoners who've been freed.

Going underground or into hiding has become as routine as the proverbial pipe and slippers that used to await the man of the house after a long day at work. There are many resistance groups, such as Free Netherlands, that forge identity cards, provide financial support to those in hiding, organize hiding places and find work for young Christians who go underground. It's amazing how much these generous and unselfish people do, risking their own lives to help and save others.

The best example of this is our own helpers, who have managed to pull us through so far and will hopefully bring us safely to shore, because otherwise they'll find themselves sharing the fate of those they're trying to protect. Never have they uttered a single word about the burden we must be, never have they complained that we're too much trouble. They come upstairs every day and talk to the men about business and politics, to the women about food and wartime difficulties and to the children about books and newspapers. They put on their most cheerful expressions, bring flowers and gifts for birthdays and special occasions and are always ready to do what they can. That's something we should never forget; while others display their heroism in battle or against the Germans, our helpers prove theirs every day by their good spirits and affection.

The most bizarre stories are making the rounds, yet most of them are really true. For instance, Mr Kleiman reported this week that a football match was held in the province of Gelderland; one team consisted entirely of men who had gone underground, and the other of eleven Military Policemen. In Hilversum, new registration cards were issued. In order for the many people in hiding to get their rations (you have to show this card to obtain your ration book or else pay 60 guilders a book), the registrar asked all those hiding in that district to pick up their cards at a specified hour, when the documents could be collected at a separate table.

All the same, you have to be careful that stunts like these don't reach the ears of the Germans.

*Yours, Anne*

•

SUNDAY, 30 JANUARY 1944

*My dearest Kit,*

Another Sunday has rolled around; I don't mind them as much as I did in the beginning, but they're boring enough.

I still haven't gone to the warehouse yet, but maybe sometime soon. Last night I went downstairs in the dark, all by myself, after having been there with Father a few nights before. I stood at the top of the stairs while German planes flew back and forth, and I knew I was on my own, that I couldn't count on others for support. My fear vanished. I looked up at the sky and trusted in God.

I have an intense need to be alone. Father has noticed I'm not my usual self, but I can't tell him what's bothering me. All I want to do is scream 'Let me be, leave me alone!'

Who knows, perhaps the day will come when I'm left alone more than I'd like!

*Anne Frank*

•

THURSDAY, 3 FEBRUARY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Invasion fever is mounting daily throughout the country. If you were here, I'm sure you'd be as impressed as I am at the many preparations, though you'd no doubt laugh at all the fuss we're making. Who knows, it may all be for nothing!

The papers are full of invasion news and are driving everyone insane with such statements as: 'In the event of a British landing in Holland, the Germans will do what they can to defend the country, even flooding it, if necessary.' They've published maps of Holland with the potential flood areas marked. Since large portions of Amsterdam were shaded in, our first question was what we should do if the water in the streets rose to above our waists. This tricky question elicited a variety of responses:

'It'll be impossible to walk or ride a bike, so we'll have to wade through the water.'

'Don't be silly. We'll have to try and swim. We'll all put on our bathing suits and caps and swim underwater as much as we can, so nobody can see we're Jews.'

'Rubbish! I can just imagine the ladies swimming with the rats biting their legs!' (That was a man, of course; we'll see who screams loudest!)

'We won't even be able to leave the house. The warehouse is so unstable it'll collapse if there's a flood.'

'Listen, everyone, all joking aside, we really ought to try and get a boat.'

'Why bother? I have a better idea. We can each take a packing case from the attic and row with a wooden spoon.'

'I'm going to walk on stilts. I used to be a wizard at it when I was young.'

'Jan Gies won't need to. He'll let his wife ride piggyback, and then Miep will be on stilts.'

So now you have a rough idea of what's going on, don't you, Kit? This lighthearted banter is all very amusing, but reality will prove otherwise. The second question about the invasion was bound to arise: what should we do if the Germans evacuate Amsterdam?

'Leave the city along with the others. Disguise ourselves as well as we can.'

'Whatever happens, don't go outside! The best thing to do is to stay put! The Germans are capable of herding the entire population of Holland into Germany, where they'll all die.'

‘Of course we’ll stay here. This is the safest place. We’ll try to talk Kleiman and his family into coming here to live with us. We’ll somehow get hold of a bag of wood shavings, so we can sleep on the floor. Let’s ask Miep and Kleiman to bring some blankets, just in case. And we’ll order some extra grain to supplement the sixty-five pounds we already have. Jan can try to find some more beans. At the moment we’ve got about sixty-five pounds of beans and ten pounds of split peas. And don’t forget the fifty tins of vegetables.’

‘What about the rest, Mother? Give us the latest figures.’

‘Ten tins of fish, forty tins of milk, twenty pounds of powdered milk, three bottles of oil, four pots of butter, four jars of meat, two big jars of strawberries, two jars of raspberries, twenty jars of tomatoes, ten pounds of oatmeal, nine pounds of rice. That’s it.’

Our supplies are holding out fairly well. All the same, we have to feed the office staff, which means dipping into our reserves every week, so it’s not as much as it seems. We have enough coal and firewood, candles too.

‘Let’s all make little moneybags to hide in our clothes so we can take our money with us if we need to leave here.’

‘We can make lists of what to take first in case we have to run for it, and pack our rucksacks in advance.’

‘When the time comes, we’ll put two people on look-out, one in the loft at the front of the house and one at the back.’

‘Hang on, what’s the use of so much food if there isn’t any water, gas or electricity?’

‘We’ll have to cook on the stove. Filter the water and boil it. We should clean some big jugs and fill them with water. We can also store water in the three pans we use for preserving, and in the tin bath.’

‘Besides, we still have about two hundred and thirty pounds of winter potatoes in the spice storeroom.’

All day long that’s all I hear. Invasion, invasion, nothing but invasion. Arguments about going hungry, dying, bombs, fire extinguishers, sleeping bags, identify cards, poison gas, etc., etc. Not exactly cheerful.

A good example of the explicit warnings of the male contingent is the following conversation with Jan:

Annexe: ‘We’re afraid that when the Germans retreat, they’ll take the entire population with them.’

Jan: 'That's impossible. They haven't got enough trains.'

Annexe: 'Trains? Do you really think they'd put civilians on trains? Absolutely not. Everyone would have to hoof it.' (Or, as Dussel always says, *per pedes apostolorum*.)

Jan: 'I can't believe that. You're always looking on the dark side. What reason would they have to round up all the civilians and take them along?'

Annexe: 'Don't you remember Goebbels saying that if the Germans have to go, they'll slam the doors to all the occupied territories behind them?'

Jan: 'They've said a lot of things.'

Annexe: 'Do you think the Germans are too noble or humane to do it? Their reasoning is: if we go under, we'll drag everyone else down with us.'

Jan: 'You can say what you like, I just don't believe it.'

Annexe: 'It's always the same old story. No one wants to see the danger until it's staring them in the face.'

Jan: 'But you don't know anything for sure. You're just making an assumption.'

Annexe: 'Because we've already been through it all ourselves. First in Germany and then here. What do you think's happening in Russia?'

Jan: 'You shouldn't include the Jews. I don't think anyone knows what's going on in Russia. The British and the Russians are probably exaggerating for propaganda purposes, just like the Germans.'

Annexe: 'Absolutely not. The BBC has always told the truth. And even if the news is slightly exaggerated, the facts are bad enough as they are. You can't deny that millions of peace-loving citizens in Poland and Russia have been murdered or gassed.'

I'll spare you the rest of our conversations. I'm very calm and take no notice of all the fuss. I've reached the point where I hardly care whether I live or die. The world will keep on turning without me, and I can't do anything to change events anyway. I'll just let matters take their course and concentrate on studying and hope that everything will be all right in the end.

*Yours, Anne*

•

TUESDAY, 8 FEBRUARY 1944



*Dear Kitty,*

I can't tell you how I feel. One minute I'm longing for peace and quiet, and the next for a little fun. We've forgotten how to laugh – I mean, laughing so hard you can't stop.

This morning I had the giggles; you know, the kind we used to have at school. Margot and I were giggling like real teenagers.

Last night there was another scene with Mother. Margot was tucking her woollen blanket around her when suddenly she leapt out of bed and carefully examined the blanket. What do you think she found? A pin! Mother had patched the blanket and forgotten to take it out. Father shook his head meaningfully and made a comment about how careless Mother is. Soon afterwards Mother came in from the bathroom, and just to tease her I said, '*Du bist doch eine echte Rabenmutter.*'<sup>15</sup>

Of course, she asked me why I'd said that, and we told her about the pin she'd overlooked. She immediately assumed her haughtiest expression and said, 'You're a fine one to talk. When you're sewing, the entire floor is covered with pins. And look, you've left the manicure set lying around again. You never put that away either!'

I said I hadn't used it, and Margot backed me up, since she was the guilty party.

Mother went on talking about how messy I was until I got fed up and said, rather curtly, 'I wasn't even the one who said you were careless. I'm always getting blamed for other people's mistakes!'

Mother fell silent, and less than a minute later I was obliged to kiss her good night. This incident may not have been very important, but these days everything gets on my nerves.

As I seem to be going through a period of reflection at the moment and letting my mind range over anything and everything, my thoughts have naturally turned to Father and Mother's marriage. It has always been presented to me as an ideal marriage. Never a quarrel, no angry faces, perfect harmony, etc., etc.

I know a few things about Father's past, and what I don't know, I've made up; I have the impression that Father married Mother because he felt she would be a suitable wife. I have to admit I admire Mother for the way she assumed the role of his wife and has never, as far as I know, complained

or been jealous. It can't be easy for a loving wife to know she'll never be first in her husband's affections, and Mother did know that. Father certainly admired Mother's attitude and thought she had an excellent character. Why marry anyone else? His ideals had been shattered and his youth was over. What kind of marriage has it turned out to be? No quarrels or differences of opinion – but hardly an ideal marriage. Father respects Mother and loves her, but not with the kind of love I envisage for a marriage. Father accepts Mother as she is, is often annoyed, but says as little as possible, because he knows the sacrifices Mother has had to make.

Father doesn't always ask her opinion – about the business, about other matters, about people, about all kinds of things. He doesn't tell her everything, because he knows she's far too emotional, far too critical, and often far too biased. Father's not in love. He kisses her the way he kisses us. He never holds her up as an example, because he can't. He looks at her teasingly, or mockingly, but never lovingly. It may be that Mother's great sacrifice has made her harsh and disagreeable towards those around her, but it's guaranteed to take her even further from the path of love, to arouse even less admiration, and one day Father is bound to realize that while, on the outside, she has never demanded his total love, on the inside, she has slowly but surely been crumbling away. She loves him more than anyone, and it's hard to see this kind of love not being returned.

So should I actually feel more sympathy for Mother? Should I help her? And Father? – I can't, I'm always imagining another mother. I just can't. – How could I? She hasn't told me anything about herself, and I've never asked her to. What do we know of each other's thoughts? I can't talk to her, I can't look lovingly into those cold eyes, I can't. Not ever! – If she had even one quality an understanding mother is supposed to have, gentleness or friendliness or patience or *something*, I'd keep trying to get closer to her. But as for loving this insensitive person, this mocking creature – it's becoming more and more impossible every day!

*Yours, Anne*

•

SATURDAY, 12 FEBRUARY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

The sun is shining, the sky is deep blue, there's a magnificent breeze, and I'm longing – really longing – for everything: conversation, freedom, friends, being alone. I long . . . to cry! I feel as if I were about to explode. I know crying would help, but I can't cry. I'm restless. I walk from one room to another, breathe through the crack in the window frame, feel my heart beating as if to say, 'Fulfil my longing at last . . .'

I think spring is inside me. I feel spring awakening, I feel it in my entire body and soul. I have to force myself to act normally. I'm in a state of utter confusion, don't know what to read, what to write, what to do. I only know that I'm longing for something . . .

*Yours, Anne*

•

MONDAY, 14 FEBRUARY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

A lot has changed for me since Saturday. What's happened is this: I was longing for something (and still am), but . . . a small, a very small, part of the problem has been resolved.

On Sunday morning I noticed, to my great joy (I'll be honest with you), that Peter kept looking at me. Not in the usual way. I don't know, I can't explain it, but I suddenly had the feeling he wasn't as in love with Margot as I used to think. All day long I tried not to look at him too much, because whenever I did, I caught him looking at me and then – well, it made me feel wonderful inside, and that's not a feeling I should have too often.

Sunday evening everyone, except Pim and me, was clustered round the radio, listening to the 'Immortal Music of the German Masters'. Dussel kept twisting and turning the knobs, which annoyed Peter, and the others too. After restraining himself for half an hour, Peter asked somewhat irritably if he would stop fiddling with the radio. Dussel replied in his haughtiest tone, '*Ich mach' das schon!*'<sup>16</sup> Peter became angry and made an insolent remark. Mr van Daan sided with him, and Dussel had to back down. That was it.

The reason for the disagreement wasn't particularly interesting in and of itself, but Peter has apparently taken the matter very much to heart, because

this morning, when I was rummaging around in the crate of books in the attic, Peter came up and began telling me what had happened. I didn't know anything about it, but Peter soon realized he'd found an attentive listener and started warming to his subject.

'Well, it's like this,' he said. 'I don't usually talk much, since I know beforehand I'll just be tongue-tied. I start stuttering and blushing and I twist my words around so much I finally have to stop, because I can't find the right words. That's what happened yesterday. I meant to say something entirely different, but once I started, I got all mixed up. It's awful. I used to have a bad habit, and sometimes I wish I still did: whenever I was angry with someone, I'd beat them up instead of arguing with them. I know this method won't get me anywhere, and that's why I admire you. You're never at a loss for words: you say exactly what you want to say and aren't in the least bit shy.'

'Oh, you're wrong about that,' I replied. 'Most of what I say comes out very differently from the way I'd planned. Plus I talk too much and too long, and that's just as bad.'

'Maybe, but you have the advantage that no one can see you're embarrassed. You don't blush or go to pieces.'

I couldn't help being secretly amused at his words. However, since I wanted him to go on talking quietly about himself, I hid my laughter, sat down on a cushion on the floor, wrapped my arms around my knees and gazed at him intently.

I'm glad there's someone else in this house who flies into the same rages as I do. Peter seemed relieved that he could criticize Dussel without being afraid I'd tell. As for me, I was pleased too, because I sensed a strong feeling of fellowship, which I only remember having had with my girlfriends.

*Yours, Anne*

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TUESDAY, 15 FEBRUARY 1944

The minor run-in with Dussel had several repercussions, for which he had only himself to blame. Monday evening Dussel came in to see Mother and told her triumphantly that Peter had asked him that morning if he'd slept

well, and then added how sorry he was about what had happened Sunday evening – he hadn't really meant what he'd said. Dussel assured him he hadn't taken it to heart. So everything was right as rain again. Mother passed this story on to me, and I was secretly amazed that Peter, who'd been so angry with Dussel, had humbled himself, despite all his assurances to the contrary.

I couldn't refrain from sounding Peter out on the subject, and he instantly replied that Dussel had been lying. You should have seen Peter's face. I wish I'd had a camera. Indignation, rage, indecision, agitation and much more crossed his face in rapid succession.

That evening Mr van Daan and Peter really told Dussel off. But it couldn't have been all that bad, since Peter had another dental appointment today.

Actually, they never wanted to speak to each other again.

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WEDNESDAY, 16 FEBRUARY 1944

Peter and I hadn't talked to each other all day, except for a few meaningless words. It was too cold to go up to the attic, and anyway, it was Margot's birthday. At twelve-thirty he came to look at the presents and hung around chatting longer than was strictly necessary, something he'd never have done otherwise. But I got my chance in the afternoon. Since I felt like spoiling Margot on her birthday, I went to get the coffee, and after that the potatoes. When I came to Peter's room, he immediately took his papers off the stairs, and I asked if I should close the trapdoor to the attic.

'Yes,' he said, 'go ahead. When you're ready to come back down, just knock and I'll open it for you.'

I thanked him, went upstairs and spent at least ten minutes searching around in the barrel for the smallest potatoes. My back started aching, and the attic was cold. Naturally, I didn't bother to knock but opened the trapdoor myself. But he obligingly got up and took the pan out of my hands.

'I did my best, but I couldn't find any smaller ones.'

'Did you look in the big barrel?'

'Yes, I've been through them all.'

By this time I was at the bottom of the stairs, and he examined the pan of potatoes he was still holding. 'Oh, but these are fine,' he said, and added, as I took the pan from him, 'My compliments!'

As he said this, he gave me such a warm, tender look that I started glowing inside. I could tell he wanted to please me, but since he couldn't make a long complimentary speech, he said everything with his eyes. I understood him so well and was very grateful. It still makes me happy to think back to those words and that look!

When I went downstairs, Mother said she needed more potatoes, this time for dinner, so I volunteered to go back up. When I entered Peter's room, I apologized for disturbing him again. As I was going up the stairs, he stood up, went over to stand between the stairs and the wall, grabbed my arm and tried to stop me.

'I'll go,' he said. 'I have to go upstairs anyway.'

I replied that it wasn't really necessary, that I didn't have to get only the small ones this time. Convinced, he let go of my arm. On my way back, he opened the trapdoor and once again took the pan from me. Standing by the door, I asked, 'What are you working on?'

'French,' he replied.

I asked if I could take a look at his lessons. Then I went to wash my hands and sat down across from him on the divan.

After I'd explained some French to him, we began to talk. He told me that after the war he wanted to go to the Dutch East Indies and live on a rubber plantation. He talked about his life at home, the black market and what a hopeless case he is. I told him he had a big inferiority complex. He talked about the war, saying that Russia and England were bound to go to war against each other, and about the Jews. He said life would have been much easier if he'd been a Christian or could become one after the war. I asked if he wanted to be baptized, but that wasn't what he meant either. He said he'd never be able to feel like a Christian, but that after the war he'd make sure nobody would know he was Jewish. I felt a momentary pang. It's such a shame he still has a touch of dishonesty in him.

Peter added, 'The Jews have been and always will be the chosen people!'

I answered, 'Just this once, I hope they'll be chosen for something good!'

But we went on chatting very pleasantly, about Father, about judging human character and all sorts of things, so many that I can't even remember

them all.

I left at a quarter past five, because Bep had arrived.

That evening he said something else I thought was nice. We were talking about the picture of a film star I'd once given him, which has been hanging in his room for at least a year and a half. He liked it so much that I offered to give him a few more.

'No,' he replied, 'I'd rather keep the one I've got. I look at it every day, and the people in it have become my friends.'

I now have a better understanding of why he always hugs Mouschi so tightly. He obviously needs affection too. I forgot to mention something else he was talking about. He said, 'No, I'm not afraid, except when it comes to things about myself, but I'm working on that.'

Peter has a huge inferiority complex. For example, he always thinks he's so stupid and we're so clever. When I help him with French, he thanks me a thousand times. One of these days I'm going to say, 'Oh, cut it out! You're much better at English and geography!'

*Anne Frank*

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THURSDAY, 17 FEBRUARY 1944

*Dear Kitty,*

I was upstairs this morning, since I promised Mrs van D. I'd read her some of my stories. I began with 'Eva's Dream', which she liked a lot, and then I read a few passages from 'The Secret Annexe', which had her in stitches. Peter also listened for a while (just the last part) and asked if I'd come to his room sometime to read more. I decided I had to take a chance right then and there, so I got my exercise-book and let him read that bit where Cady and Hans talk about God. I can't really tell what kind of impression it made on him. He said something I don't quite remember, not about whether it was good, but about the idea behind it. I told him I just wanted him to see that I didn't write only amusing things. He nodded, and I left the room. We'll see if I hear anything more!

*Yours, Anne Frank*

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FRIDAY, 18 FEBRUARY 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

Whenever I go upstairs, it's always so I can see 'him'. Now that I have something to look forward to, my life here has improved greatly.

At least the object of my friendship is always here, and I don't have to be afraid of rivals (except for Margot). Don't think I'm in love, because I'm not, but I do have the feeling that something beautiful is going to develop between Peter and me, a kind of friendship and a feeling of trust. I go and see him whenever I get the chance, and it's not the way it used to be, when he didn't know what to make of me. On the contrary, he's still talking away as I'm heading out of the door. Mother doesn't like me going upstairs. She always says I'm bothering Peter and that I should leave him alone. Honestly, can't she credit me with some intuition? She always looks at me so oddly when I go to Peter's room. When I come down again, she asks me where I've been. It's terrible, but I'm beginning to hate her!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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SATURDAY, 19 FEBRUARY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

It's Saturday again, and that should tell you enough. This morning all was quiet. I spent nearly an hour upstairs making meatballs, but I only spoke to 'him' in passing.

When everyone went upstairs at two-thirty to either read or take a nap, I went downstairs, with blanket and all, to sit at the desk and read or write. Before long I couldn't take it any more. I put my head in my arms and sobbed my heart out. The tears streamed down my cheeks, and I felt desperately unhappy. Oh, if only 'he' had come to comfort me.

It was past four by the time I went upstairs again. At five o'clock I set off to get some potatoes, hoping once again that we'd meet, but while I was still in the bathroom fixing my hair, he went to see Boche.

I wanted to help Mrs van D. and went upstairs with my book and everything, but suddenly I felt the tears coming back. I raced downstairs to the lavatory, grabbing the mirror on the way. I sat there on the toilet, fully



dressed, long after I was through, my tears leaving dark spots on the red of my apron, and I felt utterly dejected.

Here's what was going through my mind: 'Oh, I'll never reach Peter this way. Who knows, maybe he doesn't even like me and he doesn't need anyone to confide in. Maybe he only thinks of me in a casual sort of way. I'll have to go back to being alone, without anyone to confide in and without Peter, without hope, comfort or anything to look forward to. Oh, if only I could rest my head on his shoulder and not feel so hopelessly alone and deserted! Who knows, maybe he doesn't care for me at all and looks at the others in the same tender way. Maybe I only imagined it was especially for me. Oh, Peter, if only you could hear me or see me. If the truth is disappointing, I won't be able to bear it.'

A little later I felt hopeful and full of expectation again, though my tears were still flowing – on the inside.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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SUNDAY, 20 FEBRUARY 1944

What happens in other people's houses during the rest of the week happens here in the Annexe on Sundays. While other people put on their best clothes and go strolling in the sun, we scrub, sweep and do the washing.

*Eight o'clock.* Though the rest of us prefer to lie in, Dussel gets up at eight. He goes to the bathroom, then downstairs, then up again and then to the bathroom, where he devotes a whole hour to washing himself.

*Nine-thirty.* The stoves are lit, the black-out screen is taken down, and Mr van Daan heads for the bathroom. One of my Sunday morning ordeals is having to lie in bed and look at Dussel's back when he's praying. I know it sounds strange, but a praying Dussel is a terrible sight to behold. It's not that he cries or gets sentimental, not at all, but he does spend a quarter of an hour – an entire fifteen minutes – rocking from his toes to his heels. Back and forth, back and forth. It goes on for ever, and if I don't shut my eyes tight, my head starts to spin.

*Ten-fifteen.* The van Daans whistle; the bathroom's free. In the Frank family quarters, the first sleepy faces are beginning to emerge from their pillows. Then everything happens fast, fast, fast. Margot and I take turns

doing the washing. Since it's quite cold downstairs, we put on trousers and head scarves. Meanwhile, Father is busy in the bathroom. Either Margot or I have a turn in the bathroom at eleven, and then we're all clean.

*Eleven-thirty.* Breakfast. I won't dwell on this, since there's enough talk about food without my bringing the subject up as well.

*Twelve-fifteen.* We each go our separate ways. Father, clad in overalls, gets down on his hands and knees and brushes the rug so vigorously that the room is enveloped in a cloud of dust. Mr Dussel makes the beds (all wrong, of course), always whistling the same Beethoven violin concerto as he goes about his work. Mother can be heard shuffling around the attic as she hangs up the washing. Mr van Daan puts on his hat and disappears into the lower regions, usually followed by Peter and Mouschi. Mrs van D. dons a long apron, a black woollen jacket and overshoes, winds a red woollen scarf around her head, scoops up a bundle of dirty laundry and, with a well-rehearsed washerwoman's nod, heads downstairs. Margot and I do the dishes and tidy up the room.

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WEDNESDAY, 23 FEBRUARY 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

The weather's been wonderful since yesterday, and I've perked up quite a bit. My writing, the best thing I have, is coming along well. I go to the attic almost every morning to get the stale air out of my lungs. This morning when I went there, Peter was busy cleaning up. He finished quickly and came over to where I was sitting on my favourite spot on the floor. The two of us looked out at the blue sky, the bare chestnut tree glistening with dew, the seagulls and other birds glinting with silver as they swooped through the air, and we were so moved and entranced that we couldn't speak. He stood with his head against a thick beam, while I sat. We breathed in the air, looked outside and both felt that the spell shouldn't be broken with words. We remained like this for a long while, and by the time he had to go to the loft to chop wood, I knew he was a good, decent boy. He climbed the ladder to the loft, and I followed; during the fifteen minutes he was chopping wood, we didn't say a word either. I watched him from where I was standing, and could see he was obviously doing his best to chop the right

way and show off his strength. But I also looked out of the open window, letting my eyes roam over a large part of Amsterdam, over the rooftops and on to the horizon, a strip of blue so pale it was almost invisible.

‘As long as this exists,’ I thought, ‘this sunshine and this cloudless sky, and as long as I can enjoy it, how can I be sad?’

The best remedy for those who are frightened, lonely or unhappy is to go outside, somewhere they can be alone, alone with the sky, nature and God. For then and only then can you feel that everything is as it should be and that God wants people to be happy amid nature’s beauty and simplicity.

As long as this exists, and that should be for ever, I know that there will be solace for every sorrow, whatever the circumstances. I firmly believe that nature can bring comfort to all who suffer.

Oh, who knows, perhaps it won’t be long before I can share this overwhelming feeling of happiness with someone who feels the same as I do.

*Yours, Anne*

PS. Thoughts: To Peter.

We’ve been missing out on so much here, so very much, and for such a long time. I miss it just as much as you do. I’m not talking about external things, since we’re well provided for in that sense; I mean the internal things. Like you, I long for freedom and fresh air, but I think we’ve been amply compensated for their loss. On the inside, I mean.

This morning, when I was sitting in front of the window and taking a long, deep look outside at God and nature, I was happy, just plain happy. Peter, as long as people feel that kind of happiness within themselves, the joy of nature, health and much more besides, they’ll always be able to recapture that happiness.

Riches, prestige, everything can be lost. But the happiness in your own heart can only be dimmed; it will always be there, as long as you live, to make you happy again.

Whenever you’re feeling lonely or sad, try going to the loft on a beautiful day and looking outside. Not at the houses and the rooftops, but at the sky. As long as you can look fearlessly at the sky, you’ll know that you’re pure within and will find happiness once more.

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SUNDAY, 27 FEBRUARY 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

From early in the morning till late at night, all I do is think about Peter. I fall asleep with his image before my eyes, dream about him and wake up with him still looking at me.

I have the strong feeling that Peter and I aren't really as different as we may seem on the surface, and I'll explain why: neither Peter nor I have a mother. His is too superficial, likes to flirt and doesn't concern herself much with what goes on in his head. Mine takes an active interest in my life, but has no tact, sensitivity or motherly understanding.

Both Peter and I are struggling with our innermost feelings. We're still unsure of ourselves and are too vulnerable, emotionally, to be dealt with so roughly. Whenever that happens, I want to run outside or hide my feelings. Instead, I bang the pots and pans, splash the water and am generally noisy, so that everyone wishes I were miles away. Peter's reaction is to shut himself away, say little, sit quietly and daydream, all the while carefully hiding his true self.

But how and when will we finally reach each other?

I don't know how much longer I can continue to keep this yearning under control.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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MONDAY, 28 FEBRUARY 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

It's like a nightmare, one that goes on long after I'm awake. I see him nearly every hour of the day and yet I can't be with him, I can't let the others notice, and I have to pretend to be cheerful, though my heart is aching.

Peter Schiff and Peter van Daan have melted into one Peter, who's good and kind and whom I long for desperately. Mother's horrible, Father's nice, which makes him even more exasperating, and Margot's the worst, since

she takes advantage of my smiling face to claim me for herself, when all I want is to be left alone.

Peter didn't join me in the attic, but went up to the loft to do some carpentry work. At every rasp and bang, another chunk of my courage broke off and I was even more unhappy. In the distance a clock was tolling 'Be pure in heart, be pure in mind!'

I'm sentimental, I know. I'm despondent and foolish, I know that too.

Oh, help me!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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WEDNESDAY, 1 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

My own affairs have been pushed to the background by . . . a break-in. I'm boring you with all my break-ins, but what can I do when burglars take such pleasure in honouring Gies & Co. with their presence? This incident is much more complicated than the last one, in July 1943.

Last night at seven-thirty Mr van Daan was heading, as usual, for Mr Kugler's office when he saw that both the glass door and the office door were open. He was surprised, but he went on through and was even more astonished to see that the alcove doors were open as well and that there was a terrible mess in the front office. 'There's been a burglary' flashed through his mind. But just to make sure, he went downstairs to the front door, checked the lock and found everything closed. 'Bep and Peter must just have been very careless this evening,' Mr van D. concluded. He remained for a while in Mr Kugler's office, switched off the lamp and went upstairs without worrying much about the open doors or the messy office.

Early this morning Peter knocked at our door to tell us that the front door was wide open and that the projector and Mr Kugler's new briefcase had disappeared from the cupboard. Peter was instructed to lock the door. Mr van Daan told us about his discoveries of the night before, and we were extremely worried.

The only explanation is that the burglar must have had a duplicate key, since there were no signs of a forced entry. He must have sneaked in early in the evening, shut the door behind him, hidden himself when he heard Mr

van Daan, fled with the loot after Mr van Daan went upstairs and, in his hurry, not bothered to shut the door.

Who could have our key? Why didn't the burglar go to the warehouse? Was it one of our own warehouse employees, and will he turn us in, now that he's heard Mr van Daan and maybe even seen him?

It's really scary, since we don't know whether the burglar will take it into his head to try and get in again. Or was he so startled when he heard someone else in the building that he'll stay away?

*Yours, Anne*

PS. We'd be delighted if you could search out a good detective for us. Obviously, there's one condition: he must be relied upon not to inform on people in hiding.

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THURSDAY, 2 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Margot and I were in the attic together today. I can't enjoy being there with her the way I imagine it'd be with Peter (or someone else). I know she feels the same about most things as I do!

While washing up, Bep began talking to Mother and Mrs van Daan about how discouraged she gets. What help did those two offer her? Our tactless mother, especially, only made things go from bad to worse. Do you know what her advice was? That she should think about all the other people in the world who are suffering! How can thinking about the misery of others help if you're miserable yourself? I said as much. Their response, of course, was that I should stay out of conversations of this sort.

The grown-ups are such idiots! As if Peter, Margot, Bep and I didn't all have the same feelings. The only thing that helps is a mother's love, or that of a very, very close friend. But these two mothers don't understand the first thing about us! Perhaps Mrs van Daan does, a bit more than Mother. Oh, I wish I could have said something to poor Bep, something that I know from my own experience would have helped. But Father came between us, pushing me roughly aside. They're all so stupid!

I also talked to Margot about Father and Mother, about how nice it could be here if they weren't so aggravating. We'd be able to organize evenings in which everyone could take turns discussing a given subject. But we've already been through all that. It's impossible for me to talk here! Mr van Daan goes on the offensive, Mother gets sarcastic and can't say *anything* in a normal voice, Father doesn't feel like taking part, nor does Mr Dussel, and Mrs van D. is attacked so often that she just sits there with a red face, hardly able to put up a fight any more. And what about us? We aren't allowed to have an opinion! My, my, aren't they progressive! Not have an opinion! People can tell you to shut up, but they can't keep you from having an opinion. You can't forbid someone to have an opinion, no matter how young they are! The only thing that would help Bep, Margot, Peter and me would be great love and devotion, which we don't get here. And no one, especially not the idiotic sages around here, is capable of understanding us, since we're more sensitive and much more advanced in our thinking than any of them ever suspect!

*Love, what is love? I don't think you can really put it into words. Love is understanding someone, caring for him, sharing his joys and sorrows. This eventually includes physical love. You've shared something, given something away and received something in return, whether or not you're married, whether or not you have a baby. Losing your virtue doesn't matter, as long as you know that for as long as you live you'll have someone at your side who understands you, and who doesn't have to be shared with anyone else!*

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

At the moment, Mother's grumbling at me again; she's clearly jealous because I talk to Mrs van Daan more than to her. What do I care!

I managed to get hold of Peter this afternoon, and we talked for at least forty-five minutes. He wanted to tell me something about himself, but didn't find it easy. He finally got it out, though it took a long time. I honestly didn't know whether it was better for me to stay or to go. But I wanted so much to help him! I told him about Bep and how tactless our mothers are. He told me that his parents argue constantly, about politics and cigarettes and all kinds of things. As I've told you before, Peter's very shy, but not too shy to admit that he'd be perfectly happy not to see his parents

for a year or two. 'My father isn't as nice as he looks,' he said. 'But in the matter of the cigarettes, Mother's absolutely right.'

I also told him about my mother. But he came to Father's defence. He thought he was a 'terrific chap'.

Tonight when I was hanging up my apron after washing up, he called me over and asked me not to say anything downstairs about his parents' having had another argument and not being on speaking terms. I promised, though I'd already told Margot. But I'm sure Margot won't pass it on.

'Oh no, Peter,' I said, 'you don't have to worry about me. I've learned not to blab everything I hear. I never repeat what you tell me.'

He was glad to hear that. I also told him what terrible gossips we are, and said, 'Margot's quite right, of course, when she says I'm not being honest, because as much as I want to stop gossiping, there's nothing I like better than discussing Mr Dussel.'

'It's good that you admit it,' he said. He blushed, and his sincere compliment almost embarrassed me too.

Then we talked about 'upstairs' and 'downstairs' some more. Peter was really rather surprised to hear that we don't like his parents. 'Peter,' I said, 'you know I'm always honest, so why shouldn't I tell you this as well? We can see their faults too.'

I added, 'Peter, I'd really like to help you. Will you let me? You're caught in an awkward position, and I know, even though you don't say anything, that it upsets you.'

'Oh, your help is always welcome!'

'Maybe it'd be better for you to talk to Father. You can tell him anything, he won't pass it on.'

'I know, he's a real pal.'

'You like him a lot, don't you?'

Peter nodded, and I continued, 'Well, he likes you too, you know!'

He looked up quickly and blushed. It was really touching to see how happy these few words made him. 'You think so?' he asked.

'Yes,' I said. 'You can tell from the little things he lets slip now and then.'

Then Mr van Daan came in to do some dictating. Peter's a 'terrific chap', just like Father!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*



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FRIDAY, 3 MARCH 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

When I looked into the candle tonight, I felt calm and happy again. It seems Grandma is in that candle, and it's Grandma who watches over and protects me and makes me feel happy again. But . . . there's someone else who governs all my moods and that's . . . Peter. I went to get the potatoes today, and while I was standing on the stairway with my pan full, he asked, 'What did you do during lunch break?'

I sat down on the stairs, and we began to talk. The potatoes didn't make it to the kitchen until five-fifteen (an hour after I'd gone to get them). Peter didn't say anything more about his parents; we just talked about books and about the past. Oh, he gazes at me with such warmth in his eyes; I don't think it will take much for me to fall in love with him.

He brought the subject up this evening. I went to his room after peeling potatoes and remarked on how hot it was. 'You can tell the temperature by looking at Margot and me, because we turn white when it's cold and red when it's hot,' I said.

'In love?' he asked.

'Why should I be in love?' It was a pretty silly answer (or, rather, question).

'Why not?' he said, and then it was time for dinner.

What did he mean? Today I finally managed to ask him whether my chatter bothered him. All he said was, 'Oh, it's fine with me!' I can't tell how much of his reply was due to shyness.

Kitty, I sound like someone who's in love and can talk about nothing but her dearest darling. And Peter is a darling. Will I ever be able to tell him that? Only if he thinks the same of me, but I'm the kind of person you have to treat with kid gloves, I know that all too well. And he likes to be left alone, so I don't know how much he likes me. In any case, we're getting to know each other a little better. I wish we dared to say more. But who knows, maybe that time will come sooner than I think! Once or twice a day he gives me a knowing glance, I wink back, and we're both happy. It seems

insane to talk about his being happy, and yet I have the overwhelming feeling he thinks the same way I do.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

SATURDAY, 4 MARCH 1944

*Dear Kitty,*

This is the first Saturday in months that hasn't been tiresome, dreary and boring. The reason is Peter. This morning as I was on my way to the attic to hang up my apron, Father asked whether I wanted to stay and practise my French, and I said yes. We spoke French together for a while and I explained something to Peter, and then we worked on our English. Father read aloud from Dickens, and I was in seventh heaven, since I was sitting on Father's chair, close to Peter.

I went downstairs at quarter to eleven. When I went back up at eleven-thirty, Peter was already waiting for me on the stairs. We talked until quarter to one. Whenever I leave the room, for example after a meal, and Peter has a chance and no one else can hear, he says, 'Cheerio, Anne, see you later.'

Oh, I'm so happy! I wonder if he's going to fall in love with me after all? In any case, he's a nice boy, and you have no idea how good it is to talk to him!

Mrs van D. thinks it's all right for me to talk to Peter, but today she asked me teasingly, 'Can I trust you two up there?'

'Of course,' I protested. 'I take that as an insult!' Morning, noon and night, I look forward to seeing Peter.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

PS. Before I forget, last night everything was blanketed in snow. Now it's thawed and there's almost nothing left.

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MONDAY, 6 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Ever since Peter told me about his parents, I've felt a certain sense of responsibility towards him – don't you think that's strange? It's as though

their quarrels were just as much my business as his, and yet I don't dare bring it up any more, because I'm afraid it makes him uncomfortable. I wouldn't want to intrude, not for all the money in the world.

I can tell by Peter's face that he ponders things just as deeply as I do. Last night I was annoyed when Mrs van D. scoffed, 'The thinker!' Peter flushed and looked embarrassed, and I nearly blew my top.

Why don't these people keep their mouths shut? You can't imagine what it's like to have to stand on the sidelines and see how lonely he is, without being able to do anything. I can imagine, as if I were in his place, how despondent he must sometimes feel at the quarrels. And about love. Poor Peter, he needs to be loved so much!

It sounded so cold when he said he didn't need any friends. Oh, he's so wrong! I don't think he means it. He clings to his masculinity, his solitude and his feigned indifference so he can maintain his role, so he'll never, ever have to show his feelings. Poor Peter, how long can he keep it up? Won't he explode from this superhuman effort?

Oh, Peter, if only I could help you, if only you would let me! Together we could banish our loneliness, yours and mine!

I've been doing a great deal of thinking, but not saying much. I'm happy when I see him, and happier still if the sun shines when we're together. I washed my hair yesterday, and because I knew he was next door, I was very rambunctious. I couldn't help it; the more quiet and serious I am on the inside, the noisier I get on the outside! Who will be the first to discover the chink in my armour?

It's just as well that the van Daans don't have a daughter. My conquest could never be so challenging, so beautiful and so nice with someone of the same sex!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

PS. You know I'm always honest with you, so I think I should tell you that I live from one encounter to the next. I keep hoping to discover that he's dying to see me, and I'm in raptures when I notice his bashful attempts. I think he'd like to be able to express himself as easily as I do; little does he know it's his awkwardness that I find so touching.

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TUESDAY, 7 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

When I think back to my life in 1942, it all seems so unreal. The Anne Frank who enjoyed that heavenly existence was completely different from the one who has grown wise within these walls. Yes, it was heavenly. Five admirers on every street corner, twenty or so friends, the favourite of most of my teachers, spoiled rotten by Father and Mother, bags full of sweets and loads of pocket money. What more could anyone ask for?

You're probably wondering how I could have charmed all those people. Peter says it's because I'm 'attractive', but that isn't it entirely. The teachers were amused and entertained by my clever answers, my witty remarks, my smiling face and my critical mind. That's all I was: a terrible flirt, coquettish and amusing. I had a few plus points, which kept me in everybody's good graces: I was hardworking, honest and generous. I would never have refused anyone who wanted to peek at my answers, I was magnanimous with my sweets, and I wasn't stuck-up.

Would all that admiration eventually have made me over-confident? It's a good thing that, at the height of my glory, I was suddenly plunged into reality. It took me more than a year to get used to doing without admiration.

How did they see me at school? As the class comedian, the eternal ringleader, never in a bad mood, never a crybaby. Was it any wonder that everyone wanted to cycle to school with me or do me little favours?

I look back at that Anne Frank as a pleasant, amusing, but superficial girl, who has nothing to do with me. What did Peter say about me? 'Whenever I saw you, you were surrounded by a flock of girls and at least two boys, you were always laughing, and you were always the centre of attention!' He was right.

What's remained of that Anne Frank? Oh, I haven't forgotten how to laugh or toss off a remark, I'm just as good, if not better, at hauling people over the coals, and I can still flirt and be amusing, if I want to be . . .

But there's the catch. I'd like to live that seemingly carefree and happy life for an evening, a few days, a week. At the end of that week I'd be exhausted, and would be grateful to the first person to talk to me about

something meaningful. I want friends, not admirers. People who respect me for my character and my deeds, not my flattering smile. The circle around me would be much smaller, but what does that matter, as long as they're sincere?

In spite of everything, I wasn't altogether happy in 1942; I often felt I'd been deserted, but because I was on the go all day long, I didn't think about it. I enjoyed myself as much as I could, trying consciously or unconsciously to fill the void with jokes.

Looking back, I realize that this period of my life has irrevocably come to a close; my happy-go-lucky, carefree schooldays are gone for ever. I don't even miss them. I've outgrown them. I can no longer just be frivolous, since my serious side is always there.

I see my life up till New Year 1944 as if I were looking through a powerful magnifying glass. When I was at home, my life was filled with sunshine. Then, in the middle of 1942, everything changed overnight. The quarrels, the accusations – I couldn't take it all in. I was caught off guard, and the only way I knew how to keep my bearings was to talk back.

The first half of 1943 brought crying spells, loneliness and the gradual realization of my faults and shortcomings, which were numerous and seemed even more so. I filled the day with chatter, tried to draw Pim closer to me and failed. This left me on my own to face the difficult task of improving myself so I wouldn't have to hear their reproaches, because they made me so despondent.

The second half of the year was slightly better. I became a teenager, and was treated more like a grown-up. I began to think about things and to write stories, finally coming to the conclusion that the others no longer had anything to do with me. They had no right to swing me back and forth like a pendulum on a clock. I wanted to change myself in my own way. I realized I could manage without my mother, completely and totally, and that hurt. But what affected me even more was the realization that I was never going to be able to confide in Father. I didn't trust anyone but myself.

After New Year the second big change occurred: my dream, through which I discovered my longing for . . . a boy; not for a girlfriend, but for a boyfriend. I also discovered an inner happiness underneath my superficial and cheerful exterior. From time to time I was quiet. Now I live only for Peter, since what happens to me in the future depends largely on him!

I lie in bed at night, after ending my prayers with the words ‘*Ich danke dir für all das Gute und Liebe und Schöne*’,<sup>17</sup> and I’m filled with joy. I think of going into hiding, my health and my whole being as *das Gute*; Peter’s love (which is still so new and fragile and which neither of us dares to say aloud), the future, happiness and love as *das Liebe*; the world, nature and the tremendous beauty of everything, all that splendour, as *das Schöne*.

At such moments I don’t think about all the misery, but about the beauty that still remains. This is where Mother and I differ greatly. Her advice in the face of melancholy is: ‘Think about all the suffering in the world and be thankful you’re not part of it.’ My advice is: ‘Go outside, to the country, enjoy the sun and all nature has to offer. Go outside and try to recapture the happiness within yourself; think of all the beauty in yourself and in everything around you and be happy.’

I don’t think Mother’s advice can be right, because what are you supposed to do if you become part of the suffering? You’d be completely lost. On the contrary, beauty remains, even in misfortune. If you just look for it, you discover more and more happiness and regain your balance. A person who’s happy will make others happy; a person who has courage and faith will never die in misery!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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WEDNESDAY, 8 MARCH 1944

Margot and I have been writing each other notes, just for fun, of course.

Anne: It’s strange, but I can only remember the day after what has happened the night before. For example, I suddenly remembered that Mr Dussel was snoring loudly last night. (It’s now quarter to three on Wednesday afternoon and Mr Dussel is snoring again, which is why it flashed through my mind, of course.) When I had to use the potty, I deliberately made more noise to get the snoring to stop.

Margot: Which is better, the snoring or the gasping for air?

Anne: The snoring's better, because it stops when I make a noise, without waking the person in question.

What I didn't write to Margot, but what I'll confess to you, dear Kitty, is that I've been dreaming of Peter a great deal. The night before last I dreamed I was skating right here in our living-room with that little boy from the Apollo skating-rink; he was with his sister, the girl with the spindly legs who always wore the same blue dress. I introduced myself, overdoing it a bit, and asked him his name. It was Peter. In my dream I wondered just how many Peters I actually knew!

Then I dreamed we were standing in Peter's room, facing each other beside the stairs. I said something to him; he gave me a kiss, but replied that he didn't love me all that much and that I shouldn't flirt. In a desperate and pleading voice I said, 'I'm not flirting, Peter!'

When I woke up, I was glad Peter hasn't said it after all.

Last night I dreamed we were kissing each other, but Peter's cheeks were very disappointing: they weren't as soft as they looked. They were more like Father's cheeks – the cheeks of a man who already shaves.

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FRIDAY, 10 MARCH 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

The proverb 'Misfortunes never come singly' definitely applies to today. Peter just said so. Let me tell you all the awful things that have happened and that are still hanging over our heads.

First, Miep is ill, as a result of Henk and Aagje's wedding yesterday. She caught a cold in the Westerkerk, where the service was held. Second, Mr Kleiman hasn't returned to work since the last time his stomach started bleeding, so Bep's been left to hold the fort alone. Third, the police have arrested a man (whose name I won't put in writing). It's terrible not only for him, but for us as well, since he's been supplying us with potatoes, butter and jam. Mr M., as I'll call him, has five children under the age of thirteen, and another on the way.

Last night we had another little scare: we were in the middle of dinner when suddenly someone knocked on the wall next door. For the rest of the

evening we were nervous and gloomy.

Lately I haven't been at all in the mood to write down what's been going on here. I've been more wrapped up in myself. Don't get me wrong, I'm terribly upset about what's happened to poor, good-hearted Mr M., but there's not much room for him in my diary.

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday I was in Peter's room from four-thirty to five-fifteen. We worked on our French and chatted about one thing and another. I really look forward to that hour or so in the afternoon, but best of all is that I think Peter's just as pleased to see me.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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SATURDAY, 11 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

I haven't been able to sit still lately. I wander upstairs and down and then back again. I like talking to Peter, but I'm always afraid of being a nuisance. He's told me a bit about the past, about his parents and about himself, but it's not enough, and every five minutes I wonder why I find myself longing for more. He used to think I was a real pain in the neck, and the feeling was mutual. I've changed my mind, but how do I know he's changed his? I think he has, but that doesn't necessarily mean we have to become the best of friends, although as far as I'm concerned, it would make our time here more bearable. But I won't let this drive me crazy. I spend enough time thinking about him and don't have to get you worked up as well, simply because I'm so miserable!

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SUNDAY, 12 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Things are getting crazier here as the days go by. Peter hasn't looked at me since yesterday. He's been behaving as if he's cross with me. I'm doing my best not to chase after him and to talk to him as little as possible, but it's not easy! What's going on, what makes him keep me at arm's length one minute



and rush back to my side the next? Perhaps I'm imagining that it's worse than it really is. Perhaps he's just moody like me, and tomorrow everything will be all right again!

I have the hardest time trying to maintain a normal façade when I'm feeling so wretched and sad. I have to talk, help around the house, sit with the others and, above all, act cheerful! Most of all I miss the outdoors and having a place where I can be alone for as long as I want! I think I'm getting everything all mixed up, Kitty, but then, I'm in a state of utter confusion: on the one hand, I'm half mad with desire for him, can hardly be in the same room without looking at him; and on the other hand, I wonder why he should matter to me so much and why I can't be calm again!

Day and night, during every waking hour, I do nothing but ask myself, 'Have you given him enough chance to be alone? Have you been spending too much time upstairs? Do you talk too much about serious subjects he's not yet ready to talk about? Maybe he doesn't even like you? Has it all been your imagination? But then why has he told you so much about himself? Is he sorry he did?' And a whole lot more.

Yesterday afternoon I was so worn out by the sad news from the outside that I lay down on my divan for a nap. All I wanted was to sleep and not have to think. I slept until four, but then I had to go next door. It wasn't easy, answering all Mother's questions and inventing an excuse to explain my nap to Father. I pleaded a headache, which wasn't a lie, since I did have one . . . on the inside!

Ordinary people, ordinary girls, teenagers like myself, would think all this self-pity is a little crazy. But that's just it. I pour my heart out to you, and the rest of the time I'm as impudent, cheerful and self-confident as possible to avoid questions and keep from getting on my own nerves.

Margot is very kind and would like me to confide in her, but I can't tell her everything. She takes me too seriously, far too seriously, and spends a lot of time thinking about her loony sister, looking at me closely whenever I open my mouth and wondering, 'Is she acting, or does she really mean it?'

It's because we're always together. I don't want the person I confide in to be around me all the time.

When will I untangle my jumbled thoughts? When will I find inner peace again?

*Yours, Anne*

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TUESDAY, 14 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

It might be amusing for you (though not for me) to hear what we're going to eat today. The cleaning lady is working downstairs, so at the moment I'm seated at the van Daans' oilcloth-covered table with a handkerchief sprinkled with fragrant pre-war perfume pressed to my nose and mouth. You probably don't have the faintest idea what I'm talking about, so let me 'begin at the beginning'. The people who supply us with food coupons have been arrested, so we have just our five black-market ration books –no coupons, no fats and oils. Since Miep and Mr Kleiman are ill again, Bep can't manage the shopping. The food is wretched, and so are we. As of tomorrow, we won't have a scrap of fat, butter or margarine. We can't eat fried potatoes for breakfast (which we've been doing to save on bread), so we're having porridge instead, and because Mrs van D. thinks we're starving, we bought some milk and some cream. Lunch today consists of mashed potatoes and pickled kale. This explains the precautionary measure with the handkerchief. You wouldn't believe how much kale can stink when it's a few years old! The kitchen smells like a mixture of spoiled plums, rotten eggs and brine. Ugh, just the thought of having to eat that muck makes me want to be sick! Besides that, our potatoes have contracted such strange diseases that one out of every two buckets of *pommes de terre* ends up in the dustbin. We entertain ourselves by trying to work out which disease they've got, and we've reached the conclusion that they suffer from cancer, smallpox and measles. Honestly, being in hiding during the fourth year of the war is no picnic. If only the whole stinking mess were over!

To tell you the truth, the food wouldn't matter so much to me if life here were more pleasant in other ways. But that's just it: this tedious existence is starting to make us all disagreeable. Here are the opinions of the five grown-ups on the present situation (children aren't allowed to have opinions, and for once I'm sticking to the rules):

Mrs van Daan: 'I'd stopped wanting to be queen of the kitchen long ago. But sitting around doing nothing was boring, so I went back to cooking. Still, I can't help complaining: it's impossible to cook without oil, and all

those disgusting smells make me feel like retching. Besides, what do I get in return for my efforts? Ingratitude and rude remarks. I'm always the black sheep; I get blamed for everything. What's more, it's my opinion that the war is making very little progress. The Germans will win in the end. I'm terrified that we're going to starve, and when I'm in a bad mood, I snap at everyone who comes near.'

Mr van Daan: 'I just smoke and smoke and smoke. Then the food, the political situation and Kerli's moods don't seem so bad. Kerli's a sweetheart. If I don't have anything to smoke, I feel ill, then I need to eat meat, life becomes unbearable, nothing's good enough, and there's bound to be a flaming row. My Kerli's an idiot.'

Mrs Frank: 'Food's not very important, but I'd love a slice of rye bread right now, because I'm so hungry. If I were Mrs van Daan, I'd have put a stop to Mr van Daan's smoking long ago. But I desperately need a cigarette now, because my head's in such a whirl. The van Daans are horrible people; the British may make a lot of mistakes, but the war is progressing. I should keep my mouth shut and be grateful I'm not in Poland.'

Mr Frank: 'Everything's fine, I don't need a thing. Stay calm, we've got plenty of time. Just give me my potatoes, and I'll be quiet. Better set aside some of my rations for Bep. The political situation is improving, I'm extremely optimistic.'

Mr Dussel: 'I must complete the task I've set for myself, everything must be finished on time. The political situation is looking "*gut*", it's "eempossible" for us to get caught. Me, me, me . . . !'

*Yours, Anne*

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THURSDAY, 16 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Whew! Released from the gloom and doom for a few moments! All I've been hearing today is: 'If this and that happens, we're in trouble, and if so-and-so falls ill, we'll be left to fend for ourselves, and if . . .'

Well, you know the rest, or at any rate I assume you're familiar enough with the residents of the Annexe to guess what they'd be talking about.

The reason for all the ‘ifs’ is that Mr Kugler has been called up for a six-day work detail, Bep is down with a bad cold and will probably have to stay at home tomorrow, Miep hasn’t got over her flu, and Mr Kleiman’s stomach bled so much he lost consciousness. What a tale of woe!

We think Mr Kugler should go directly to a reliable doctor for a medical certificate of ill health, which he can present to the Town Hall in Hilversum. The warehouse employees have been given a day off tomorrow, so Bep will be alone in the office. If (there’s another ‘if’) Bep has to stay at home, the door will remain locked and we’ll have to be as quiet as mice so the Keg Company won’t hear us. At one o’clock Jan will come for half an hour to check on us poor forsaken souls, like a zoo-keeper.

This afternoon, for the first time in ages, Jan gave us some news of the outside world. You should have seen us gathered around him; it looked exactly like a print: ‘At Grandmother’s Knee’.

He regaled his grateful audience with talk of – what else? – food. Mrs P., a friend of Miep’s, has been cooking his meals. The day before yesterday Jan ate carrots with green peas, yesterday he had the leftovers, today she’s cooking marrowfat peas, and tomorrow she’s planning to mash the remaining carrots with potatoes.

We asked about Miep’s doctor.

‘Doctor?’ said Jan. ‘What doctor? I called him this morning and got his receptionist on the line. I asked for a flu prescription and was told I could come and pick it up tomorrow morning between eight and nine. If you’ve got a particularly bad case of flu, the doctor himself comes to the phone and says, “Stick out your tongue and say ‘aah’”. Oh, I can hear it, your throat’s infected. I’ll write out a prescription and you can take it to the chemist’s. Good day.” And that’s that. Easy job he’s got, diagnosis by phone. But I shouldn’t blame the doctors. After all, a person has only two hands, and these days there’re too many patients and too few doctors.’

Still, we all had a good laugh at Jan’s phone call. I can just imagine what a doctor’s waiting-room looks like these days. Doctors no longer turn up their noses at the poorer patients, but at those with minor illnesses. ‘Hey, what are you doing here?’ they think. ‘Go to the end of the queue; real patients have priority!’

*Yours, Anne*

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THURSDAY, 16 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

The weather is gorgeous, indescribably beautiful; I'll be going up to the attic in a moment.

I now know why I'm so much more restless than Peter. He has his own room, where he can work, dream, think and sleep. I'm constantly being chased from one corner to another. I'm never alone in the room I share with Dussel, though I long to be so much. That's another reason I take refuge in the attic. When I'm there, or with you, I can be myself, at least for a little while. Still, I don't want to whinge. On the contrary, I want to be brave!

Thank goodness the others notice nothing of my innermost feelings, except that every day I'm growing cooler and more contemptuous of Mother, less affectionate to Father and less willing to share a single thought with Margot; I'm closed up tighter than a drum. Above all, I have to maintain my air of confidence. No one must know that my heart and mind are constantly at war with each other. Up till now reason has always won the battle, but will my emotions get the upper hand? Sometimes I fear they will, but more often I actually hope they do!

Oh, it's so terribly hard not to talk to Peter about these things, but I know I have to let him begin; it's so hard to act during the daytime as if everything I've said and done in my dreams had never taken place! Kitty, Anne is crazy, but then these are crazy times and even crazier circumstances.

The nicest part is being able to write down all my thoughts and feelings; otherwise, I'd absolutely suffocate. I wonder what Peter thinks about all these things? I keep thinking I'll be able to talk to him about them one day. He must have guessed something about the inner me, since he couldn't possibly love the outer Anne he's known so far! How could someone like Peter, who loves peace and quiet, possibly stand my bustle and noise? Will he be the first and only person to see what's beneath my granite mask? Will it take him long? Isn't there some old saying about love being akin to pity? Isn't that what's happening here as well? Because I often pity him as much as I do myself!

I honestly don't know how to begin, I really don't, so how can I expect Peter to when talking is so much harder for him? If only I could write to him, then at least he'd know what I was trying to say, since it's so hard to say it out loud!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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FRIDAY, 17 MARCH 1944

*My dearest darling,*

Everything turned out all right after all; Bep just had a sore throat, not flu, and Mr Kugler got a medical certificate to excuse him from the work detail. The entire Annexe breathed a huge sigh of relief. Everything's fine here! Except that Margot and I are rather tired of our parents.

Don't get me wrong. I still love Father as much as ever and Margot loves both Father and Mother, but when you're as old as we are, you want to make a few decisions for yourself, get out from under their thumb. Whenever I go upstairs, they ask what I'm going to do, they won't let me salt my food, Mother asks me every evening at eight-fifteen if it isn't time for me to change into my nightie, and they have to approve every book I read. I must admit, they're not at all strict about that and let me read nearly everything, but Margot and I are sick and tired of having to listen to their comments and questions all day long.

There's something else that displeases them: I no longer feel like giving them little kisses morning, noon and night. All those little nicknames seem so affected, and Father's fondness for talking about farting and going to the lavatory is disgusting. In short, I'd like nothing better than to do without their company for a while, and they don't understand that. Not that Margot and I have ever said any of this to them. What would be the point? They wouldn't understand anyway.

Margot said last night, 'What really bothers me is that if you happen to put your head in your hands and sigh once or twice, they immediately ask whether you have a headache or don't feel well.'

For both of us, it's been quite a blow to suddenly realize that very little remains of the close and harmonious family we used to be at home! This is mostly because everything's out of kilter here. By that I mean that we're

treated like children when it comes to external matters, while, inwardly, we're much older than other girls our age. Even though I'm only fourteen, I know what I want, I know who's right and who's wrong, I have my own opinions, ideas and principles, and though it may sound odd coming from a teenager, I feel I'm more of a person than a child – I feel I'm completely independent of others. I know I'm better at debating or carrying on a discussion than Mother, I know I'm more objective, I don't exaggerate as much, I'm much tidier and better with my hands, and because of that I feel (this may make you laugh) that I'm superior to her in many ways. To love someone, I have to admire and respect the person, but I feel neither respect nor admiration for Mother!

Everything would be all right if only I had Peter, since I admire him in many ways. He's so decent and capable!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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SATURDAY, 18 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

I've told you more about myself and my feelings than I've ever told a living soul, so why shouldn't that include sex?

Parents, and people in general, are very peculiar when it comes to sex. Instead of telling their sons and daughters everything at the age of twelve, they send the children out of the room the moment the subject arises and leave them to find out everything on their own. Later on, when parents notice that their children have, somehow, come by their information, they assume they know more (or less) than they actually do. So why don't they try to make amends by asking them what's what?

A major stumbling block for the adults – though in my opinion it's no more than a pebble – is that they're afraid their children will no longer look upon marriage as sacred and pure once they realize that, in most cases, this purity is a lot of nonsense. As far as I'm concerned, it's not wrong for a man to bring a little experience to a marriage. After all, it has nothing to do with the marriage itself, does it?

Soon after I turned eleven, they told me about menstruation. But even then, I had no idea where the blood came from or what it was for. When I

was twelve and a half, I learned some more from Jacque, who wasn't as ignorant as I was. My own intuition told me what a man and a woman do when they're together; it seemed like a crazy idea at first, but when Jacque confirmed it, I was proud of myself for having worked it out!

It was also Jacque who told me that children didn't come out of their mother's tummies. As she put it, 'Where the ingredients go in is where the finished product comes out!' Jacque and I found out about the hymen, and quite a few other details, from a book on sex education. I also knew that you could keep from having children, but how that worked inside your body remained a mystery. When I came here, Father told me about prostitutes, etc., but all in all there are still unanswered questions.

If mothers don't tell their children everything, they hear it in bits and pieces, and that can't be right.

Even though it's Saturday, I'm not bored! That's because I've been up in the attic with Peter. I sat there dreaming with my eyes closed, and it was wonderful.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

SUNDAY, 19 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Yesterday was a very important day for me. After lunch everything was as usual. At five I put on the potatoes, and Mother gave me some blood sausage to take to Peter. I didn't want to at first, but I finally went. He wouldn't accept the sausage, and I had the dreadful feeling it was still because of that argument we'd had about distrust. Suddenly I couldn't bear it a moment longer and my eyes filled with tears. Without another word, I returned the plate to Mother and went to the lavatory to have a good cry. Afterwards I decided to talk things out with Peter. Before dinner the four of us were helping him with a crossword puzzle, so I couldn't say anything. But as we were sitting down to eat, I whispered to him, 'Are you going to practise your shorthand tonight, Peter?'

'No,' was his reply.

'I'd like to talk to you later on.'

He agreed.



After the washing-up, I went to his room and asked if he'd refused the sausage because of our last quarrel. Luckily, that wasn't the reason; he just thought it was bad manners to seem so eager. It had been very hot downstairs and my face was as red as a lobster. So after taking down some water for Margot, I went back up to get a little fresh air. For the sake of appearances, I first went and stood beside the van Daans' window before going to Peter's room. He was standing on the left side of the open window, so I went over to the right side. It's much easier to talk next to an open window in semi-darkness than in broad daylight, and I think Peter felt the same way. We told each other so much, so very much, that I can't repeat it all. But it felt good; it was the most wonderful evening I've ever had in the Annexe. I'll give you a brief description of the various subjects we touched on.

First we talked about the quarrels and how I see them in a very different light these days, and then about how we've become alienated from our parents. I told Peter about Mother and Father and Margot and myself. At one point he asked, 'You always give each other a good-night kiss, don't you?'

'One? Dozens of them. You don't, do you?'

'No, I've never really kissed anyone.'

'Not even on your birthday?'

'Yes, on my birthday I have.'

We talked about how neither of us really trusts our parents, and how his parents love each other a great deal and wish he'd confide in them, but that he doesn't want to. How I cry my heart out in bed and he goes up to the loft and swears. How Margot and I have only recently got to know each other and yet still tell each other very little, since we're always together. We talked about every imaginable thing, about trust, feelings and ourselves. Oh, Kitty, he was just as I thought he would be.

Then we talked about the year 1942, and how different we were back then; we don't even recognize ourselves from that period. How we couldn't stand each other at first. He'd thought I was a noisy pest, and I'd quickly concluded that he was nothing special. I didn't understand why he didn't flirt with me, but now I'm glad. He also mentioned how he often used to retreat to his room. I said that my noise and exuberance and his silence were two sides of the same coin, and that I also liked peace and quiet but don't

have anything for myself alone, except my diary, and that everyone would rather see the back of me, starting with Mr Dussel, and that I don't always want to sit with my parents. We discussed how glad he is that my parents have children and how glad I am that he's here. How I now understand his need to withdraw and his relationship with his parents, and how much I'd like to help him when they argue.

'But you're always a help to me!' he said.

'How?' I asked, greatly surprised.

'By being cheerful.'

That was the nicest thing he said all evening. He also told me that he didn't mind my coming to his room the way he used to; in fact, he liked it. I also told him that all of Father's and Mother's pet names were meaningless, that a kiss here and there didn't automatically lead to trust. We also talked about doing things your own way, the diary, loneliness, the difference between everyone's inner and outer selves, my mask, etc.

It was wonderful. He must have come to love me as a friend, and, for the time being, that's enough. I'm so grateful and happy, I can't find the words. I must apologize, Kitty, since my style is not up to my usual standard today. I've just written whatever came into my head!

I have the feeling that Peter and I share a secret. Whenever he looks at me with those eyes, with that smile and that wink, it's as if a light goes on inside me. I hope things will stay like this and that we'll have many, many more happy hours together.

*Your grateful and happy Anne*

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MONDAY, 20 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

This morning Peter asked me if I'd come again one evening. He swore I wouldn't be disturbing him, and said that where there was room for one, there was room for two. I said I couldn't see him every evening, since my parents didn't think it was a good idea, but he thought I shouldn't let that bother me. So I told him I'd like to come some Saturday evening and also asked him if he'd let me know when you could see the moon.

‘Fine,’ he said, ‘maybe we can go downstairs and look at the moon from there.’ I agreed; I’m not really so scared of burglars.

In the meantime, a shadow has fallen on my happiness. For a long time I’ve had the feeling that Margot likes Peter. Just how much I don’t know, but the whole situation is very unpleasant. Now every time I go and see Peter I’m hurting her, without meaning to. The funny thing is that she hardly lets it show. I know I’d be insanely jealous, but Margot just says I shouldn’t feel sorry for her.

‘I think it’s so awful that you’ve become the odd one out,’ I added.

‘I’m used to that,’ she replied, somewhat bitterly.

I don’t dare tell Peter. Maybe later on, but he and I need to discuss so many other things first.

Mother gave me a warning tap last night, which I deserved. I mustn’t carry my indifference and contempt for her too far. In spite of everything, I should try once again to be friendly and keep my remarks to myself!

Even Pim isn’t as nice as he used to be. He’s been trying not to treat me like a child, but now he’s much too cold. We’ll just have to see what comes of it! He’s warned me that if I don’t do my algebra, I won’t get any extra tuition after the war. I could simply wait and see what happens, but I’d like to start again, provided I get a new book.

That’s enough for now. I do nothing but gaze at Peter, and I’m filled to overflowing!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

Evidence of Margot’s goodness. I received this today, 20 March 1944:

Anne, yesterday when I said I wasn’t jealous of you, I wasn’t being entirely honest. The situation is this: I’m not jealous of either you or Peter. I’m just sorry I haven’t found anyone with whom to share my thoughts and feelings, and I’m not likely to in the near future. But that’s why I wish, from the bottom of my heart, that you will both be able to place your trust in each other. You’re already missing out on so much here, things other people take for granted.

On the other hand, I’m certain I’d never have got as far with Peter, because I think I’d need to feel very close to a person before I could share my thoughts. I’d want to have the feeling that he understood me

through and through, even if I didn't say much. For this reason it would have to be someone I felt was intellectually superior to me, and that isn't the case with Peter. But I can imagine your feeling close to him.

So there's no need for you to reproach yourself because you think you're taking something I was entitled to; nothing could be further from the truth. You and Peter have everything to gain by your friendship.

My answer:

Dearest Margot,

Your letter was extremely kind, but I still don't feel completely happy about the situation, and I don't think I ever will.

At the moment, Peter and I don't trust each other as much as you seem to think. It's just that when you're standing beside an open window at twilight, you can say more to each other than in bright sunshine. It's also easier to whisper your feelings than to shout them from the rooftops. I think you've begun to feel a kind of sisterly affection for Peter and would like to help him, just as much as I would. Perhaps you'll be able to do that someday, though that's not the kind of trust we have in mind. I believe that trust has to come from both sides; I also think that's the reason why Father and I have never really grown so close. But let's not talk about it any more. If there's anything you still want to discuss, please write, because it's easier for me to say what I mean on paper than face-to-face. You know how much I admire you, and only hope that some of your goodness and Father's goodness will rub off on me, because, in that sense, you two are a lot alike.

*Yours, Anne*

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WEDNESDAY, 22 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

I received this letter last night from Margot:

Dear Anne,

After your letter of yesterday I have the unpleasant feeling that your conscience bothers you whenever you go to Peter's to work or talk; there's really no reason for that. In my heart, I know there's someone who deserves my trust (as I do his), and I wouldn't be able to tolerate Peter in his place.

However, as you wrote, I do think of Peter as a kind of brother . . . a younger brother; we've been sending out feelers, and a brotherly and sisterly affection may or may not develop at some later date, but it's certainly not reached that stage yet. So there's no need for you to feel sorry for me. Now that you've found companionship, enjoy it as much as you can.

In the meantime, things are getting more and more wonderful here. I think, Kitty, that true love may be developing in the Annexe. All those jokes about marrying Peter if we stayed here long enough weren't so silly after all. Not that I'm thinking of marrying him, mind you. I don't even know what he'll be like when he grows up. Or if we'll even love each other enough to get married.

I'm sure now that Peter loves me too; I just don't know in what way. I can't decide if he wants only a good friend, or if he's attracted to me as a girl or as a sister. When he said I always helped him when his parents were arguing, I was tremendously happy; it was one step towards making me believe in his friendship. I asked him yesterday what he'd do if there were a dozen Annes who kept popping in to see him. His answer was: 'If they were all like you, it wouldn't be so bad.' He's extremely hospitable, and I think he really likes to see me. Meanwhile, he's been working hard at learning French, even studying in bed until ten-fifteen.

Oh, when I think back to Saturday night, to our words, our voices, I feel satisfied with myself for the very first time; what I mean is, I'd still say the same and wouldn't want to change a thing, the way I usually do. He's so handsome, whether he's smiling or just sitting still. He's so sweet and good and beautiful. I think what surprised him most about me was when he discovered that I'm not at all the superficial, worldly Anne I appear to be, but a dreamer, like he is, with just as many troubles!

Last night after washing up, I waited for him to ask me to stay upstairs. But nothing happened; I went away. He came downstairs to tell Dussel it was time to listen to the radio and hung around the bathroom for a while, but when Dussel took too long, he went back upstairs. He paced up and down his room and went to bed early.

The entire evening I was so restless I kept going to the bathroom to splash cold water on my face. I read a bit, daydreamed some more, looked at the clock and waited, waited, waited, all the while listening to his footsteps. I went to bed early, exhausted.

Tonight I have to take a bath, and tomorrow?

Tomorrow's so far away!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

My answer:

Dearest Margot,

I think the best thing is simply to wait and see what happens. It can't be much longer before Peter and I will have to decide whether to go back to the way we were or do something else. I don't know how it'll turn out; I can't see any farther than the end of my nose.

But I'm certain of one thing: if Peter and I do become friends, I'm going to tell him you're also very fond of him and are prepared to help him if he needs you. You wouldn't want me to, I'm sure, but I don't care; I don't know what Peter thinks of you, but I'll ask him when the time comes. It's certainly nothing bad – on the contrary! You're welcome to join us in the attic, or wherever we are. You won't be disturbing us, because we have an unspoken agreement to talk only in the evenings when it's dark.

Keep your spirits up! I'm doing my best, though it's not always easy. Your time may come sooner than you think.

*Yours, Anne*

THURSDAY, 23 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Things are more or less back to normal here. Our coupon men have been released from prison, thank goodness!

Miep's been back since yesterday, but today it was her husband's turn to take to his bed – shivers and a temperature, the usual flu symptoms. Bep is better, though she still has a cough, and Mr Kleiman will have to stay at home for a long time.

Yesterday a plane crashed nearby. The crew was able to parachute out in time. It crashed on top of a school, but luckily there were no children inside. There was a small fire and a couple of people were killed. As the airmen made their descent, the Germans sprayed them with bullets. The Amsterdammers who saw it seethed with rage at such a dastardly deed. We – by which I mean the ladies – were also scared out of our wits. Brrr, I hate the sound of gunfire.

Now about myself.

I was with Peter yesterday and, somehow, I honestly don't know how, we ended up talking about sex. I'd made up my mind a long time ago to ask him a few things. He knows everything; when I said that Margot and I weren't very well informed, he was amazed. I told him a lot about Margot and me and Mother and Father and said that lately I didn't dare ask them anything. He offered to enlighten me, and I gratefully accepted: he described how contraceptives work, and I asked him very boldly how boys could tell they were grown up. He had to think about that one; he said he'd tell me tonight. I told him what had happened to Jacque, and said that girls are defenceless against strong boys. 'Well, you don't have to be afraid of me,' he said.

When I came back that evening, he told me how it is with boys. Slightly embarrassing, but still awfully nice to be able to discuss it with him. Neither he nor I had ever imagined we'd be able to talk so openly to a girl or a boy, respectively, about such intimate matters. I think I know everything now. He told me a lot about what he called *Präsentivmitteln*<sup>18</sup> in German.

That night in the bathroom Margot and I were talking about Bram and Trees, two friends of hers.

This morning I was in for a nasty surprise: after breakfast Peter beckoned me upstairs. 'That was a dirty trick you played on me,' he said. 'I heard what you and Margot were saying in the bathroom last night. I think you just wanted to find out how much Peter knew and then have a good laugh!'

I was stunned! I did everything I could to talk him out of that outrageous idea; I could understand how he must have felt, but it just wasn't true!

'Oh no, Peter,' I said. 'I'd never be so rotten. I told you I wouldn't pass on anything you said to me and I won't. To put on an act like that and then deliberately be so mean . . . No, Peter, that's not my idea of a joke. It wouldn't be fair. I didn't say anything, honest. Won't you believe me?' He assured me he did, but I think we'll have to talk about it again sometime. I've done nothing all day but worry about it. Thank goodness he came right out and said what was on his mind. Imagine if he'd gone around thinking I could be that horrible. He's so sweet!

Now I'll have to tell him everything!

*Yours, Anne*

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FRIDAY, 24 MARCH 1944

*Dear Kitty,*

I often go up to Peter's room after dinner nowadays to breathe in the fresh evening air. You can get around to meaningful conversations more quickly in the dark than with the sun tickling your face. It's cosy and snug sitting beside him on a chair and looking outside. The van Daans and Dussel make the silliest remarks when I disappear into his room. '*Annes zweite Heimat*',<sup>19</sup> they say, or 'Is it proper for a gentleman to receive young girls in his room at night with the lights out?' Peter has amazing presence of mind in the face of these so-called witticisms. My mother, incidentally, is also bursting with curiosity and simply dying to ask what we talk about, only she's secretly afraid I'd refuse to answer. Peter says the grown-ups are just jealous because we're young and that we shouldn't take their obnoxious comments to heart.

Sometimes he comes downstairs to get me, but that's awkward too, because in spite of all his precautions his face turns bright red and he can hardly get the words out of his mouth. I'm glad I don't blush; it must be extremely unpleasant.

Besides, it bothers me that Margot has to sit downstairs all by herself, while I'm upstairs enjoying Peter's company. But what can I do about it? I



wouldn't mind it if she came, but she'd just be the odd one out, sitting there like a lump.

I've had to listen to countless remarks about our sudden friendship. I can't tell you how often the conversation at meals has been about an Annexe wedding, should the war last another five years. Do we take any notice of this parental chitchat? Hardly, since it's all so silly. Have my parents forgotten that they were young once? Apparently they have. At any rate, they laugh at us when we're serious, and they're serious when we're joking.

I don't know what's going to happen next, or whether we'll run out of things to say. But if it goes on like this, we'll eventually be able to be together without talking. If only his parents would stop acting so strangely. It's probably because they don't like seeing me so often; Peter and I certainly never tell them what we talk about. Imagine if they knew we were discussing such intimate things.

I'd like to ask Peter whether he knows what girls look like down there. I don't think boys are as complicated as girls. You can easily see what boys look like in photographs or pictures of male nudes, but with women it's different. In women, the genitals, or whatever they're called, are hidden between their legs. Peter has probably never seen a girl up close. To tell you the truth, neither have I. Boys are a lot easier. How on earth would I go about describing a girl's parts? I can tell from what he said that he doesn't know exactly how it all fits together. He was talking about the '*Muttermund*',<sup>20</sup> but that's on the inside, where you can't see it. Everything's pretty well arranged in us women. Until I was eleven or twelve, I didn't realize there was a second set of labia on the inside, since you couldn't see them. What's even funnier is that I thought urine came out of the clitoris. I asked Mother once what that little bump was, and she said she didn't know. She can really play dumb when she wants to!

But to get back to the subject. How on earth can you explain what it all looks like without any models? Shall I try anyway? Okay, here goes!

When you're standing up, all you see from the front is hair. Between your legs there are two soft, cushiony things, also covered with hair, which press together when you're standing, so you can't see what's inside. They separate when you sit down, and they're very red and quite fleshy on the

inside. In the upper part, between the outer labia, there's a fold of skin that, on second thought, looks like a kind of blister. That's the clitoris. Then come the inner labia, which are also pressed together in a kind of crease. When they open up, you can see a fleshy little mound, no bigger than the top of my thumb. The upper part has a couple of small holes in it, which is where the urine comes out. The lower part looks as if it were just skin, and yet that's where the vagina is. You can barely find it, because the folds of skin hide the opening. The hole's so small I can hardly imagine how a man could get in there, much less how a baby could come out. It's hard enough trying to get your index finger inside. That's all there is, and yet it plays such an important role!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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SATURDAY, 25 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

You never realize how much you've changed until after it's happened. I've changed quite drastically, everything about me is different: my opinions, ideas, critical outlook. Inwardly, outwardly, nothing's the same. And, I might safely add, since it's true, I've changed for the better. I once told you that, after years of being adored, it was hard for me to adjust to the harsh reality of grown-ups and rebukes. But Father and Mother are largely to blame for my having to put up with so much. At home they wanted me to enjoy life, which was fine, but here they shouldn't have encouraged me to agree with them and only shown me 'their' side of all the quarrels and gossip. It was a long time before I discovered the score was fifty-fifty. I now know that many blunders have been committed here, by young and old alike. Father and Mother's biggest mistake in dealing with the van Daans is that they're never candid and friendly (admittedly, the friendliness might have to be feigned). Above all, I want to keep the peace, and to neither quarrel nor gossip. With Father and Margot that's not difficult, but it is with Mother, which is why I'm glad she gives me an occasional rap on the knuckles. You can win Mr van Daan over to your side by agreeing with him, listening quietly, not saying much and most of all . . . responding to his teasing and his corny jokes with a joke of your own. Mrs van D. can be won

over by talking openly to her and admitting when you're wrong. She also frankly admits her faults, of which she has many. I know all too well that she doesn't think as badly of me as she did in the beginning. And that's simply because I'm honest and tell people right to their faces what I think, even when it's not very flattering. I want to be honest; I think it gets you further and also makes you feel better about yourself.

Yesterday Mrs van D. was talking about the rice we gave Mr Kleiman. 'All we do is give, give, give. But at a certain point I think that enough is enough. If he'd only take the trouble, Mr Kleiman could find his own rice. Why should we give away all our supplies? We need them just as badly.'

'No, Mrs van Daan,' I replied. 'I don't agree with you. Mr Kleiman may very well be able to get hold of a little rice, but he doesn't like having to worry about it. It's not our place to criticize the people who are helping us. We should give them whatever they need if we can possibly spare it. One less plate of rice a week won't make that much difference; we can always eat beans.'

Mrs van D. didn't see it my way, but she added that, even though she disagreed, she was willing to back down, and that was an entirely different matter.

Well, I've said enough. Sometimes I know what my place is and sometimes I have my doubts, but I'll eventually get where I want to be! I know I will! Especially now that I have help, since Peter helps me through many a rough patch and rainy day!

I honestly don't know how much he loves me and whether we'll ever get as far as a kiss; in any case, I don't want to force the issue! I told Father I often go and see Peter and asked if he approved, and of course he did!

It's much easier now to tell Peter things I'd normally keep to myself; for example, I told him I want to write later on, and if I can't be a writer, to write in addition to my work.

I don't have much in the way of money or worldly possessions, I'm not beautiful, intelligent or clever, but I'm happy, and I intend to stay that way! I was born happy, I love people, I have a trusting nature, and I'd like everyone else to be happy too.

*Your devoted friend, Anne M. Frank*

*An empty day, though clear and bright,*

*Is just as dark as any night.*

(I wrote this a few weeks ago and it no longer holds true, but I included it because my poems are so few and far between.)

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MONDAY, 27 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

At least one long chapter on our life in hiding should be about politics, but I've been avoiding the subject, since it interests me so little. Today, however, I'll devote an entire letter to politics.

Of course, there are many different opinions on this topic, and it's not surprising to hear it frequently discussed in times of war, but . . . arguing so much about politics is just plain stupid! Let them laugh, swear, make bets, grumble and do whatever they want as long as they stew in their own juice. But don't let them argue, since that only makes things worse. The people who come from outside bring us a lot of news that later proves to be untrue; however, until now our radio has never lied. Jan, Miep, Mr Kleiman, Bep and Mr Kugler go up and down in their political moods, though Jan least of all.

Here in the Annexe the mood never varies. The endless debates over the invasion, air raids, speeches, etc., etc., are accompanied by countless exclamations such as 'Eempossible!, *Um Gottes Willen*.<sup>21</sup> If they're just getting started now, how long is it going to last!, It's going splendidly, *gut*, great!'

Optimists and pessimists – not to mention the realists – air their opinions with unflagging energy, and as with everything else, they're all certain that they have a monopoly on the truth. It annoys a certain lady that her spouse has such supreme faith in the British, and a certain husband attacks his wife because of her teasing and disparaging remarks about his beloved nation!

And so it goes from early in the morning to late at night; the funny part is that they never get tired of it. I've discovered a trick, and the effect is overwhelming, just like pricking someone with a pin and watching them jump. Here's how it works: I start talking about politics. All it takes is a

single question, a word or a sentence, and before you know it, the entire family is involved!

As if the German 'Wehrmacht News' and the English BBC weren't enough, they've now added special air-raid announcements. In a word, splendid. But the other side of the coin is that the British Air Force is operating round the clock. Not unlike the German propaganda machine, which is cranking out lies twenty-four hours a day!

So the radio is switched on every morning at eight (if not earlier) and is listened to every hour until nine, ten or even eleven at night. This is the best evidence yet that the adults have infinite patience, but also that their brains have turned to mush (some of them, I mean, since I wouldn't want to insult anyone). One broadcast, two at the most, should be enough to last the entire day. But no, those old nincompoops . . . never mind, I've already said it all! 'Music While You Work', the Dutch broadcast from England, Frank Phillips or Queen Wilhelmina, they each get a turn and find a willing listener. If the adults aren't eating or sleeping, they're clustered around the radio talking about eating, sleeping and politics. Whew! It's getting to be a bore, and it's all I can do to keep from turning into a dreary old crone myself! Though with all the oldies around me, that might not be such a bad idea!

Here's a shining example, a speech made by our beloved Winston Churchill.

Nine o'clock, Sunday evening. The teapot, under its cosy, is on the table, and the guests enter the room. Dussel sits to the left of the radio, Mr van D. in front of it and Peter to the side. Mother is next to Mr van D., with Mrs van D. behind them. Margot and I are sitting in the last row and Pim at the table. I realize this isn't a very clear description of our seating arrangements, but it doesn't matter. The men smoke, Peter's eyes close from the strain of listening, Mummy is dressed in her long, dark negligée, Mrs van D. is trembling because of the planes, which take no notice of the speech but fly blithely on towards Essen, Father is slurping his tea, and Margot and I are united in a sisterly way by the sleeping Mouschi, who has taken possession of both our knees. Margot's hair is in curlers and my nightdress is too small, too tight and too short. It all looks so intimate, cosy and peaceful, and for once it really is. Yet I await the end of the speech with dread. They're impatient, straining at the leash to start another argument!

Pst, pst, like a cat luring a mouse from its hole, they goad each other into quarrels and dissent.

*Yours, Anne*

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TUESDAY, 28 MARCH 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

As much as I'd like to write more on politics, I have lots of other news to report today. First, Mother has virtually forbidden me to go up to Peter's, since, according to her, Mrs van Daan is jealous. Second, Peter's invited Margot to join us upstairs. Whether he really means it or is just saying it out of politeness, I don't know. Third, I asked Father if he thought I should take any notice of Mrs van Daan's jealousy and he said I didn't have to.

What should I do now? Mother's angry, doesn't want me going upstairs, wants me to go back to doing my homework in the room I share with Dussel. She may be jealous herself. Father doesn't begrudge us those few hours and thinks it's nice we get along so well. Margot likes Peter too, but feels that three people can't talk about the same things as two.

Furthermore, Mother thinks Peter's in love with me. To tell you the truth, I wish he were. Then we'd be even, and it'd be a lot easier to get to know each other. She also claims he's always looking at me. Well, I suppose we do give each other the occasional wink. But I can't help it if he keeps admiring my dimples, can I?

I'm in a very difficult position. Mother's against me and I'm against her. Father turns a blind eye to the silent struggle between Mother and me. Mother is sad, because she still loves me, but I'm not at all unhappy, because she no longer means anything to me.

As for Peter . . . I don't want to give him up. He's so sweet and I admire him so much. He and I could have a really beautiful relationship, so why are the old people poking their noses into our business again? Fortunately, I'm used to hiding my feelings, so I manage not to show how insane I am about him. Is he ever going to say anything? Am I ever going to feel his cheek against mine, the way I felt Petel's cheek in my dream? Oh, Peter and Petel, you're one and the same! They don't understand us; they'd never understand that we're content just to sit beside each other and not say a

word. They have no idea of what draws us together! Oh, when will we overcome all these difficulties? And yet it's good that we have to surmount them, since it makes the end that much more beautiful. When he lays his head on his arms and closes his eyes, he's still a child; when he plays with Mouschi or talks about her, he's loving; when he carries the potatoes or other heavy loads, he's strong; when he goes to watch the gunfire or walks through the dark house to look for burglars, he's brave; and when he's so awkward and clumsy, he's hopelessly endearing. It's much nicer when he explains something to me than when I have to teach him. I wish he were superior to me in nearly every way!

What do we care about our two mothers? Oh, if only he'd say something.

Father always says I'm conceited, but I'm not, I'm merely vain! I haven't had many people tell me I was pretty, except for a boy at school who said I looked so nice when I smiled. Yesterday Peter paid me a true compliment, and just for fun I'll give you a rough idea of our conversation.

Peter often says, 'Smile!' I thought it was strange, so yesterday I asked him, 'Why do you always want me to smile?'

'Because you get dimples in your cheeks. How do you do that?'

'I was born with them. There's also one in my chin. It's the only mark of beauty I possess.'

'No, no, that's not true!'

'Yes, it is. I know I'm not beautiful. I never have been and I never will be!'

'I don't agree. I think you're pretty.'

'I am not.'

'I say you are, and you'll have to take my word for it!'

So of course I then said the same about him.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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WEDNESDAY, 29 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Mr Bolkestein, the Cabinet Minister, speaking on the Dutch broadcast from London, said that after the war a collection would be made of diaries and letters dealing with the war. Of course, everyone pounced on my diary. Just

imagine how interesting it would be if I were to publish a novel about the Secret Annexe. The title alone would make people think it was a detective story.

Seriously, though, ten years after the war people would find it very amusing to read how we lived, what we ate and what we talked about as Jews in hiding. Although I tell you a great deal about our lives, you still know very little about us. How frightened the women are during air raids; last Sunday, for instance, when 350 British planes dropped 550 tons of bombs on IJmuiden, so that the houses trembled like blades of grass in the wind. Or how many epidemics are raging here.

You know nothing of these matters, and it would take me all day to describe everything down to the last detail. People have to queue for vegetables and all kinds of goods; doctors can't visit their patients, since their cars and bikes are stolen the moment they turn their backs; burglaries and thefts are so common that you ask yourself what's suddenly got into the Dutch to make them so light-fingered. Little children, eight- and eleven-year-olds, smash the windows of people's homes and steal whatever they can lay their hands on. People don't dare leave the house for even five minutes, since they're liable to come back and find all their belongings gone. Every day the newspapers are filled with reward notices for the return of stolen typewriters, Persian rugs, electric clocks, fabrics, etc. The electric clocks on street corners are dismantled, public phones are stripped down to the last wire.

Morale among the Dutch can't be good. Everyone's hungry; except for the ersatz coffee, a week's food ration doesn't last two days. The invasion's long in coming, the men are being shipped off to Germany, the children are ill or undernourished, everyone's wearing worn-out clothes and run-down shoes. A new sole costs 7.50 guilders on the black market. Besides, few shoemakers will do repairs, or if they do, you have to wait four months for your shoes, which might very well have disappeared in the meantime.

One good thing has come out of this: as the food gets worse and the decrees more severe, the acts of sabotage against the authorities are increasing. The food office, the police, the officials – they're all either helping their fellow citizens or denouncing them and sending them off to prison. Fortunately, only a small percentage of Dutch people are on the wrong side.



*Yours, Anne*

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FRIDAY, 31 MARCH 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Just imagine, it's still fairly cold, and yet most people have been without coal for nearly a month. Sounds awful, doesn't it? There's a general mood of optimism about the Russian front, because that's going great guns! I don't often write about the political situation, but I must tell you where the Russians are at the moment. They've reached the Polish border and the Prut River in Romania. They're close to Odessa, and they've surrounded Ternopol. Every night we're expecting an extra communiqué from Stalin.

They're firing off so many salutes in Moscow, the city must be rumbling and shaking all day long. Whether they like to pretend the fighting's nearby or they simply don't have any other way to express their joy, I don't know!

Hungary has been occupied by German troops. There are still a million Jews living there; they too are doomed.

Nothing special is happening here. Today is Mr van Daan's birthday. He received two packets of tobacco, one serving of coffee, which his wife had managed to save, lemon punch from Mr Kugler, sardines from Miep, eau-de-Cologne from us, lilacs, tulips and, last but not least, a cake with raspberry filling, slightly gluey because of the poor quality of the flour and the lack of butter, but delicious anyway.

All that talk about Peter and me has died down a bit. He's coming to fetch me tonight. Pretty nice of him, don't you think, since he hates doing it! We're very good friends. We spend a lot of time together and talk about every imaginable subject. It's so nice not having to hold back when we come to a delicate topic, the way I would with other boys. For example, we were talking about blood and somehow the conversation turned to menstruation, etc. He thinks we women are quite tough to be able to withstand the loss of blood, and that I am too. I wonder why?

My life here is better now, much better. God has not forsaken me, and He never will.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

•

SATURDAY, 1 APRIL 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

And yet everything is still so difficult. You do know what I mean, don't you? I long so much for him to kiss me, but that kiss is taking its own sweet time. Does he still think of me as a friend? Don't I mean anything more?

You and I both know that I'm strong, that I can carry most burdens alone. I've never been used to sharing my worries with anyone, and I've never clung to a mother, but I'd love to lay my head on his shoulder and just sit there quietly.

I can't, I simply can't forget that dream of Peter's cheek, when everything was so good! Does he have the same longing? Is he just too shy to say he loves me? Why does he want me near him so much? Oh, why doesn't he say something?

I've got to stop, I've got to be calm. I'll try to be strong again, and if I'm patient, the rest will follow. But – and this is the worst part – I seem to be chasing him. I'm always the one who has to go upstairs; *he* never comes to *me*. But that's because of the rooms, and he understands why I object. Oh, I'm sure he understands more than I think.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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MONDAY, 3 APRIL 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

Contrary to my usual practice, I'm going to write you a detailed description of the food situation, since it's become a matter of some difficulty and importance, not only here in the Annexe, but in all of Holland, all of Europe and even beyond.

In the twenty-one months we've lived here, we've been through a good many 'food cycles' – you'll understand what that means in a moment. A 'food cycle' is a period in which we have only one particular dish or type of vegetable to eat. For a long time we ate nothing but endive. Endive with sand, endive without sand, endive with mashed potatoes, endive and

mashed potato casserole. Then it was spinach, followed by kohlrabi, salsify, cucumbers, tomatoes, sauerkraut, etc., etc.

It's not much fun when you have to eat, say, sauerkraut every day for lunch and dinner, but when you're hungry enough, you do a lot of things. Now, however, we're going through the most delightful period so far, because there are no vegetables at all.

Our weekly lunch menu consists of brown beans, split-pea soup, potatoes with dumplings, potato kugel and, by the grace of God, turnip tops or rotten carrots, and then it's back to brown beans. Because of the bread shortage, we eat potatoes at every meal, starting with breakfast, but then we fry them a little. To make soup we use brown beans, haricot beans, potatoes, packets of vegetable soup, packets of chicken soup and packets of bean soup. There are brown beans in everything, including the bread. For dinner we always have potatoes with imitation gravy and – thank goodness we've still got it – beetroot salad. I must tell you about the dumplings. We make them with government-issue flour, water and yeast. They're so gluey and tough that it feels as if you have rocks in your stomach, but oh well!

The high point is our weekly slice of liver sausage, and the jam on our unbuttered bread. But we're still alive, and much of the time it still tastes good too!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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WEDNESDAY, 5 APRIL 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

For a long time now I didn't know why I was bothering to do any schoolwork. The end of the war still seemed so far away, so unreal, like a fairy tale. If the war isn't over by September, I won't go back to school, since I don't want to be two years behind.

Peter filled my days, nothing but Peter, dreams and thoughts until Saturday night, when I felt so utterly miserable; oh, it was awful. I held back my tears when I was with Peter, laughed uproariously with the van Daans as we drank lemon punch and was cheerful and excited, but the minute I was alone I knew I was going to cry my eyes out. I slid to the floor in my nightie and began by saying my prayers, very fervently. Then I drew

my knees to my chest, laid my head on my arms and cried, all huddled up on the bare floor. A loud sob brought me back down to earth, and I choked back my tears, since I didn't want anyone next door to hear me. Then I tried to pull myself together, saying over and over, 'I must, I must, I must . . .'

Stiff from sitting in such an unusual position, I fell back against the side of the bed and kept up my struggle until just before ten-thirty, when I climbed back into bed. It was over!

And now it's really over. I finally realized that I must do my schoolwork to keep from being ignorant, to get on in life, to become a journalist, because that's what I want! I *know* I can write. A few of my stories are good, my descriptions of the Secret Annexe are humorous, much of my diary is vivid and alive, but . . . it remains to be seen whether I really have talent.

'Eva's Dream' is my best fairy tale, and the odd thing is that I don't have the faintest idea where it came from. Parts of 'Cady's Life' are also good, but as a whole it's nothing special. I'm my best and harshest critic. I know what's good and what isn't. Unless you write yourself, you can't know how wonderful it is; I always used to bemoan the fact that I couldn't draw, but now I'm overjoyed that at least I can write. And if I don't have the talent to write books or newspaper articles, I can always write for myself. But I want to achieve more than that. I can't imagine having to live like Mother, Mrs van Daan and all the women who go about their work and are then forgotten. I need to have something besides a husband and children to devote myself to! I don't want to have lived in vain like most people. I want to be useful or bring enjoyment to all people, even those I've never met. I want to go on living even after my death! And that's why I'm so grateful to God for having given me this gift, which I can use to develop myself and to express all that's inside me!

When I write I can shake off all my cares. My sorrow disappears, my spirits are revived! But, and that's a big question, will I ever be able to write something great, will I ever become a journalist or a writer?

I hope so, oh, I hope so very much, because writing allows me to record everything, all my thoughts, ideals and fantasies.

I haven't worked on 'Cady's Life' for ages. In my mind I've worked out exactly what happens next, but the story doesn't seem to be coming along very well. I might never finish it, and it'll end up in the wastepaper basket

or the fire. That's a horrible thought, but then I say to myself, 'At the age of fourteen and with so little experience, you can't write about philosophy.'

So onwards and upwards, with renewed spirits. It'll all work out, because I'm determined to write!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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THURSDAY, 6 APRIL 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

You asked me what my hobbies and interests are and I'd like to answer, but I'd better warn you, I have lots of them, so don't be surprised.

First of all: writing, but I don't really think of that as a hobby.

Number two: genealogical charts. I'm looking in every newspaper, book and document I can find for the family trees of the French, German, Spanish, English, Austrian, Russian, Norwegian and Dutch royal families. I've made great progress with many of them, because for a long time I've been taking notes while reading biographies or history books. I even copy out many of the passages on history.

So my third hobby is history, and Father's already bought me numerous books. I can hardly wait for the day when I'll be able to go to the public library and ferret out the information I need.

Number four is Greek and Roman mythology. I have various books on this subject too. I can name the nine Muses and the seven loves of Zeus. I have the wives of Hercules, etc., etc., off pat.

My other hobbies are film stars and family photographs. I'm crazy about reading and books. I adore the history of the arts, especially when it concerns writers, poets and painters; musicians may come later. I loathe algebra, geometry and arithmetic. I enjoy all my other school subjects, but history's my favourite!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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TUESDAY, 11 APRIL 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

My head's in a whirl, I really don't know where to begin. Thursday (the last time I wrote to you) everything was as usual. Friday afternoon (Good Friday) we played Monopoly; Saturday afternoon too. The days passed very quickly. At about two o'clock on Saturday, heavy firing began – machine-guns, according to the men. For the rest, everything was quiet.

Sunday afternoon Peter came to see me at four-thirty, at my invitation. At five-fifteen we went to the front attic, where we stayed until six. There was a beautiful Mozart concert on the radio from six to seven-fifteen; I especially enjoyed the *Kleine Nachtmusik*. I can hardly bear to listen in the kitchen, since beautiful music stirs me to the very depths of my soul. Sunday evening Peter couldn't take his bath, because the tub was down in the office kitchen, filled with dirty clothes. The two of us went to the front attic together, and in order to be able to sit comfortably, I took along the only cushion I could find in my room. We seated ourselves on a packing case. Since both the case and the cushion were very narrow, we were sitting quite close, leaning against two other cases; Mouschi kept us company, so we weren't without a chaperon. Suddenly, at quarter to nine, Mr van Daan whistled and asked if we had Mr Dussel's cushion. We jumped up and went downstairs with the cushion, the cat and Mr van Daan. This cushion was the source of much misery. Dussel was angry because I'd taken the one he uses as a pillow, and he was afraid it might be covered with fleas; he had the entire house in an uproar because of this one cushion. In revenge, Peter and I stuck two hard brushes in his bed, but had to take them out again when Dussel unexpectedly decided to go and sit in his room. We had a really good laugh at this little intermezzo.

But our fun was short-lived. At nine-thirty Peter knocked gently on the door and asked Father to come upstairs and help him with a difficult English sentence.

'That sounds fishy,' I said to Margot. 'It's obviously a pretext. You can tell by the way the men are talking that there's been a break-in!' I was right. The warehouse was being broken into at that very moment. Father, Mr van Daan and Peter were downstairs in a flash. Margot, Mother, Mrs van D. and I waited. Four frightened women need to talk, so that's what we did until we heard a bang downstairs. After that all was quiet. The clock struck quarter to ten. The colour had drained from our faces, but we remained calm, even though we were afraid. Where were the men? What was that

bang? Were they fighting with the burglars? We were too scared to think; all we could do was wait.

Ten o'clock, footsteps on the stairs. Father, pale and nervous, came inside, followed by Mr van Daan. 'Lights out, tiptoe upstairs, we're expecting the police!'

There wasn't time to be scared. The lights were switched off, I grabbed a jacket, and we sat down upstairs.

'What happened? Tell us quickly!'

There was no one to tell us; the men had gone back downstairs. The four of them didn't come back up until ten past ten. Two of them kept watch at Peter's open window. The door to the landing was locked, the bookcase shut. We draped a sweater over our night-light, and then they told us what had happened:

Peter was on the landing when he heard two loud bangs. He went downstairs and saw that a large panel was missing from the left half of the warehouse door. He dashed upstairs, alerted the 'Home Guard', and the four of them went downstairs. When they entered the warehouse, the burglars were going about their business. Without thinking, Mr van Daan yelled 'Police!' Hurried footsteps outside; the burglars had fled. The board was put back in the door so the police wouldn't notice the gap, but then a swift kick from outside sent it flying to the floor. The men were amazed at the burglars' audacity. Both Peter and Mr van Daan felt a murderous rage come over them. Mr van Daan slammed an axe against the floor, and all was quiet again. Once more the panel was replaced, and once more the attempt was foiled. Outside, a man and a woman shone a glaring torch through the opening, lighting up the entire warehouse. 'What the . . .' mumbled one of the men, but now their roles had been reversed. Instead of policemen, they were now burglars. All four of them raced upstairs. Dussel and Mr van Daan snatched up Dussel's books, Peter opened the doors and windows in the kitchen and private office, hurled the phone to the ground, and the four of them finally ended up behind the bookcase.

#### END OF PART ONE

In all probability the man and woman with the torch had alerted the police. It was Sunday night, Easter Sunday. The next day, Easter Monday, the

office was going to be closed, which meant we wouldn't be able to move around until Tuesday morning. Think of it, having to sit in such terror for a day and two nights! We thought of nothing, but simply sat there in pitch darkness – in her fear, Mrs van D. had switched off the lamp. We whispered, and every time we heard a creak, someone said, 'Shh, shh.'

It was ten-thirty, then eleven. Not a sound. Father and Mr van Daan took turns coming upstairs to us. Then, at eleven-fifteen, a noise below. Up above you could hear the whole family breathing. For the rest, no one moved a muscle. Footsteps in the house, the private office, the kitchen, then . . . on the staircase. All sounds of breathing stopped, eight hearts pounded. Footsteps on the stairs, then a rattling at the bookcase. This moment is indescribable.

'Now we're done for,' I said, and I had visions of all fifteen of us being dragged away by the Gestapo that very night.

More rattling at the bookcase, twice. Then we heard a tin fall, and the footsteps receded. We were out of danger, so far! A shiver went through everyone's body, I heard several sets of teeth chattering, no one said a word. We stayed like this until eleven-thirty.

There were no more sounds in the house, but a light was shining on our landing, right in front of the bookcase. Was that because the police thought it looked so suspicious or because they simply forgot? Was anyone going to come back and turn it off? We found our tongues again. There were no longer any people inside the building, but perhaps someone was standing guard outside. We then did three things: tried to guess what was going on, trembled with fear and went to the lavatory. Since the buckets were in the attic, all we had was Peter's metal wastepaper basket. Mr van Daan went first, then Father, but Mother was too embarrassed. Father brought the wastebasket to the next room, where Margot, Mrs van Daan and I gratefully made use of it. Mother finally gave in. There was a great demand for paper, and luckily I had some in my pocket.

The wastebasket stank, everything went on in a whisper, and we were exhausted. It was midnight.

'Lie down on the floor and go to sleep!' Margot and I were each given a pillow and a blanket. Margot lay down near the food cupboard, and I made my bed between the table legs. The smell wasn't quite so bad when you were lying on the floor, but Mrs van Daan quietly went and got some



powdered bleach and draped a tea-towel over the potty as a further precaution.

Talk, whispers, fear, stench, farting and people continually going to the lavatory; try sleeping through that! By two-thirty, however, I was so tired I dozed off and didn't hear a thing until three-thirty. I woke up when Mrs van D. laid her head on my feet.

'For heaven's sake, give me something to put on!' I said. I was handed some clothes, but don't ask what: a pair of woollen slacks over my pyjamas, a red jumper and a black skirt, white stockings and tattered kneesocks.

Mrs van D. sat back down on the chair, and Mr van D. lay down with his head on my feet. From three-thirty onwards I was engrossed in thought, and still shivering so much that Mr van Daan couldn't sleep. I was preparing myself for the return of the police. We'd tell them we were in hiding; if they were good people, we'd be safe, and if they were Nazi sympathizers, we could try to bribe them!

'We should hide the wireless set!' moaned Mrs van D.

'Right, in the stove,' answered Mr van D. 'If they find us, they might as well find the wireless!'

'Then they'll also find Anne's diary,' added Father.

'So burn it,' suggested the most terrified of the group.

This and the police rattling on the bookcase were the moments when I was most afraid. Oh, not my diary; if my diary goes, I go too! Thank goodness Father didn't say anything more.

There's no point in recounting all the conversations; so much was said. I comforted Mrs van Daan, who was very frightened. We talked about escaping, being interrogated by the Gestapo, phoning Mr Kleiman and being courageous.

'We must behave like soldiers, Mrs van Daan. If our time has come, well then, it'll be for Queen and Country, for freedom, truth and justice, as they're always telling us on the wireless. The only bad thing is that we'll drag the others down with us!'

After an hour Mr van Daan switched places with his wife again, and Father came and sat beside me. The men smoked one cigarette after another, an occasional sigh was heard, somebody made another trip to the potty, and then everything began all over again.

Four o'clock, five, five-thirty. I went and sat with Peter by his window and listened, so close we could feel each other's bodies trembling; we spoke a word or two from time to time and listened intently. Next door they took down the blackout screen. They made a list of everything they were planning to tell Mr Kleiman over the phone, because they intended to ring him at seven and ask him to send someone over. They were taking a big chance, since the police guard at the door or in the warehouse might hear them, but there was an even greater risk that the police would return.

I'm enclosing their list, but for the sake of clarity, I'll copy it here.

*Burglary:* Police in building, up to *bookcase*, but no farther. Burglars apparently interrupted, forced warehouse door, fled through garden. Main entrance bolted; Kugler *must* have left through second door.

Typewriter and adding machine safe in black chest in private office.

Miep's or Bep's washing in kitchen.

Only Bep or Kugler have key to second door; lock may be broken.

Try to warn Jan and get key, look around office; also feed cat.

For the rest, everything went according to plan. Mr Kleiman was phoned, the poles were removed from the doors, the typewriter was put back in the chest. Then we all sat round the table again and waited for either Jan or the police.

Peter had dropped off to sleep and Mr van Daan and I were lying on the floor when we heard loud footsteps below. I got up quietly. 'It's Jan!'

'No, no, it's the police!' they all said.

There was a knocking at our bookcase. Miep whistled. This was too much for Mrs van Daan, who sank limply in her chair, white as a sheet. If the tension had lasted another minute, she would have fainted.

Jan and Miep came in and were met with a delightful scene. The table alone would have been worth a photograph: a copy of *Cinema & Theatre*, opened at a page of dancing girls and smeared with jam and pectin, which we'd been taking to combat the diarrhoea, two jam jars, half a bread roll, a quarter of a bread roll, pectin, a mirror, a comb, matches, ashes, cigarettes, tobacco, an ashtray, books, a pair of pants, a torch, Mrs van Daan's comb, toilet paper, etc.

Jan and Miep were of course greeted with shouts and tears. Jan nailed a pinewood board over the gap in the door and went off again with Miep to inform the police of the break-in. Miep had also found a note under the warehouse door from Slegers, the night watchman, who had noticed the hole and alerted the police. Jan was also planning to see Slegers.

So we had half an hour in which to put the house and ourselves to rights. I've never seen such a transformation as in those thirty minutes. Margot and I got the beds ready downstairs, went to the lavatory, brushed our teeth, washed our hands and combed our hair. Then I tidied up the room a bit and went back upstairs. The table had already been cleared, so we got some water, made coffee and tea, boiled the milk and laid the table. Father and Peter emptied our improvised potties and rinsed them with warm water and powdered bleach. The largest one was filled to the brim and was so heavy they had a hard time lifting it. To make things worse, it was leaking, so they had to put it in a bucket.

At eleven o'clock Jan was back and joined us at the table, and gradually everyone began to relax. Jan had the following story to tell:

Mr Slegers was asleep, but his wife told Jan that her husband had discovered the hole in the door while making his rounds. He called in a policeman, and the two of them searched the building. Mr Slegers, in his capacity as night watchman, patrols the area every night on his bike, accompanied by his two dogs. His wife said he would come on Tuesday and tell Mr Kugler the rest. No one at the police station seemed to know anything about the break-in, but they made a note to come first thing Tuesday morning to have a look.

On the way back Jan happened to run into Mr van Hoeven, the man who supplies us with potatoes, and told him of the break-in. 'I know,' Mr van Hoeven calmly replied. 'Last night when my wife and I were walking past your building, I saw a gap in the door. My wife wanted to walk on, but I peeked inside with a torch, and that's when the burglars must have run off. To be on the safe side, I didn't ring the police. I thought it wouldn't be wise in your case. I don't know anything, but I have my suspicions.' Jan thanked him and went on. Mr van Hoeven obviously suspects we're here, because he always delivers the potatoes at lunchtime. A decent chap!

It was one o'clock by the time Jan left and we'd washed up. All eight of us went to bed. I woke up at quarter to three and saw that Mr Dussel was

already up. My face rumped with sleep, I happened to run into Peter in the bathroom, just after he'd come downstairs. We agreed to meet in the office. I freshened up a bit and went down.

'After all this, do you still dare go to the front attic?' he asked. I nodded, grabbed my pillow, with a cloth wrapped around it, and we went up together. The weather was gorgeous, and even though the air-raid sirens soon began to wail, we stayed where we were. Peter put his arm around my shoulder, I put mine around his, and we sat quietly like this until four o'clock, when Margot came to fetch us for coffee.

We ate our bread, drank our lemonade and joked (we were finally able to again), and for the rest everything was back to normal. That evening I thanked Peter because he'd been the bravest of us all.

None of us has ever been in such danger as we were that night. God was truly watching over us. Just think – the police were right at the bookcase, the light was on, and still no one had discovered our hiding place! 'Now we're done for!' I'd whispered at that moment, but once again we were spared. When the invasion comes and the bombs start falling, it'll be every man for himself, but this time we feared for those good, innocent Christians who are helping us.

'We've been saved, keep on saving us!' That's all we can say.

This incident has brought about a whole lot of changes. As of now, Dussel will be doing his work in the bathroom, and Peter will be patrolling the house between eight-thirty and nine-thirty. Peter isn't allowed to open his window any more, since one of the Keg people noticed it was open. We can no longer flush the toilet after nine-thirty at night. Mr Slegers has been hired as night watchman, and tonight a carpenter from the underground is coming to make a barricade out of our white Frankfurt bedsteads. Debates are going on left and right in the Annexe. Mr Kugler has reproached us for our carelessness. Jan also said we should never go downstairs. What we have to do now is find out whether Slegers can be trusted, whether the dogs will bark if they hear someone behind the door, how to make the barricade, all sorts of things.

We've been strongly reminded of the fact that we're Jews in chains, chained to one spot, without any rights, but with a thousand obligations. We

must put our feelings aside; we must be brave and strong, bear discomfort without complaint, do whatever is in our power and trust in God. One day this terrible war will be over. The time will come when we'll be people again and not just Jews!

Who has inflicted this on us? Who has set us apart from all the rest? Who has put us through such suffering? It's God who has made us the way we are, but it's also God who will lift us up again. In the eyes of the world, we're doomed, but if, after all this suffering, there are still Jews left, the Jewish people will be held up as an example. Who knows, maybe our religion will teach the world and all the people in it about goodness, and that's the reason, the only reason, we have to suffer. We can never be just Dutch, or just English, or whatever, we will always be Jews as well. And we'll have to keep on being Jews, but then, we'll want to be.

Be brave! Let's remember our duty and perform it without complaint. There will be a way out. God has never deserted our people. Through the ages Jews have had to suffer, but through the ages they've gone on living, and the centuries of suffering have only made them stronger. The weak shall fall and the strong shall survive and not be defeated!

That night I really thought I was going to die. I waited for the police and I was ready for death, like a soldier on a battlefield. I'd gladly have given my life for my country. But now, now that I've been spared, my first wish after the war is to become a Dutch citizen. I love the Dutch, I love this country, I love the language, and I want to work here. And even if I have to write to the Queen herself, I won't give up until I've reached my goal!

I'm becoming more and more independent of my parents. Young as I am, I face life with more courage and have a better and truer sense of justice than Mother. I know what I want, I have a goal, I have opinions, a religion and love. If only I can be myself, I'll be satisfied. I know that I'm a woman, a woman with inner strength and a great deal of courage!

If God lets me live, I'll achieve more than Mother ever did, I'll make my voice heard, I'll go out into the world and work for mankind!

I now know that courage and happiness are needed first!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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FRIDAY, 14 APRIL 1944

*Dear Kitty,*

Everyone here is still very tense. Pim has nearly reached boiling point; Mrs van D. is lying in bed with a cold, grumbling; Mr van D. is growing pale without his cigarettes; Dussel, who's having to give up many of his comforts, is carping at everyone; etc., etc. We seem to have run out of luck lately. The toilet's leaking, and the tap's stuck. Thanks to our many connections, we'll soon be able to get these repaired.

I'm occasionally sentimental, as you know, but from time to time I have reason to be: when Peter and I are sitting close together on a hard wooden crate among the junk and dust, our arms around each other's shoulders, Peter toying with a lock of my hair; when the birds outside are trilling their songs, when the trees are in bud, when the sun beckons and the sky is so blue – oh, that's when I wish for so much!

All I see around me are dissatisfied and grumpy faces, all I hear are sighs and stifled complaints. You'd think our lives had taken a sudden turn for the worse. Honestly, things are only as bad as you make them. Here in the Annexe no one even bothers to set a good example. Everyone has to decide for himself how to get the better of his own mood!

Every day you hear, 'If only it were all over!'

*Work, love, courage and hope,  
Make me good and help me cope!*

I really believe, Kit, that I'm slightly bats today, and I don't know why. My writing's all mixed up, I'm jumping from one thing to another, and sometimes I seriously doubt whether anyone will ever be interested in this drivel. They'll probably call it 'The Musings of an Ugly Duckling'. My diaries certainly won't be of much use to Mr Bolkestein or Mr Gerbrandy.<sup>22</sup>

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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SATURDAY, 15 APRIL 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

'There's just one bad thing after another. When will it all end?' You can say that again. Guess what's happened now? Peter forgot to unbolt the front door. As a result, Mr Kugler and the warehouse employees couldn't get in. He went to Keg's, smashed in our office kitchen window and got in that way. The windows in the Annexe were open, and the Keg people saw that too. What must they be thinking? And van Maaren? Mr Kugler's furious. We accuse him of not doing anything to reinforce the doors, and then we do a stupid thing like this! Peter's extremely upset. At the table, Mother said she felt more sorry for Peter than for anyone else, and he nearly began to cry. We're equally to blame, since we usually ask him every day if he's unbolted the door, and so does Mr van Daan. Maybe I can go and comfort him later on. I want to help him so much!

Here are the latest news bulletins about life in the Secret Annexe over the last few weeks:

A week ago, on Saturday, Boche suddenly fell ill. He sat quite still and started drooling. Miep immediately picked him up, rolled him in a towel, tucked him in her shopping bag and took him to the dog-and-cat clinic. Boche had some kind of intestinal problem, so the vet gave him medicine. Peter gave it to him a few times, but Boche soon made himself scarce. I bet he was out courting his sweetheart. But now his nose is swollen and he meows whenever you pick him up – he was probably trying to steal food and somebody smacked him. Mouschi lost her voice for a few days. Just when we decided she had to be taken to the vet too, she started getting better.

We now leave the attic window open a crack every night. Peter and I often sit up there in the evening.

Thanks to rubber cement and oil paint, our toilet could quickly be repaired. The broken tap has been replaced.

Luckily, Mr Kleiman is feeling better. He's going to see a specialist soon. We can only hope he won't need an operation.

This month we received eight ration books. Unfortunately, for the next two weeks beans have been substituted for oatmeal or groats. Our latest

delicacy is piccalilli. If you're out of luck, all you get is a jar full of cucumber and mustard sauce.

Vegetables are hard to come by. There's only lettuce, lettuce and more lettuce. Our meals consist entirely of potatoes and imitation gravy.

The Russians are in possession of more than half the Crimea. The British aren't advancing beyond Cassino. We'll have to count on the Western Wall. There have been a lot of unbelievably heavy air raids. The Central Register Office in The Hague was bombed. All Dutch people will be issued new ration registration cards.

Enough for today.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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SUNDAY, 16 APRIL 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

Remember yesterday's date, since it was a red-letter day for me. Isn't it an important day for every girl when she gets her first kiss? Well then, it's no less important to me. The time Bram kissed me on my right cheek or Mr Woudstra on my right hand doesn't count. How did I suddenly come by this kiss? I'll tell you.

Last night at eight I was sitting with Peter on his divan and it wasn't long before he put an arm around me. (Since it was Saturday, he wasn't wearing his overalls.) 'Why don't we move over a little,' I said, 'so I won't keep bumping my head against the cupboard.'

He moved so far over he was practically in the corner. I slipped my arm under his and across his back, and he put his arm around my shoulder, so that I was nearly engulfed by him. We've sat like this on other occasions, but never so close as we were last night. He held me firmly against him, my left side against his chest; *my* heart had already begun to beat faster, but there was more to come. He wasn't satisfied until my head lay on his shoulder, with his on top of mine. I sat up again after about five minutes, but before long he took my head in his hands and put it back next to his. Oh, it was so wonderful. I could hardly talk, my pleasure was too intense; he caressed my cheek and arm, a bit clumsily, and played with my hair. Most of the time our heads were touching.



I can't tell you, Kitty, the feeling that ran through me. I was too happy for words, and I think he was too.

At nine-thirty we stood up. Peter put on his gym shoes so he wouldn't make much noise on his nightly round of the building, and I was standing next to him. How I suddenly made the right movement, I don't know, but before we went downstairs, he gave me a kiss, through my hair, half on my left cheek and half on my ear. I tore downstairs without looking back, and I long so much for today.

*Sunday morning, just before eleven.*

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

•

MONDAY, 17 APRIL 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Do you think Father and Mother would approve of a girl my age sitting on a divan and kissing a seventeen-and-a-half-year-old boy? I doubt they would, but I have to trust my own judgement in this matter. It's so peaceful and safe, lying in his arms and dreaming, it's so thrilling to feel his cheek against mine, it's so wonderful to know there's someone waiting for me. But, and there is a but, will Peter want to leave it at that? I haven't forgotten his promise, but . . . he is a boy!

I know I'm starting at a very young age. Not even fifteen and already so independent – that's a little hard for other people to understand. I'm pretty positive Margot would never kiss a boy unless there was some talk of an engagement or marriage. Neither Peter nor I has any such plans. I'm also sure that Mother never touched a man before she met Father. What would my girlfriends or Jacque say if they knew I'd lain in Peter's arms with my heart against his chest, my head on his shoulder and his head and face against mine!

Oh, Anne, how terribly shocking! But seriously, I don't think it's at all shocking; we're cooped up here, cut off from the world, anxious and fearful, especially lately. Why should we stay apart when we love each other? Why shouldn't we kiss each other in times like these? Why should we wait until we've reached a suitable age? Why should we ask anybody's permission?

I've decided to look out for my own interests. He'd never want to hurt me or make me unhappy. Why shouldn't I do what my heart tells me and makes both of us happy?

Yet I have a feeling, Kitty, that you can sense my doubt. It must be my honesty rising in revolt against all this sneaking around. Do you think it's my duty to tell Father what I'm up to? Do you think our secret should be shared with a third person? Much of the beauty would be lost, but would it make me feel better inside? I'll bring it up with *him*.

Oh, yes, I still have so much I want to discuss with him, since I don't see the point of just cuddling. Sharing our thoughts with each other requires a great deal of trust, but we'll both be stronger because of it!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

PS. We were up at six yesterday morning, because the whole family heard the sounds of a break-in again. It must have been one of our neighbours who was the victim this time. When we checked at seven o'clock, our doors were still shut tight, thank goodness!

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TUESDAY, 18 APRIL 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Everything's fine here. Last night the carpenter came again to put some sheets of iron over the door panels. Father's just finished saying he definitely expects large-scale operations in Russia and Italy, as well as in the West, before 20 May; the longer the war lasts, the harder it is to imagine being liberated from this place.

Yesterday Peter and I finally got round to having the talk we've been postponing for the last ten days. I told him all about girls, without hesitating to discuss the most intimate matters. I found it rather amusing that he thought the opening in a woman's body was simply left out of illustrations. He couldn't imagine that it was actually located between a woman's legs. The evening ended with a mutual kiss, near the mouth. It's really a lovely feeling!

I might take my 'favourite quotes notebook' up with me sometime so Peter and I can go into things more deeply. I don't think lying in each

other's arms day in and day out is very satisfying, and I hope he feels the same.

After our mild winter we've been having a beautiful spring. April is glorious, not too hot and not too cold, with occasional light showers. Our chestnut tree is in leaf, and here and there you can already see a few small blossoms.

Bep presented us on Saturday with four bouquets of flowers: three bouquets of daffodils, and one bouquet of grape hyacinths for me. Mr Kugler is supplying us with more and more newspapers.

It's time to do my algebra, Kitty. Cheerio.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

•

WEDNESDAY, 19 APRIL 1944

*Dearest Darling,*

(That's the title of a film with Dorit Kreysler, Ida Wüst and Harald Paulsen!)

What could be nicer than sitting before an open window, enjoying nature, listening to the birds sing, feeling the sun on your cheeks and holding a darling boy in your arms? I feel so peaceful and safe with his arm around me, knowing he's near and yet not having to speak; how can this be bad when it does me so much good? Oh, if only we were never disturbed again, not even by Mouschi.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

•

FRIDAY, 21 APRIL 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

I stayed in bed yesterday with a sore throat, but since I was already bored the very first afternoon and didn't have a temperature, I got up today. My sore throat has nearly '*verschwunden*'.<sup>23</sup>

Yesterday, as you've probably already discovered, was our Führer's fifty-fifth birthday. Today is the eighteenth birthday of Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth of York. The BBC reported that she hasn't yet been

declared of age, though royal children usually are. We've been wondering which prince they'll marry this beauty off to, but can't think of a suitable candidate; perhaps her sister, Princess Margaret Rose, can have Crown Prince Baudouin of Belgium!

Here we've been going from one disaster to the next. No sooner have the outside doors been reinforced than van Maaren rears his head again. In all likelihood he's the one who stole the potato flour, and now he's trying to pin the blame on Bep. Not surprisingly, the Annexe is once again in an uproar. Bep is beside herself with rage. Perhaps Mr Kugler will finally have this shady character followed.

The appraiser from Beethovenstraat was here this morning. He offered us 400 guilders for our chest; in our opinion, the other estimates are also too low.

I want to ask the magazine *The Prince* if they'll take one of my fairy tales, under a pseudonym, of course. But so far all my fairy tales have been too long, so I don't think I have much of a chance.

Till the next time, darling.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

•

TUESDAY, 25 APRIL 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

For the last ten days Dussel hasn't been on speaking terms with Mr van Daan, and all because of the new security measures since the break-in. One of these was that he's no longer allowed to go downstairs in the evenings. Peter and Mr van Daan make the last round every night at nine-thirty, and after that no one may go downstairs. We can't flush the toilet any more after eight at night or after eight in the morning. The windows may be opened only in the morning when the lights go on in Mr Kugler's office, and they can no longer be propped open with a stick at night. This last measure is the reason for Dussel's sulking. He claims that Mr van Daan ticked him off, but he has only himself to blame. He says he'd rather live without food than without air, and that they simply must work out a way to keep the windows open.

'I'll have to speak to Mr Kugler about this,' he said to me.

I replied that we never discussed matters of this sort with Mr Kugler, only within the group.

‘Everything’s always happening behind my back. I’ll have to talk to your father about that.’

He’s also not allowed to sit in Mr Kugler’s office any more on Saturday afternoons or Sundays, because the manager of Keg’s might hear him if he happens to be next door. Dussel promptly went and sat there anyway. Mr van Daan was furious, and Father went downstairs to talk to Dussel, who came up with some flimsy excuse, but even Father didn’t fall for it this time. Now Father’s keeping his dealings with Dussel to a minimum because Dussel insulted him. Not one of us knows what he said, but it must have been pretty awful.

And to think that that miserable man has his birthday next week. How can you celebrate your birthday when you’ve got the sulks, how can you accept gifts from people you won’t even talk to?

Mr Voskuijl is going downhill rapidly. For more than ten days he’s had a temperature of almost a hundred and four. The doctor said his condition is hopeless; they think the cancer has spread to his lungs. The poor man, we’d so like to help him, but only God can help him now!

I’ve written an amusing story called ‘Blurry the Explorer’, which was a big hit with my three listeners.

I still have a bad cold and have passed it on to Margot, as well as Mother and Father. If only Peter doesn’t get it. He insisted on a kiss, and called me his El Dorado. You can’t call a person that, silly boy! But he’s sweet anyway!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

•

THURSDAY, 27 APRIL 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Mrs van D. was in a bad mood this morning. All she did was complain, first about her cold, not being able to get cough drops and the agony of having to blow her nose all the time. Next she grumbled that the sun wasn’t shining, the invasion hadn’t started, we weren’t allowed to look out of the windows,

etc., etc. We couldn't help but laugh at her, and it couldn't have been that bad, since she soon joined in.

Our recipe for potato kugel, modified due to lack of onions:

Grate peeled potatoes fine and add a little dry government-issue flour and salt. Grease a mould or ovenproof dish with paraffin wax or stearin and bake for 2½ hours. Serve with rotten strawberry compote. (Onions not available. Nor oil for mould or dough!)

At the moment I'm reading *Emperor Charles V*, written by a professor at the University of Göttingen; he's spent forty years working on this book. It took me five days to read fifty pages. I can't do any more than that. Since the book has 598 pages, you can work out just how long it's going to take me. And that's not even counting the second volume. But . . . very interesting!

The things a schoolgirl has to do in the course of a single day! Take me, for example. First, I translated a passage on Nelson's last battle from Dutch into English. Then, I read more about the Northern War (1700–21) involving Peter the Great, Charles XII, Augustus the Strong, Stanislaus Leczinsky, Mazeppa, von Görz, Brandenburg, Western Pomerania, Eastern Pomerania and Denmark, plus the usual dates. Next, I landed up in Brazil, where I read about Bahia tobacco, the abundance of coffee, the one and a half million inhabitants of Rio de Janeiro, Pernambuco and São Paulo and, last but not least, the Amazon River. Then about Negroes, mulattoes, mestizos, whites, the illiteracy rate – over 50 per cent – and malaria. Since I had some time left, I glanced through a genealogical chart: John the Old, William Louis, Ernest Casimir I, Henry Casimir I, right up to little Margriet Franciska (born in 1943 in Ottawa).

Twelve o'clock: I resumed my studies in the attic, reading about deans, priests, ministers, popes and . . . whew, it was one o'clock!

At two the poor child (ahem) was back at work. Old World and New World monkeys were next. Kitty, tell me quickly, how many toes does a hippopotamus have?

Then came the Bible, Noah's Ark, Shem, Ham and Japheth. After that, Charles V. Then, with Peter, Thackeray's book about the colonel, in

English. A French test, and then a comparison between the Mississippi and the Missouri!

Enough for today. Adieu!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

•

FRIDAY, 28 APRIL 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

I've never forgotten my dream of Peter Schiff (see the beginning of January). Even now I can still feel his cheek against mine, and that wonderful glow that made up for all the rest. Once in a while I'd had the same feeling with this Peter, but never so intensely . . . until last night. We were sitting on the divan, as usual, in each other's arms. Suddenly the everyday Anne slipped away and the second Anne took her place. The second Anne, who's never over-confident or amusing, but wants only to love and be gentle.

I sat pressed against him and felt a wave of emotion come over me. Tears rushed to my eyes; those from the left fell on his overalls, while those from the right trickled down my nose and into the air and landed beside the first. Did he notice? He made no movement to show that he had. Did he feel the same way I did? He hardly said a word. Did he realize he had two Annes at his side? My questions went unanswered.

At eight-thirty I stood up and went to the window, where we always say goodbye. I was still trembling, I was still Anne number two. He came over to me, and I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him on his left cheek. I was about to kiss the other cheek when my mouth met his, and we pressed our lips together. In a daze, we embraced, over and over again, never to stop, oh!

Peter needs tenderness. For the first time in his life he's discovered a girl; for the first time he's seen that even the biggest pests also have an inner self and a heart, and are transformed as soon as they're alone with you. For the first time in his life he's given himself and his friendship to another person. He's never had a friend before, boy or girl. Now we've found each other. I,

for that matter, didn't know him either, had never had someone I could confide in, and it's led to this . . .

The same question keeps nagging at me: 'Is it right?' Is it right for me to yield so soon, for me to be so passionate, to be filled with as much passion and desire as Peter? Can I, a girl, allow myself to go that far?

There's only one possible answer: 'I'm longing so much . . . and have for such a long time. I'm so lonely and now I've found comfort!'

In the mornings we act normally, in the afternoons too, except now and then. But in the evenings the suppressed longing of the entire day, the happiness and the bliss of all the times before come rushing to the surface, and all we can think about is each other. Every night, after our last kiss, I feel like running away and never looking him in the eyes again. Away, far away into the darkness and alone!

And what awaits me at the bottom of those fourteen stairs? Bright lights, questions and laughter. I have to act normally and hope they don't notice anything.

My heart is still too tender to be able to recover so quickly from a shock like the one I had last night. The gentle Anne makes infrequent appearances, and she's not about to let herself be shoved out of the door so soon after she's arrived. Peter's reached a part of me that no one has ever reached before, except in my dream! He's taken hold of me and turned me inside out. Doesn't everyone need a little quiet time to put themselves to rights again? Oh, Peter, what have you done to me? What do you want from me?

Where will this lead? Oh, now I understand Bep. Now, now that I'm going through it myself, I understand her doubts; if I were older and he wanted to marry me, what would my answer be? Anne, be honest! You wouldn't be able to marry him. But it's so hard to let go. Peter still has too little character, too little will-power, too little courage and strength. He's still a child, emotionally no older than I am; all he wants is happiness and peace of mind. Am I really only fourteen? Am I really just a silly schoolgirl? Am I really so inexperienced in everything? I have more experience than most; I've experienced something almost no one my age ever has.

I'm afraid of myself, afraid my longing is making me yield too soon. How can it ever go right with other boys later on? Oh, it's so hard, the



eternal struggle between heart and mind. There's a time and a place for both, but how can I be sure that I've chosen the right time?

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

•

TUESDAY, 2 MAY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

On Saturday night I asked Peter whether he thinks I should tell Father about us. After we'd discussed it, he said he thought I should. I was glad; it shows he's sensible, and sensitive. As soon as I came downstairs, I went with Father to get some water. While we were on the stairs, I said, 'Father, I expect you've gathered that when Peter and I are together, we don't exactly sit at opposite ends of the room. Do you think that's wrong?'

Father paused before answering: 'No, I don't think it's wrong. But Anne, when you're living so close together, as we do, you have to be careful.' He said some other words to that effect, and then we went upstairs.

On Sunday morning he called me to him and said, 'Anne, I've been thinking about what you said.' (Oh, oh, I knew what was coming!) 'Here in the Annexe it's not such a good idea. I thought you were just friends. Is Peter in love with you?'

'Of course not,' I answered.

'Well, you know I understand both of you. But you must be the one to show restraint; don't go upstairs so often, don't encourage him more than you can help. In matters like these, it's always the man who takes the active role, and it's up to the woman to set the limits. Outside, where you're free, things are quite different. You see other boys and girls, you can go outdoors, take part in sports and all kinds of activities. But here, if you're together too much and want to get away, you can't. You see each other every hour of the day – all the time, in fact. Be careful, Anne, and don't take it too seriously!'

'I don't, Father, but Peter's a decent boy, a nice boy!'

'Yes, but he doesn't have much strength of character. He can easily be influenced to do good, but also to do bad. I hope for his sake that he stays good, because he's basically a good person.'

We talked some more and agreed that Father would speak to him too.

On Sunday afternoon when we were in the front attic, Peter asked, 'Have you talked to your father yet, Anne?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I'll tell you all about it. He doesn't think it's wrong, but he says that here, where we're in such close quarters, it could lead to conflicts.'

'We've already agreed not to quarrel, and I plan to keep my promise.'

'Me too, Peter. But Father didn't think we were serious, he thought we were just friends. Do you think we still can be?'

'Yes, I do. How about you?'

'Me too. I also told Father that I trust you. I do trust you, Peter, just as much as I do Father. And I think you're worthy of my trust. You are, aren't you?'

'I hope so.' (He was very shy, and blushing.)

'I believe in you, Peter,' I continued. 'I believe you have a good character and that you'll get on in this world.'

After that we talked about other things. Later I said, 'If we ever get out of here, I know you won't give me another thought.'

He got all fired up. 'That's not true, Anne. Oh no, I won't let you even think that about me!'

Just then somebody called us.

Father did talk to him, he told me on Monday. 'Your father thought our friendship might turn into love,' he said. 'But I told him we'd keep ourselves under control.'

Father wants me to stop going upstairs so often, but I don't want to. Not just because I like being with Peter, but because I've said I trust him. I do trust him, and I want to prove it to him, but I'll never be able to if I stay downstairs out of distrust.

No, I'm going!

In the meantime, the Dussel drama has been resolved. On Saturday evening at dinner he apologized in beautiful Dutch. Mr van Daan was immediately reconciled. Dussel must have spent all day practising his speech.

Sunday, his birthday, passed without incident. We gave him a bottle of good wine from 1919, the van Daans (who can now give their gift after all)

presented him with a jar of piccalilli and a packet of razor blades, and Mr Kugler gave him a bottle of lemon syrup (to make lemonade), Miep a book, *Little Martin*, and Bep a plant. He treated everyone to an egg.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

•

WEDNESDAY, 3 MAY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

First the weekly news! We're having a break from politics. There's nothing, and I mean absolutely nothing, to report. I'm also gradually starting to believe that the invasion will come. After all, they can't let the Russians do all the dirty work; actually, the Russians aren't doing anything at the moment either.

Mr Kleiman comes to the office every morning now. He got a new set of springs for Peter's divan, so Peter will have to get to work re-upholstering it. Not surprisingly, he isn't at all in the mood. Mr Kleiman also brought some flea powder for the cats.

Have I told you that our Boche has disappeared? We haven't seen hide nor hair of him since last Thursday. He's probably already in cat heaven, while some animal lover has turned him into a tasty dish. Perhaps some girl who can afford it will be wearing a cap made of Boche's fur. Peter is heartbroken.

For the last two weeks we've been eating lunch at eleven-thirty on Saturdays; in the mornings we have to make do with a cup of porridge. Starting tomorrow it'll be like this every day; that saves us a meal. Vegetables are still very hard to come by. This afternoon we had rotten boiled lettuce. Ordinary lettuce, spinach and boiled lettuce, that's all there is. Add to that rotten potatoes, and you have a meal fit for a king!

I hadn't had my period for more than two months, but it finally started last Sunday. Despite the mess and bother, I'm glad it hasn't deserted me.

As you can no doubt imagine, we often say in despair, 'What's the point of the war? Why, oh, why can't people live together peacefully? Why all this destruction?'

The question is understandable, but so far no one has come up with a satisfactory answer. Why is England manufacturing bigger and better aeroplanes and bombs and at the same time churning out new houses for reconstruction? Why are millions spent on the war each day, while not a penny is available for medical science, artists or the poor? Why do people have to starve when mountains of food are rotting away in other parts of the world? Oh, why are people so crazy?

I don't believe the war is simply the work of politicians and capitalists. Oh no, the common man is every bit as guilty; otherwise, people and nations would have rebelled long ago! There's a destructive urge in people, the urge to rage, murder and kill. And until all of humanity, without exception, undergoes a metamorphosis, wars will continue to be waged, and everything that has been carefully built up, cultivated and grown will be cut down and destroyed, only to start all over again!

I've often been down in the dumps, but never desperate. I look upon our life in hiding as an interesting adventure, full of danger and romance, and every privation as an amusing addition to my diary. I've made up my mind to lead a different life from other girls, and not to become an ordinary housewife later on. What I'm experiencing here is a good beginning to an interesting life, and that's the reason – the only reason – why I have to laugh at the humorous side of the most dangerous moments.

I'm young and have many hidden qualities; I'm young and strong and living through a big adventure; I'm right in the middle of it and can't spend all day complaining because it's impossible to have any fun! I'm blessed with many things: happiness, a cheerful disposition and strength. Every day I feel myself maturing, I feel liberation drawing near, I feel the beauty of nature and the goodness of the people around me. Every day I think what a fascinating and amusing adventure this is! With all that, why should I despair?

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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FRIDAY, 5 MAY 1944

*Dear Kitty,*

Father's unhappy with me. After our talk on Sunday he thought I'd stop going upstairs every evening. He won't have any of that '*Knutscherei*'<sup>24</sup> going on. I can't stand that word. Talking about it was bad enough – why does he have to make me feel bad too! I'll have a word with him today. Margot gave me some good advice. Here's more or less what I'd like to say:

I think you expect an explanation from me, Father, so I'll give you one. You're disappointed in me, you expected more restraint from me, you no doubt want me to act the way a fourteen-year-old is supposed to. But that's where you're wrong!

Since we've been here, from July 1942 until a few weeks ago, I haven't had an easy time. If only you knew how much I used to cry at night, how unhappy and despondent I was, how lonely I felt, you'd understand my wanting to go upstairs! I've now reached the point where I don't need the support of Mother or anyone else. It didn't happen overnight. I've struggled long and hard and shed many tears to become as independent as I am now. You can laugh and refuse to believe me, but I don't care. I know I'm an independent person, and I don't feel I need to account to you for my actions. I'm only telling you this because I don't want you to think I'm doing things behind your back. But there's only one person I'm accountable to, and that's me.

When I was having problems, everyone – and that includes you – closed their eyes and ears and didn't help me. On the contrary, all I ever got were admonitions not to be so noisy. I was noisy only to keep myself from being miserable all the time. I was over-confident to keep from having to listen to the voice inside me. I've been putting on an act for the last year and a half, day in, day out. I've never complained or dropped my mask, nothing of the kind, and now . . . now the battle is over. I've won! I'm independent, in both body and mind. I don't need a mother any more, and I've emerged from the struggle a stronger person.

Now that it's over, now that I know the battle has been won, I want to go my own way, to follow the path that seems right to me. Don't think of me as a fourteen-year-old, since all these troubles have made me older; I won't regret my actions, I'll behave the way I think I should!

Gentle persuasion won't keep me from going upstairs. You'll either have to forbid it, or trust me through thick and thin. Whatever you do, just leave me alone!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

•

SATURDAY, 6 MAY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Last night before dinner I tucked the letter I'd written into Father's pocket. According to Margot, he read it and was upset for the rest of the evening. (I was upstairs washing up!) Poor Pim, I might have known what the effect of such an epistle would be. He's so sensitive! I immediately told Peter not to ask any questions or say anything more. Pim's said nothing else to me about the matter. Is he going to?

Everything here is more or less back to normal. We can hardly believe what Jan, Mr Kugler and Mr Kleiman tell us about the prices and the people on the outside; half a pound of tea costs 350.00 guilders, half a pound of coffee 80.00 guilders, a pound of butter 35.00 guilders, one egg 1.45 guilders. People are paying 14.00 guilders an ounce for Bulgarian cigarettes! Everyone's trading on the black market; every errand boy has something to offer. The baker's delivery boy has supplied us with darning wool – 90 cents for one measly skein – the milkman can get hold of ration books, an undertaker delivers cheese. Break-ins, murders and thefts are daily occurrences. Even the police and night watchmen are getting in on the act. Everyone wants to put food in their stomachs, and since wages have been frozen, people have had to resort to smuggling. The police have their hands full trying to track down the many girls of fifteen, sixteen, seventeen and older who are reported missing every day.

I want to try to finish my story about Ellen, the fairy. Just for fun, I can give it to Father on his birthday, together with all the copyrights.

See you later! (Actually, that's not the right phrase. In the German programme broadcast from England they always close with 'Auf wiederhören'.<sup>25</sup> So I suppose I should say, 'Until we write again.')

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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SUNDAY MORNING, 7 MAY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Father and I had a long talk yesterday afternoon. I cried my eyes out, and he cried too. Do you know what he said to me, Kitty?

‘I’ve received many letters in my lifetime, but none as hurtful as this. You, who have had so much love from your parents. You, whose parents have always been ready to help you, who have always defended you, no matter what. You talk of not having to account to us for your actions! You feel you’ve been wronged and left to your own devices. No, Anne, you’ve done us a great injustice!

‘Perhaps you didn’t mean it that way, but that’s what you wrote. No, Anne, *we* have done nothing to deserve such a reproach!’

Oh, I’ve failed miserably. This is the worst thing I’ve ever done in my entire life. I used my tears to show off, to make myself seem important so he’d respect me. I’ve certainly had my share of unhappiness, and everything I said about Mother is true. But to accuse Pim, who’s so good and who’s done everything for me – no, that was too cruel for words.

It’s good that somebody has finally cut me down to size, has broken my pride, because I’ve been far too smug. Not everything Mistress Anne does is good! Anyone who deliberately causes such pain to someone they say they love is despicable, the lowest of the low!

What I’m most ashamed of is the way Father has forgiven me; he said he’s going to throw the letter in the stove, and he’s being so nice to me now, as if *he* were the one who’d done something wrong. Well, Anne, you still have a lot to learn. It’s time you made a beginning, instead of looking down on other people and always blaming them!

I’ve known a lot of sorrow, but who hasn’t at my age? I’ve been putting on an act, but was hardly even aware of it. I’ve felt lonely, but never desperate! Not like Father, who once ran out into the street with a knife so he could put an end to it all. I’ve never gone that far.

I should be deeply ashamed of myself, and I am. What’s done can’t be undone, but at least you can keep it from happening again. I’d like to start all over again, and that shouldn’t be difficult, now that I have Peter. With

him supporting me, I *know* I can do it! I'm not alone any more. He loves me, I love him, I have my books, my writing and my diary. I'm not all that ugly, or that stupid, I have a sunny disposition, and I want to develop a good character!

Yes, Anne, you knew full well that your letter was unkind and untrue, but you were actually proud of it! I'll take Father as my example once again, and I *will* improve myself.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

MONDAY, 8 MAY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Have I ever told you anything about our family? I don't think I have, so let me begin. Father was born in Frankfurt am Main to very wealthy parents: Michael Frank owned a bank and became a millionaire, and Alice Stern's parents were prominent and well-to-do. Michael Frank didn't start out rich; he was a self-made man. In his youth Father led the life of a rich man's son. Parties every week, balls, banquets, beautiful girls, waltzing, dinners, a huge house, etc. After Grandpa died, most of the money was lost, and after the Great War and inflation there was nothing left at all. Until the war there were still quite a few rich relatives. So Father was extremely well-bred, and he had to laugh yesterday because for the first time in his fifty-five years, he scraped out the frying pan at the table.

Mother's family wasn't as wealthy, but still fairly well-off, and we've listened open-mouthed to stories of private balls, dinners and engagement parties with 250 guests.

We're far from rich now, but I've pinned all my hopes on after the war. I can assure you, I'm not so set on a bourgeois life as Mother and Margot. I'd like to spend a year in Paris and London learning the languages and studying art history. Compare that with Margot, who wants to nurse newborn babies in Palestine. I still have visions of gorgeous dresses and fascinating people. As I've told you many times before, I want to see the world and do all kinds of exciting things, and a little money won't hurt!

This morning Miep told us about her cousin's engagement party, which she went to on Saturday. The cousin's parents are rich, and the groom's are even



richer. Miep made our mouths water telling us about the food that was served: vegetable soup with meatballs, cheese, meat rolls, hors d'oeuvres made with eggs and roast beef, cheese rolls, gateau, wine and cigarettes, and you could eat as much as you wanted.

Miep drank ten schnapps and smoked three cigarettes – could this be our temperance advocate? If Miep drank all those, I wonder how many her spouse managed to knock back? Everyone at the party was a little tipsy, of course. There were also two officers from the murder squad, who took photographs of the wedding couple. You can see we're never far from Miep's thoughts, since she promptly noted their names and addresses in case anything should happen and we needed contacts with good Dutch people.

Our mouths were watering so much. We, who'd had nothing but two spoonfuls of porridge for breakfast and were absolutely famished; we, who get nothing but half-cooked spinach (for the vitamins!) and rotten potatoes day after day; we, who fill our empty stomachs with nothing but boiled lettuce, raw lettuce, spinach, spinach and more spinach. Maybe we'll end up being as strong as Popeye, though so far I've seen no sign of it!

If Miep had taken us along to the party, there wouldn't have been any rolls left over for the other guests. If we'd been there, we'd have snatched up everything in sight, including the furniture. I tell you, we were practically pulling the words right out of her mouth. We were gathered around her as if we'd never in all our lives heard of delicious food or elegant people! And these are the granddaughters of the distinguished millionaire. The world is a crazy place!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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TUESDAY, 9 MAY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

I've finished my story about Ellen, the fairy. I've copied it out on nice notepaper, decorated it with red ink and sewn the pages together. The whole thing looks quite pretty, but I don't know if it's enough of a birthday present. Margot and Mother have both written poems.

Mr Kugler came upstairs this afternoon with the news that, starting Monday, Mrs Broks would like to spend two hours in the office every afternoon. Just imagine! The office staff won't be able to come upstairs, the potatoes can't be delivered, Bep won't get her dinner, we can't use the lavatory, we won't be able to move and all sorts of other inconveniences! We proposed a variety of ways to get rid of her. Mr van Daan thought a good laxative in her coffee might do the trick. 'No,' Mr Kleiman answered, 'please don't, or we'll never get her off the bog!'

A roar of laughter. 'The bog?' Mrs van D. asked. 'What does that mean?' An explanation was given. 'Is it all right to use that word?' she asked in perfect innocence.

'Just imagine,' Bep giggled, 'there you are shopping at The Bijenkorf and you ask the way to the bog. They wouldn't even know what you were talking about!'

Dussel now sits on the 'bog', to borrow the expression, every day at twelve-thirty on the dot. This afternoon I boldly took a piece of pink paper and wrote:

#### Mr Dussel's Toilet Timetable

Morning from 7.15 to 7.30 a.m.

Afternoons *after 1.00 p.m.*

Otherwise, only as needed!

I tacked this to the green lavatory door while he was still inside. I might well have added 'Transgressors will be subject to confinement!' Because our lavatory can be locked from both the inside and the outside.

Mr van Daan's latest joke:

After a Bible lesson about Adam and Eve, a thirteen-year-old boy asked his father, 'Tell me, Father, how did I get born?'

'Well,' the father replied, 'the stork plucked you out of the ocean, set you down in Mother's bed and bit her in the leg, hard. It bled so much she had to stay in bed for a week.'

Not fully satisfied, the boy went to his mother. 'Tell me, Mother,' he asked, 'how did you get born and how did I get born?'

His mother told him the very same story. Finally, hoping to hear the finer points, he went to his grandfather. ‘Tell me, Grandfather,’ he said, ‘how did you get born and how did your daughter get born?’ And for the third time he was told exactly the same story.

That night he wrote in his diary: ‘After careful inquiry, I must conclude that there has been no sexual intercourse in our family for the last three generations!’

I still have work to do; it’s already three o’clock.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

PS. Since I think I’ve mentioned the new cleaning lady, I just want to note that she’s married, sixty years old and hard of hearing! Very convenient, in view of all the noise that eight people in hiding are capable of making.

Oh, Kit, it’s such lovely weather. If only I could go outside!

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WEDNESDAY, 10 MAY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

We were sitting in the attic yesterday afternoon working on our French when suddenly I heard the splatter of water behind me. I asked Peter what it might be. Without pausing to reply, he dashed up to the loft—the scene of the disaster – and shoved Mouschi, who was squatting beside her soggy litter box, back to the right place. This was followed by shouts and squeals, and then Mouschi, who by that time had finished peeing, took off downstairs. In search of something similar to her box, Mouschi had found herself a pile of wood shavings, right over a crack in the floor. The puddle immediately trickled down to the attic and, as luck would have it, landed in and next to the potato barrel. The ceiling was dripping, and since the attic floor has also got its share of cracks, little yellow drops were leaking through the ceiling and on to the dining-table, between a pile of stockings and books.

I was doubled up with laughter, it was such a funny sight. There was Mouschi crouched under a chair, Peter armed with water, powdered bleach and a cloth, and Mr van Daan trying to calm everyone down. The room was soon set to rights, but it’s a well-known fact that cat puddles stink to high

heaven. The potatoes proved that all too well, as did the wood shavings, which Father collected in a bucket and brought downstairs to burn.

Poor Mouschi! How were you to know it's impossible to get peat for your box?

*Anne*

•

THURSDAY, 11 MAY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

A new sketch to make you laugh:

Peter's hair had to be cut, and as usual his mother was to be the hairdresser. At seven twenty-five Peter vanished into his room, and reappeared on the stroke of seven-thirty, stripped down to his blue swimming trunks and a pair of gym shoes.

'Are you coming?' he asked his mother.

'Yes, I'll be up in a minute, but I can't find the scissors!'

Peter helped her look, rummaging around in her cosmetics drawer. 'Don't make such a mess, Peter,' she grumbled.

I didn't catch Peter's reply, but it must have been insolent, because she cuffed him on the arm. He cuffed her back, she punched him with all her might, and Peter pulled his arm away with a look of mock horror on his face. 'Come on, old girl!'

Mrs van D. stayed put. Peter grabbed her by the wrists and pulled her all around the room. She laughed, cried, scolded and kicked, but nothing helped. Peter led his prisoner as far as the attic stairs, where he was obliged to let go of her. Mrs van D. came back to the room and collapsed into a chair with a loud sigh.

'*Die Entführung der Mutter*,'<sup>26</sup> I joked.

'Yes, but he hurt me.'

I went to have a look and cooled her hot, red wrists with water. Peter, still by the stairs and growing impatient again, strode into the room with his belt in his hand, like a lion-tamer. Mrs van D. didn't move, but stayed by her writing desk, looking for a handkerchief. 'You've got to apologize first.'

‘All right, I hereby offer my apologies, but only because if I don’t, we’ll be here till midnight.’

Mrs van D. had to laugh in spite of herself. She got up and went towards the door, where she felt obliged to give us an explanation. (By us I mean Father, Mother and me; we were busy washing up.) ‘He wasn’t like this at home,’ she said. ‘I’d have belted him so hard he’d have gone flying down the stairs (!). He’s never been so insolent. This isn’t the first time he’s deserved a good hiding. That’s what you get with a modern upbringing, modern children. I’d never have grabbed my mother like that. Did you treat your mother that way, Mr Frank?’ She was very upset, pacing back and forth, saying whatever came into her head, and she still hadn’t gone upstairs. Finally, at long last, she made her exit.

Less than five minutes later she stormed back down the stairs, with her cheeks all puffed out, and flung her apron on a chair. When I asked if she was through, she replied that she was going downstairs. She tore down the stairs like a tornado, probably straight into the arms of her Putti.

She didn’t come up again until eight, this time with her husband. Peter was dragged from the attic, given a merciless scolding and showered with abuse: ill-mannered good-for-nothing brat, bad example, Anne this, Margot that, I couldn’t hear the rest.

Everything seems to have calmed down again today!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

PS. Tuesday and Wednesday evening our beloved Queen addressed the country. She’s taking a holiday so she’ll be in good health for her return to the Netherlands. She used words like ‘soon, when I’m back in Holland’, ‘a swift liberation’, ‘heroism’ and ‘heavy burdens’.

This was followed by a speech by Prime Minister Gerbrandy. He had such a squeaky little child’s voice that Mother instinctively said, ‘Oooh.’ A clergyman, who must have borrowed his voice from Mr Edel, concluded by asking God to take care of the Jews, all those in concentration camps and prisons and everyone working in Germany.

•

THURSDAY, 11 MAY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Since I've left my entire 'junk box' – including my fountain pen – upstairs and I'm not allowed to disturb the grown-ups during their nap time (until two-thirty), you'll have to make do with a letter in pencil.

I'm terribly busy at the moment, and strange as it may sound, I don't have enough time to get through my pile of work. Shall I tell you briefly what I've got to do? Well then, before tomorrow I have to finish reading the first volume of a biography of Galileo Galilei, since it has to be returned to the library. I started reading it yesterday and have got up to page 220 out of 320 pages, so I'll manage it. Next week I have to read *Palestine at the Crossroads* and the second volume of Galilei. Besides that, I finished the first volume of a biography of Emperor Charles V yesterday, and I still have to work out the many genealogical charts I've collected and the notes I've taken. Next I have three pages of foreign words from my various books, all of which have to be written down, memorized and read aloud. Number four: my film stars are in terrible disarray and are dying to be sorted out, but since it'll take several days to do that and Professor Anne is, as she's already said, up to her ears in work, they'll have to put up with the chaos a while longer. Then there're Theseus, Oedipus, Peleus, Orpheus, Jason and Hercules all waiting to be untangled, since their various deeds are running crisscross through my mind like multicoloured threads in a dress. Myron and Phidias are also urgently in need of attention, or else I'll forget entirely how they fit into the picture. The same applies, for example, to the Seven Years' War and the Nine Years' War. Now I'm getting everything all mixed up. Well, what can you do with a memory like mine! Just imagine how forgetful I'll be when I'm eighty!

Oh, one more thing. The Bible. How long is it going to take before I come to the story of the bathing Susanna? And what do they mean by Sodom and Gomorrah? Oh, there's still so much to find out and learn. And in the meantime, I've left Charlotte of the Palatine in the lurch.

You can see, can't you, Kitty, that I'm full to bursting?

And now something else. You've known for a long time that my greatest wish is to be a journalist, and later on, a famous writer. We'll have to wait and see if these grand illusions (or delusions!) will ever come true, but till now I've had no lack of topics. In any case, after the war I'd like to publish

a book called *The Secret Annexe*. It remains to be seen whether I'll succeed, but my diary can serve as the basis.

I also need to finish 'Cady's Life'. I've thought up the rest of the plot. After being cured in the sanatorium, Cady goes back home and continues writing to Hans. It's 1941, and it doesn't take her long to discover Hans's Nazi sympathies, and since Cady is deeply concerned with the plight of the Jews and of her friend Marianne, they begin drifting apart. They meet and get back together, but break up when Hans takes up with another girl. Cady is shattered, and because she wants to have a good job, she studies nursing. When she's qualified she accepts a position, at the urging of her father's friends, as a nurse in a TB sanatorium in Switzerland. During her first holiday she goes to Lake Como, where she runs into Hans. He tells her that two years earlier he'd married Cady's successor, but that his wife took her life in a fit of depression. Now that he's seen his little Cady again, he realizes how much he loves her, and once more asks for her hand in marriage. Cady refuses, even though, in spite of herself, she loves him as much as ever. But her pride holds her back. Hans goes away, and years later Cady learns that he's in England, where he's struggling with ill health.

When she's twenty-seven, Cady marries a well-to-do man named Simon. She grows to love him, but not as much as Hans. She has two daughters and a son, Lilian, Judith and Nico. She and Simon are happy together, but Hans is always in the back of her mind until one night she dreams of him and says farewell.

It's not sentimental nonsense: it's based on the story of Father's life.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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SATURDAY, 13 MAY 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

Yesterday was Father's birthday, Father and Mother's nineteenth wedding anniversary, a day without the cleaning lady . . . and the sun was shining as it's never shone before in 1944. Our chestnut tree is in full bloom. It's covered with leaves and is even more beautiful than last year.

Father received a biography of Linnaeus from Mr Kleiman, a book on nature from Mr Kugler, *The Canals of Amsterdam* from Dussel, a huge box from the van Daans (wrapped so beautifully it might have been done by a professional), containing three eggs, a bottle of beer, a pot of yoghurt and a green tie. It made our jar of treacle seem rather paltry. My roses smelled wonderful compared with Miep and Bep's red carnations. He was thoroughly spoiled. Fifty petits fours arrived from Siemons' Bakery, delicious! Father also treated us to spice cake, the men to beer and the ladies to yoghurt. Everything was scrumptious!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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TUESDAY, 16 MAY 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

Just for a change (since we haven't had one of these in so long) I'll recount a little discussion between Mr and Mrs van D. last night:

Mrs van D.: 'The Germans have had plenty of time to fortify the Atlantic Wall, and they'll certainly do everything within their power to hold back the British. It's amazing how strong the Germans are!'

Mr van D.: 'Oh, yes, amazing!'

Mrs van D.: 'It is!'

Mr van D.: 'So strong they're bound to win the war in the end, is that what you mean?'

Mrs van D.: 'They might. I'm not convinced that they won't.'

Mr van D.: 'I won't even answer that.'

Mrs van D.: 'You always end up answering. You let yourself get carried away, every single time.'

Mr van D.: 'No, I don't. I always keep my answers to the bare minimum.'

Mrs van D.: 'But you always do have an answer and you always have to be right! Your predictions hardly ever come true, you know!'

Mr van D.: 'So far they have.'



Mrs van D.: 'No they haven't. You said the invasion was going to start last year, the Finns were supposed to have been out of the war by now, the Italian campaign ought to have been over by last winter, and the Russians should already have captured Lemberg. Oh no, I don't set much store by your predictions.'

Mr van D. (leaping to his feet): 'Why don't you shut your trap for a change? I'll show you who's right; someday you'll get tired of needling me. I can't stand your bellyaching a minute longer. Just wait, one day I'll make you eat your words!' (End of Act One.)

Actually, I couldn't help giggling. Mother couldn't either, and even Peter was biting his lips to keep from laughing. Oh, those stupid grown-ups. They need to learn a few things first before they start making so many remarks about the younger generation!

Since Friday we've been keeping the windows open again at night.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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WHAT OUR ANNEXE FAMILY IS INTERESTED IN  
(A SYSTEMATIC SURVEY OF COURSES AND READING MATTER)

*Mr van Daan:* No courses; looks up many things in Knaur's Encyclopedia and Lexicon; likes to read detective stories, medical books and love stories, exciting or trivial.

*Mrs van Daan:* A correspondence course in English; likes to read biographical novels and occasionally other kinds of novels.

*Mr Frank:* Is learning English (Dickens!) and a bit of Latin; never reads novels, but likes serious, rather dry descriptions of people and places.

*Mrs Frank:* A correspondence course in English; reads everything except detective stories.

*Mr Dussel:* Is learning English, Spanish and Dutch with no noticeable results; reads everything; goes along with the opinion of the majority.

*Peter van Daan:* Is learning English, French (correspondence course), shorthand in Dutch, English and German, commercial correspondence in

English, woodworking, economics and sometimes maths; seldom reads, sometimes geography.

*Margot Frank:* Correspondence courses in English, French and Latin, shorthand in English, German and Dutch, trigonometry, solid geometry, mechanics, physics, chemistry, algebra, geometry, English literature, French literature, German literature, Dutch literature, bookkeeping, geography, modern history, biology, economics; reads everything, preferably on religion and medicine.

*Anne Frank:* French, English, German, Dutch shorthand, geometry, algebra, history, geography, art history, mythology, biology, Bible history, Dutch literature; likes to read biographies, dull or exciting, and history books (sometimes novels and light reading).

•

FRIDAY, 19 MAY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

I felt rotten yesterday. Throwing up (me of all people!), headache, stomach-ache and anything else you can imagine. I'm feeling better today. I'm famished, but I think I'll skip the beans we're having for dinner.

Everything's going fine between Peter and me. The poor boy has an even greater need for tenderness than I do. He still blushes every evening when he gets his good-night kiss, and then begs for another one. Am I merely a better substitute for Boche? I don't mind. He's so happy just knowing somebody loves him.

After my laborious conquest, I've distanced myself a little from the situation, but you mustn't think my love has cooled. Peter's a sweetheart, but I've slammed the door to my inner self; if he ever wants to force the lock again, he'll have to use a harder crowbar!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

•

SATURDAY, 20 MAY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Last night when I came down from the attic, I noticed, the moment I entered the room, that the lovely vase of carnations had fallen over. Mother was down on her hands and knees mopping up the water and Margot was fishing my papers from off the floor. ‘What happened?’ I asked with anxious foreboding, and before they could reply, I assessed the damage from across the room. My entire genealogy folder, my exercise-books, my textbooks, everything was afloat. I nearly cried, and I was so upset I started speaking German. I can’t remember a word, but according to Margot I babbled something about ‘*unübersehbarer Schaden, schrecklich, entsetzlich, nie zu ersetzen*’<sup>28</sup> and much more. Father burst out laughing and Mother and Margot joined in, but I felt like crying because all my work and elaborate notes were lost.

I took a closer look and, luckily, the ‘incalculable loss’ wasn’t as bad as I’d expected. Up in the attic I carefully peeled apart the sheets of paper that were stuck together and then hung them on the clothes-line to dry. It was such a funny sight, even I had to laugh. Maria de’ Medici alongside Charles V, William of Orange and Marie Antoinette.

‘It’s *Rassenschande*’,<sup>27</sup> Mr van Daan joked.

After entrusting my papers to Peter’s care, I went back downstairs.

‘Which books are ruined?’ I asked Margot, who was going through them.

‘Algebra,’ Margot said.

But as luck would have it, my algebra book wasn’t entirely ruined. I wish it had fallen right in the vase. I’ve never loathed any book as much as that one. Inside the front cover are the names of at least twenty girls who had it before I did. It’s old, yellowed, full of scribbles, crossed-out words and revisions. The next time I’m in a wicked mood, I’m going to tear the flaming thing to pieces!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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MONDAY, 22 MAY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

On 20 May, Father lost his bet and had to give five pots of yoghurt to Mrs van Daan: the invasion still hasn’t begun. I can safely say that all of

Amsterdam, all of Holland, in fact the entire western coast of Europe, all the way down to Spain, are talking about the invasion day and night, debating, making bets and . . . hoping.

The suspense is rising to fever pitch; by no means has everyone we think of as 'good' Dutch people kept their faith in the British, not everyone thinks the British bluff is a masterful strategical move. Oh no, people want deeds – great, heroic deeds.

No one can see farther than the end of their nose, no one gives a thought to the fact that the British are fighting for their own country and their own people; everyone thinks it's Britain's duty to save Holland, as quickly as possible. What obligations do the British have towards us? What have the Dutch done to deserve the generous help they so clearly expect? Oh no, the Dutch are very much mistaken. The British, despite their bluff, are certainly no more to blame for the war than all the other countries, large and small, that are now occupied by the Germans. The British are not about to offer their excuses; true, they were sleeping during the years Germany was rearming itself, but all the other countries, especially those bordering on Germany, were asleep too. Britain and the rest of the world have discovered that burying your head in the sand doesn't work, and now each of them, especially Britain, is having to pay a heavy price for its ostrich policy.

No country sacrifices its men without reason, and certainly not in the interests of another, and Britain is no exception. The invasion, liberation and freedom will come someday; yet Britain, not the occupied territories, will choose the moment.

To our great sorrow and dismay, we've heard that many people have changed their attitude towards us Jews. We've been told that anti-Semitism has cropped up in circles where once it would have been unthinkable. This fact has affected us all very, very deeply. The reason for the hatred is understandable, maybe even human, but that doesn't make it right. According to the Christians, the Jews are blabbing their secrets to the Germans, denouncing their helpers and causing them to suffer the dreadful fate and punishments that have already been meted out to so many. All of this is true. But as with everything, they should look at the matter from both sides: would Christians act any differently if they were in our place? Could anyone, regardless of whether they're Jews or Christians, remain silent in

the face of German pressure? Everyone knows it's practically impossible, so why do they ask the impossible of the Jews?

It's being said in underground circles that the German Jews who emigrated to Holland before the war and have now been sent to Poland shouldn't be allowed to return here. They were granted the right to asylum in Holland, but once Hitler is gone, they should go back to Germany.

When you hear that, you begin to wonder why we're fighting this long and difficult war. We're always being told that we're fighting for freedom, truth and justice! The war isn't even over, and already there's dissension and Jews are regarded as lesser beings. Oh, it's sad, very sad that the old adage has been confirmed for the umpteenth time: 'What one Christian does is his own responsibility, what one Jew does reflects on all Jews.'

To be honest, I can't understand how the Dutch, a nation of good, honest, upright people, can sit in judgement on us the way they do. On *us* – the most oppressed, unfortunate and pitiable people in all the world.

I have only one hope: that this anti-Semitism is just a passing thing, that the Dutch will show their true colours, that they'll never waver from what they know in their hearts to be just, for this is unjust!

And if they ever carry out this terrible threat, the meagre handful of Jews still left in Holland will have to go. We too will have to shoulder our bundles and move on, away from this beautiful country, which once so kindly took us in and now turns its back on us.

I love Holland. Once I hoped it would become a fatherland to me, since I had lost my own. And I hope so still!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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THURSDAY, 25 MAY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Bep's engaged! The news isn't much of a surprise, though none of us is particularly pleased. Bertus may be a nice, steady, athletic young man, but Bep doesn't love him, and to me that's enough reason to advise her against marrying him.

Bep's trying to get on in the world, and Bertus is pulling her back; he's a labourer, without any interests or any desire to make something of himself,

and I don't think that'll make Bep happy. I can understand Bep's wanting to put an end to her indecision; four weeks ago she decided to write him off, but then she felt even worse. So she wrote him a letter, and now she's engaged.

There are several factors involved in this engagement. First, Bep's sick father, who likes Bertus very much. Second, she's the oldest of the Voskuijl girls and her mother teases her about being an old maid. Third, she's just turned twenty-four, and that matters a great deal to Bep.

Mother said it would have been better if Bep had simply had an affair with Bertus. I don't know, I feel sorry for Bep and can understand her loneliness. In any case, they can get married only after the war, since Bertus is in hiding, or at any rate has gone underground. Besides, they don't have a penny to their name and nothing in the way of a trousseau. What a sorry prospect for Bep, for whom we all wish the best. I only hope Bertus improves under her influence, or that Bep finds another man, one who knows how to appreciate her!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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#### THE SAME DAY

There's something happening every day. This morning Mr van Hoeven was arrested. He was hiding two Jews in his house. It's a heavy blow for us, not only because those poor Jews are once again balancing on the edge of an abyss, but also because it's terrible for Mr van Hoeven.

The world's been turned upside down. The most decent people are being sent to concentration camps, prisons and lonely cells, while the lowest of the low rule over young and old, rich and poor. One gets caught for black marketeering, another for hiding Jews or other unfortunate souls. Unless you're a Nazi, you don't know what's going to happen to you from one day to the next.

Mr van Hoeven is a great loss to us too. Bep can't possibly lug such huge amounts of potatoes all the way here, nor should she have to, so our only choice is to eat fewer of them. I'll tell you what we have in mind, but it's certainly not going to make life here any more agreeable. Mother says we'll

skip breakfast, eat porridge and bread for lunch and fried potatoes for dinner and, if possible, vegetables or lettuce once or twice a week. That's all there is. We're going to be hungry, but nothing's worse than being caught.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

•

FRIDAY, 26 MAY 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

At long, long last, I can sit quietly at my table before the crack in the window frame and write you everything, everything I want to say.

I feel more miserable than I have in months. Even after the break-in I didn't feel so utterly broken, inside and out. On the one hand, there's the news about Mr van Hoven, the Jewish question (which is discussed in detail by everyone in the house), the invasion (which is so long in coming), the awful food, the tension, the miserable atmosphere, my disappointment in Peter. On the other hand, there's Bep's engagement, the Whitsun reception, the flowers, Mr Kugler's birthday, cakes and stories about cabarets, films and concerts. That gap, that enormous gap, is always there. One day we're laughing at the comical side of life in hiding, and the next day (and there are many such days) we're frightened, and the fear, tension and despair can be read on our faces.

Miep and Mr Kugler bear the greatest burden for us, and for all those in hiding – Miep in everything she does and Mr Kugler through his enormous responsibility for the eight of us, which is sometimes so overwhelming that he can hardly speak from the pent-up tension and strain. Mr Kleiman and Bep also take very good care of us, but they're able to put the Annexe out of their minds, even if it's only for a few hours or a few days. They have their own worries, Mr Kleiman with his health and Bep with her engagement, which isn't looking very promising at the moment. But they also have their outings, their visits to friends, their everyday lives as ordinary people, so that the tension is sometimes relieved, if only for a short while, while ours never is, never has been, not once in the two years we've been here. How much longer will this increasingly oppressive, unbearable weight press down on us?

The drains are clogged again. We can't run the water, or if we do, only a trickle; we can't flush the toilet, so we have to use a toilet brush; and we've been putting our dirty water into a big earthenware jar. We can manage for today, but what will happen if the plumber can't mend it on his own? They can't come to do the drains until Tuesday.

Miep sent us a currant loaf with 'Happy Whitsun' written on top. It's almost as if she were mocking us, since our moods and cares are far from 'happy'.

We've all become more frightened since the van Hoeven business. Once again you hear 'shh' from all sides, and we're doing everything more quietly. The police forced the door there; they could just as easily do that here too! What will we do if we're ever . . . no, I mustn't write that down. But the question won't let itself be pushed to the back of my mind today; on the contrary, all the fear I've ever felt is looming before me in all its horror.

I had to go downstairs alone at eight this evening to use the lavatory. There was no one down there, since they were all listening to the radio. I wanted to be brave, but it was hard. I always feel safer upstairs than in that huge, silent house; when I'm alone with those mysterious muffled sounds from upstairs and the honking of horns in the street, I have to hurry and remind myself where I am to keep from getting the shivers.

Miep has been acting much nicer towards us since her talk with Father. But I haven't told you about that yet. Miep came up one afternoon all flushed and asked Father straight out if we thought they too were infected with the current anti-Semitism. Father was stunned and quickly talked her out of the idea, but some of Miep's suspicion has lingered on. They're doing more errands for us now and showing more of an interest in our troubles, though we certainly shouldn't bother them with our woes. Oh, they're such good, noble people!

I've asked myself again and again whether it wouldn't have been better if we hadn't gone into hiding, if we were dead now and didn't have to go through this misery, especially so that the others could be spared the burden. But we all shrink from this thought. We still love life, we haven't yet forgotten the voice of nature, and we keep hoping, hoping for . . . everything.



Let something happen soon, even an air raid. Nothing can be more crushing than this anxiety. Let the end come, however cruel; at least then we'll know whether we are to be the victors or the vanquished.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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WEDNESDAY, 31 MAY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday it was too hot to hold my fountain pen, which is why I couldn't write to you. Friday the drains were clogged, Saturday they were cleared. Mrs Kleiman came for a visit in the afternoon and told us a lot about Jopie; she and Jacque van Maarsen are in the same hockey club. Sunday, Bep dropped in to make sure no one had broken in and stayed for breakfast. On Whit Monday Mr Gies served as the Annexe watchman, and Tuesday we were finally allowed to open the windows. We've seldom had a Whit weekend that was so beautiful and warm. Or maybe 'hot' is a better word. Hot weather is horrible in the Annexe. To give you an idea of the numerous complaints, I'll briefly describe these sweltering days.

Saturday: 'Wonderful, what fantastic weather,' we all said in the morning. 'If only it weren't quite so hot,' we said in the afternoon, when the windows had to be shut.

Sunday: 'The heat's unbearable, the butter's melting, there's not a cool spot anywhere in the house, the bread's drying out, the milk's going off, the windows can't be opened. We poor outcasts are suffocating while everyone else is enjoying their Whitsun holiday.' (According to Mrs van D.)

Monday: 'My feet hurt, I have nothing cool to wear, I can't wash up in this heat!' Grumbling from early in the morning to late at night. It was awful.

I can't stand the heat. I'm glad the wind's come up today, but that the sun's still shining.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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FRIDAY, 2 JUNE 1944

*Dear Kitty,*

'If you're going to the attic, take an umbrella with you, preferably a large one!' This is to protect you from 'household showers'. There's a Dutch proverb: 'High and dry, safe and sound', but it obviously doesn't apply to wartime (guns!) and to people in hiding (litter box!). Mouschi's got into the habit of relieving herself on some newspapers or between the cracks in the floorboards, so we have good reason to fear the splatters and, even worse, the stench. The new Moortje in the warehouse has the same problem. Anyone who's ever had a cat that's not housebroken can imagine the smells, other than pepper and thyme, that permeate this house.

I also have a brand-new prescription for gunfire jitters: when the shooting gets loud, proceed to the nearest wooden staircase. Run up and down a few times, making sure to stumble at least once. What with the scratches and the noise of running and falling, you won't even be able to hear the shooting, much less worry about it. Yours truly has put this magic formula to use, with great success!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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MONDAY, 5 JUNE 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

New problems in the Annexe. A quarrel between Dussel and the Franks over the division of butter. Capitulation on the part of Dussel. Close friendship between the latter and Mrs van Daan, flirtations, kisses and friendly little smiles. Dussel is beginning to long for female companionship.

The van Daans don't see why we should bake a spice cake for Mr Kugler's birthday when we can't have one ourselves. All very petty. Mood upstairs: bad. Mrs van D. has a cold. Dussel caught with brewer's yeast tablets, while we've got none.

The Fifth Army has taken Rome. The city neither destroyed nor bombed. Great propaganda for Hitler.

Very few potatoes and vegetables. One loaf of bread was mouldy.

Scharminkeltje (name of new warehouse cat) can't stand pepper. She sleeps in the litter box and does her business in the wood shavings. Impossible to keep her.

Bad weather. Continuous bombing of Pas de Calais and the west coast of France.

No one buying dollars. Gold even less interesting. The bottom of our black money-box is in sight. What are we going to live on next month?

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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TUESDAY, 6 JUNE 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

'This is D-Day,' the BBC announced at twelve. 'This is *the* day.' The invasion has begun!

This morning at eight the British reported heavy bombing of Calais, Boulogne, Le Havre and Cherbourg, as well as Pas de Calais (as usual). Further, as a precautionary measure for those in the occupied territories, everyone living within a zone of twenty miles from the coast was warned to prepare for bombardments. Where possible, the British will drop pamphlets an hour ahead of time.

According to the German news, British paratroopers have landed on the coast of France. 'British landing craft are engaged in combat with German naval units,' according to the BBC.

Conclusion reached by the Annexe while breakfasting at nine: this is a trial landing, like the one two years ago in Dieppe.

BBC broadcast in German, Dutch, French and other languages at ten: the invasion has begun! So this is the 'real' invasion. BBC broadcast in German at eleven: speech by Supreme Commander General Dwight Eisenhower.

BBC broadcast in English: 'This is D-Day.' General Eisenhower said to the French people: 'Stiff fighting will come now, but after this the victory. The year 1944 is the year of complete victory. Good luck!'

BBC broadcast in English at one: 11,000 planes are shuttling back and forth or standing by to land troops and bomb behind enemy lines; 4,000 landing craft and small boats are continually arriving in the area between Cherbourg and Le Havre. British and American troops are already engaged

in heavy combat. Speeches by Gerbrandy, the Prime Minister of Belgium, King Haakon of Norway, de Gaulle of France, the King of England and, last but not least, Churchill.

A huge commotion in the Annexe! Is this really the beginning of the long-awaited liberation? The liberation we've all talked so much about, which still seems too good, too much of a fairy tale ever to come true? Will this year, 1944, bring us victory? We don't know yet. But where there's hope, there's life. It fills us with fresh courage and makes us strong again. We'll need to be brave to endure the many fears and hardships and the suffering yet to come. It's now a matter of remaining calm and steadfast, of gritting our teeth and keeping a stiff upper lip! France, Russia, Italy, and even Germany, can cry out in agony, but we don't yet have that right!

Oh, Kitty, the best part about the invasion is that I have the feeling that friends are on the way. Those awful Germans have oppressed and threatened us for so long that the thought of friends and salvation means everything to us! Now it's not just the Jews, but Holland and all of occupied Europe. Maybe, Margot says, I can even go back to school in September or October.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

PS: I'll keep you informed of the latest news!

This morning and last night, dummies made of straw and rubber were dropped from the air behind German lines, and they exploded the minute they hit the ground. Many paratroopers, their faces blackened so they couldn't be seen in the dark, landed as well. The French coast was bombarded with 5,500 tons of bombs during the night, and then, at six in the morning, the first landing craft came ashore. Today there were 20,000 aeroplanes in action. The German coastal batteries were destroyed even before the landing; a small bridgehead has already been formed. Everything's going well, despite the bad weather. The army and the people are 'one will and one hope'.

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FRIDAY, 9 JUNE 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Great news of the invasion! The Allies have taken Bayeux, a village on the coast of France, and are now fighting for Caen. They're clearly intending to cut off the peninsula where Cherbourg is located. Every evening the war correspondents report on the difficulties, the courage and the fighting spirit of the army. To get their stories, they pull off the most amazing feats. A few of the wounded who are already back in England also spoke on the radio. Despite the miserable weather, the planes are flying diligently back and forth. We heard over the BBC that Churchill wanted to land along with the troops on D-Day, but Eisenhower and the other generals managed to talk him out of it. Just imagine, so much courage for such an old man – he must be at least seventy!

The excitement here has died down somewhat; still, we're all hoping that the war will finally be over by the end of the year. It's about time! Mrs van Daan's constant grizzling is unbearable; now that she can no longer drive us crazy with the invasion, she moans and groans all day about the bad weather. If only we could plonk her down in the loft in a bucket of cold water!

Everyone in the Annexe except Mr van Daan and Peter has read the *Hungarian Rhapsody* trilogy, a biography of the composer, piano virtuoso and child prodigy Franz Liszt. It's very interesting, though in my opinion there's a bit too much emphasis on women; Liszt was not only the greatest and most famous pianist of his time, he was also the biggest womanizer, even at the age of seventy. He had affairs with Countess Marie d'Agoult, Princess Carolyne Sayn-Wittgenstein, the dancer Lola Montez, the pianist Agnes Kingworth, the pianist Sophie Menter, the Circassian princess Olga Janina, Baroness Olga Meyendorff, actress Lilla what's-her-name, etc., etc., and there's no end to it. Those parts of the book dealing with music and the other arts are much more interesting. Some of the people mentioned are Schumann, Clara Wieck, Hector Berlioz, Johannes Brahms, Beethoven, Joachim, Richard Wagner, Hans von Bülow, Anton Rubinstein, Frédéric Chopin, Victor Hugo, Honoré de Balzac, Hiller, Hummel, Czerny, Rossini, Cherubini, Paganini, Mendelssohn, etc., etc.

Liszt appears to have been a decent man, very generous and modest, though exceptionally vain. He helped others, put art above all else, was

extremely fond of cognac and women, couldn't bear the sight of tears, was a gentleman, couldn't refuse anyone a favour, wasn't interested in money and cared about religious freedom and the world.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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TUESDAY, 13 JUNE 1944

*Dearest Kit,*

Another birthday has gone by, so I'm now fifteen. I received quite a few gifts: Springer's five-volume art history book, a set of underwear, two belts, a handkerchief, two pots of yoghurt, a pot of jam, two honey biscuits (small), a botany book from Father and Mother, a gold bracelet from Margot, a sticker album from the van Daans, Biomalt and sweet peas from Dussel, sweets from Miep, sweets and exercise-books from Bep, and the high point: the book *Maria Theresa* and three slices of full-cream cheese from Mr Kugler. Peter gave me a lovely bouquet of peonies; the poor boy had put a lot of effort into finding a present, but nothing quite worked out.

The invasion is still going splendidly, in spite of the miserable weather – pouring rains, strong winds and high seas.

Yesterday Churchill, Smuts, Eisenhower and Arnold visited the French villages that the British have captured and liberated. Churchill was on a torpedo boat that shelled the coast. Like many men, he doesn't seem to know what fear is – an enviable trait!

From our position here in Fort Annexe, it's difficult to gauge the mood of the Dutch. No doubt many people are glad the idle (!) British have finally rolled up their sleeves and got down to work. Those who keep claiming they don't want to be occupied by the British don't realize how unfair they're being. Their line of reasoning boils down to this: Britain must fight, struggle and sacrifice its sons to liberate Holland and the other occupied countries. After that the British shouldn't remain in Holland: they should offer their most abject apologies to all the occupied countries, restore the Dutch East Indies to its rightful owner and then return, weakened and impoverished, to Britain. What a bunch of idiots. And yet, as I've already said, many Dutch people can be counted among their ranks. What would

have become of Holland and its neighbours if Britain had signed a peace treaty with Germany, as it's had ample opportunity to do? Holland would have become German, and that would have been the end of that!

All those Dutch people who still look down on the British, scoff at Britain and its government of ageing lords, call them cowards, yet hate the Germans, should be given a good shaking, the way you'd plump up a pillow. Maybe that would straighten out their jumbled brains!

Wishes, thoughts, accusations and reproaches are swirling around in my head. I'm not really as conceited as many people think; I know my various faults and shortcomings better than anyone else, but there's one difference: I also know that I want to change, will change and already have changed greatly!

Why is it, I often ask myself, that everyone still thinks I'm so pushy and such a know-it-all? Am I really so arrogant? Am *I* the one who's so arrogant, or are they? It sounds silly, I know, but I'm not going to cross out that last sentence, because it's not as silly as it seems. Mrs van Daan and Dussel, my two chief accusers, are known to be totally unintelligent and, not to put too fine a point on it, just plain 'stupid'! Stupid people usually can't bear it when others do something better than they do; the best examples of this are those two dunces, Mrs van Daan and Dussel. Mrs van D. thinks I'm stupid because I don't suffer so much from this ailment as she does, she thinks I'm pushy because she's even pushier, she thinks my dresses are too short because hers are even shorter, and she thinks I'm such a know-it-all because she talks twice as much as I do about topics she knows nothing about. The same goes for Dussel. But one of my favourite sayings is 'Where there's smoke there's fire', and I readily admit I'm a know-it-all.

What's so difficult about my personality is that I scold and curse myself much more than anyone else does; if Mother adds her advice, the pile of sermons becomes so thick that I despair of ever getting through them. Then I talk back and start contradicting everyone until the old familiar Anne refrain inevitably crops up again: 'No one understands me!'

This phrase is part of me, and as unlikely as it may seem, there's a kernel of truth in it. Sometimes I'm so deeply buried under self-reproaches that I long for a word of comfort to help me dig myself out again. If only I had

someone who took my feelings seriously. Alas, I haven't yet found that person, so the search must go on.

I know you're wondering about Peter, aren't you, Kit? It's true, Peter loves me, not as a girlfriend, but as a friend. His affection grows day by day, but some mysterious force is holding us back, and I don't know what it is.

Sometimes I think my terrible longing for him was over-exaggerated. But that's not true, because if I'm unable to go to his room for a day or two, I long for him as desperately as I ever did. Peter is kind and good, and yet I can't deny that he's disappointed me in many ways. I especially don't care for his dislike of religion, his talk of food and various things of that nature. Still, I'm firmly convinced that we'll stick to our agreement never to quarrel. Peter is peace-loving, tolerant and extremely easygoing. He lets me say a lot of things to him that he'd never accept from his mother. He's making a determined effort to remove the blots from his copybook and keep his affairs in order. Yet why does he hide his innermost self and never allow me access? Of course, he's much more closed than I am, but I know from experience (even though I'm constantly being accused of knowing all there is to know in theory, but not in practice) that in time, even the most uncommunicative types will long as much, or even more, for someone to confide in.

Peter and I have both spent our contemplative years in the Annexe. We often discuss the future, the past and the present, but as I've already told you, I miss the real thing, and yet I know it exists!

Is it because I haven't been outdoors for so long that I've become so mad about nature? I remember a time when a magnificent blue sky, chirping birds, moonlight and budding blossoms wouldn't have captivated me. Things have changed since I came here. One night during Whitsun, for instance, when it was so hot, I struggled to keep my eyes open until eleven-thirty so I could get a good look at the moon, all on my own for once. Alas, my sacrifice was in vain, since there was too much glare and I couldn't risk opening a window. Another time, several months ago, I happened to be upstairs one night when the window was open. I didn't go back down until it had to be closed again. The dark, rainy evening, the wind, the racing clouds, had me spellbound; it was the first time in a year and a half that I'd



seen the night face-to-face. After that evening my longing to see it again was even greater than my fear of burglars, a dark rat-infested house or police raids. I went downstairs all by myself and looked out of the windows in the kitchen and private office. Many people think nature is beautiful, many people sleep from time to time under the starry sky, and many people in hospitals and prisons long for the day when they'll be free to enjoy what nature has to offer. But few are as isolated and cut off as we are from the joys of nature, which can be shared by rich and poor alike.

It's not just my imagination – looking at the sky, the clouds, the moon and the stars really does make me feel calm and hopeful. It's much better medicine than valerian or bromide. Nature makes me feel humble and ready to face every blow with courage!

As luck would have it, I'm only able – except for a few rare occasions – to view nature through dusty curtains tacked over dirt-caked windows; it takes the pleasure out of looking. Nature is the one thing for which there is no substitute!

One of the many questions that have often bothered me is why women have been, and still are, thought to be so inferior to men. It's easy to say it's unfair, but that's not enough for me; I'd really like to know the reason for this great injustice!

Men presumably dominated women from the very beginning because of their greater physical strength; it's men who earn a living, beget children and do as they please . . . Until recently, women silently went along with this, which was stupid, since the longer it's kept up, the more deeply entrenched it becomes. Fortunately, education, work and progress have opened women's eyes. In many countries they've been granted equal rights; many people, mainly women, but also men, now realize how wrong it was to tolerate this state of affairs for so long. Modern women want the right to be completely independent!

But that's not all. Women should be respected as well! Generally speaking, men are held in great esteem in all parts of the world, so why shouldn't women have their share? Soldiers and war heroes are honoured and commemorated, explorers are granted immortal fame, martyrs are revered, but how many people look upon women too as soldiers?

In the book *Men against Death* I was greatly struck by the fact that in childbirth alone, women commonly suffer more pain, illness and misery than any war hero ever does. And what's her reward for enduring all that pain? She gets pushed aside when she's disfigured by birth, her children soon leave, her beauty is gone. Women, who struggle and suffer pain to ensure the continuation of the human race, make much tougher and more courageous soldiers than all those big-mouthed freedom-fighting heroes put together!

I don't mean to imply that women should stop having children; on the contrary, nature intended them to, and that's the way it should be. What I condemn are our system of values and the men who don't acknowledge how great, difficult, but ultimately beautiful women's share in society is.

I agree completely with Paul de Kruif, the author of this book, when he says that men must learn that birth is no longer thought of as inevitable and unavoidable in those parts of the world we consider civilized. It's easy for men to talk – they don't and never will have to bear the woes that women do!

I believe that in the course of the next century the notion that it's a woman's duty to have children will change and make way for the respect and admiration of all women, who bear their burdens without complaint or a lot of pompous words!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

FRIDAY, 16 JUNE 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

New problems: Mrs van D. is at her wits' end. She's talking about getting shot, being thrown in prison, being hanged and suicide. She's jealous that Peter confides in me and not in her, offended that Dussel doesn't respond sufficiently to her flirtations and afraid her husband's going to squander all the fur-coat money on tobacco. She quarrels, curses, cries, feels sorry for herself, laughs and starts all over again.

What on earth can you do with such a silly, snivelling specimen of humanity? Nobody takes her seriously, she has no strength of character, she complains to one and all, and you should see what she looks like: *von hinten Lyzeum, von vorne Museum*.<sup>29</sup> Even worse, Peter's becoming

insolent, Mr van Daan irritable and Mother cynical. Yes, everyone's in quite a state! There's only one rule you need to remember: laugh at everything and forget everybody else! It sounds egotistical, but it's actually the only cure for those suffering from self-pity.

Mr Kugler's supposed to spend four weeks in Alkmaar on a work detail. He's trying to get out of it with a doctor's certificate and a letter from Opekta. Mr Kleiman's hoping his stomach will be operated on soon. Starting at eleven last night, all private phones were cut off.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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FRIDAY, 23 JUNE 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Nothing special going on here. The British have begun their all-out attack on Cherbourg. According to Pim and Mr van Daan, we're sure to be liberated before 10 October. The Russians are taking part in the campaign; yesterday they started their offensive near Vitebsk, exactly three years to the day that the Germans invaded Russia.

Bep's spirits have sunk lower than ever. We're nearly out of potatoes; from now on, we're going to count them out for each person, then everyone can do what they want with them. Starting Monday, Miep's taking a week's holiday. Mr Kleiman's doctors haven't found anything on the X-rays. He's torn between having an operation and letting matters take their course.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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TUESDAY, 27 JUNE 1944

*My dearest Kitty,*

The mood has changed, everything's going enormously well. Cherbourg, Vitebsk and Zhlobin fell today. They're sure to have captured lots of men and equipment. Five German generals were killed near Cherbourg and two taken captive. Now that they've got a harbour, the British can bring

whatever they want on shore. The whole Cotentin Peninsula has been captured just three weeks after the invasion! What a feat!

In the three weeks since D-Day there hasn't been a day without rain and storms, neither here nor in France, but this bad luck hasn't kept the British and the Americans from displaying their might. And how! Of course, the Germans have launched their wonder weapon, but a little firecracker like that will hardly make a dent, except maybe minor damage in England and screaming headlines in the Jerry newspapers. Anyway, when they realize in 'Jerryland' that the Bolsheviks really are getting closer, they'll be shaking in their boots.

All German women who aren't working for the military are being evacuated, together with their children, from the coastal regions to the provinces of Groningen, Friesland and Gelderland. Mussert<sup>30</sup> has announced that if the invasion reaches Holland, he'll enlist. Is that fat pig planning to fight? He could have done that in Russia long before now. Finland turned down a peace offer some time ago, and now the negotiations have been broken off again. Those numbskulls, they'll be sorry!

How far do you think we'll be on 27 July?

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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FRIDAY, 30 JUNE 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

*Bad weather from one at a stretch to thirty June.*<sup>31</sup> Don't I say that well? Oh yes, I already know a little English; just to prove it I'm reading *An Ideal Husband* with the help of a dictionary! War's going wonderfully: Bobruysk, Mogilev and Orsha have fallen, lots of prisoners.

Everything's all right here. Spirits are improving, our super-optimists are triumphant, the van Daans are doing disappearing acts with the sugar, Bep's changed her hair, and Miep has a week off. That's the latest news!

I've been having really ghastly root-canal work done on one of my front teeth. It's been terribly painful. It was so bad Dussel thought I was going to faint, and I nearly did. Mrs van D. promptly got a toothache as well!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

PS. We've heard from Basle that Bernd<sup>32</sup> played the part of the innkeeper in *Minna von Barnhelm*. He has 'artistic leanings', says Mother.

THURSDAY, 6 JULY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

My blood runs cold when Peter talks about becoming a criminal or a speculator; of course, he's joking, but I still have the feeling he's afraid of his own weakness. Margot and Peter are always saying to me, 'If I had your pluck and your strength, if I had your drive and unflagging energy, I could . . . !'

Is it really such an admirable trait not to let myself be influenced by others? Am I right in following my own conscience?

To be honest, I can't imagine how anyone could say 'I'm weak' and then stay that way. If you know that about yourself, why not fight it, why not develop your character? Their answer has always been: 'Because it's much easier not to!' This reply leaves me feeling rather discouraged. Easy? Does that mean a life of deceit and laziness is easy too? Oh no, that can't be true. It can't be true that people are so readily tempted by ease . . . and money. I've given a lot of thought to what my answer should be, to how I should get Peter to believe in himself and, most of all, to change himself for the better. I don't know whether I'm on the right track.

I've often imagined how nice it would be if someone were to confide everything to me. But now that it's reached that point, I realize how difficult it is to put yourself in someone else's shoes and find the *right* answer. Especially since 'easy' and 'money' are new and completely alien concepts to me.

Peter's beginning to lean on me and I don't want that, not under any circumstances. It's hard enough standing on your own two feet, but when you also have to remain true to your character and soul, it's harder still.

I've been drifting around at sea, have spent days searching for an effective antidote to that terrible word 'easy'. How can I make it clear to him that, while it may seem easy and wonderful, it will drag him down to the depths, to a place where he'll no longer find friends, support or beauty, so far down that he may never rise to the surface again?

We're all alive, but we don't know why or what for; we're all searching for happiness; we're all leading lives that are different and yet the same. We three have been raised in good families, we have the opportunity to get an education and make something of ourselves. We have many reasons to hope for great happiness, but . . . we have to earn it. And that's something you can't achieve by taking the easy way out. Earning happiness means doing good and working, not speculating and being lazy. Laziness may *look* inviting, but only work gives you *true* satisfaction.

I can't understand people who don't like to work, but that isn't Peter's problem either. He just doesn't have a goal, plus he thinks he's too stupid and inferior to ever achieve anything. Poor boy, he's never known how it feels to make someone else happy, and I'm afraid I can't teach him. He isn't religious, scoffs at Jesus Christ and takes the Lord's name in vain, and though I'm not Orthodox either, it hurts me every time to see him so lonely, so scornful, so wretched.

People who are religious should be glad, since not everyone is blessed with the ability to believe in a higher order. You don't even have to live in fear of eternal punishment; the concepts of purgatory, heaven and hell are difficult for many people to accept, yet religion itself, any religion, keeps a person on the right path. Not the fear of God, but upholding your own sense of honour and obeying your own conscience. How noble and good everyone could be if, at the end of each day, they were to review their own behaviour and weigh up the rights and wrongs. They would automatically try to do better at the start of each new day and, after a while, would certainly accomplish a great deal. Everyone is welcome to this prescription; it costs nothing and is definitely useful. Those who don't know will have to find out by experience that 'a quiet conscience gives you strength'!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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SATURDAY, 8 JULY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

Mr Broks was in Beverwijk and managed to get hold of strawberries at the produce auction. They arrived here dusty and full of sand, but in large quantities. No fewer than twenty-four crates for the office and us. That very

same evening we bottled the first six jars and made eight jars of jam. The next morning Miep started making jam for the office.

At twelve-thirty the outside door was locked, crates were lugged into the kitchen, with Peter, Father and Mr van Daan stumbling up the stairs. Anne got hot water from the water-heater, Margot went for a bucket, all hands on deck! With a funny feeling in my stomach, I entered the overcrowded office kitchen. Miep, Bep, Mr Kleiman, Jan, Father, Peter: the Annexe contingent and the Supply Corps all mixed up together, and that in the middle of the day! Curtains and windows open, loud voices, banging doors – I was trembling with excitement. I kept thinking, ‘Are we really in hiding?’ This must be how it feels when you can finally go out into the world again. The pan was full, so I dashed upstairs, where the rest of the family was hulling strawberries around the kitchen table. At least that’s what they were supposed to be doing, but more was going into their mouths than into the buckets. They were bound to need another bucket soon. Peter went back downstairs, but then the doorbell rang twice. Leaving the bucket where it was, Peter raced upstairs and shut the bookcase behind him. We sat kicking our heels impatiently; the strawberries were waiting to be rinsed, but we stuck to the house rule: ‘No running water when strangers are downstairs – they might hear the drains.’

Jan came up at one to tell us it had been the postman. Peter hurried downstairs again. Ding-dong . . . the doorbell, about-turn. I listened to hear if anyone was coming, standing first at the bookcase, then at the top of the stairs. Finally Peter and I leaned over the banister, straining our ears like a couple of burglars to hear the sounds from downstairs. No unfamiliar voices. Peter tiptoed halfway down the stairs and called out, ‘Bep!’ Once more: ‘Bep!’ His voice was drowned out by the racket in the kitchen. So he ran down to the kitchen while I nervously kept watch from above.

‘Go upstairs at once, Peter, the accountant’s here, you’ve got to leave!’ It was Mr Kugler’s voice. Sighing, Peter came upstairs and closed the bookcase.

Mr Kugler finally came up at one-thirty. ‘Gosh, the whole world’s turned to strawberries. I had strawberries for breakfast, Jan’s having them for lunch, Kleiman’s eating them as a snack, Miep’s boiling them, Bep’s hulling them, and I can smell them everywhere I go. I come upstairs to get away from all that red and what do I see? People washing strawberries!’

The rest of the strawberries were bottled. That evening: two jars came unsealed. Father quickly turned them into jam. The next morning: two more lids popped up; and that afternoon: four lids. Mr van Daan hadn't got the jars hot enough when he was sterilizing them, so Father ended up making jam every evening. We ate porridge with strawberries, buttermilk with strawberries, bread with strawberries, strawberries for dessert, strawberries with sugar, strawberries with sand. For two days there was nothing but strawberries, strawberries, strawberries, and then our supply was either exhausted or in jars, safely under lock and key.

'Hey, Anne,' Margot called out one day, 'Mrs van Hooven has let us have some peas, twenty pounds!'

'That's nice of her,' I replied. And it certainly was, but it's so much work . . . ugh!

'On Saturday, you've all got to shell peas,' Mother announced at the table.

And sure enough, this morning after breakfast our biggest enamel pan appeared on the table, filled to the brim with peas. If you think shelling peas is boring work, you ought to try removing the inner linings. I don't think many people realize that once you've pulled out the linings, the pods are soft, delicious and rich in vitamins. But an even greater advantage is that you get nearly three times as much as when you eat just the peas.

Stripping pods is a precise and meticulous job that might be suited to pedantic dentists or finicky spice experts, but it's a horror for an impatient teenager like me. We started work at nine-thirty; I sat down at ten-thirty, got up again at eleven, sat down again at eleven-thirty. My ears were humming with the following refrain: snap the end, strip the pod, pull the string, pod in the pan, snap the end, strip the pod, pull the string, pod in the pan, etc., etc. My eyes were swimming: green, green, worm, string, rotten pod, green, green. To fight the boredom and have something to do, I chattered all morning, saying whatever came into my head and making everyone laugh. The monotony was killing me. Every string I pulled made me more certain that I never, ever, want to be just a housewife!

At twelve we finally ate breakfast, but from twelve-thirty to one-fifteen we had to strip pods again. When I stopped, I felt a bit seasick, and so did



the others. I had a nap until four, still in a daze because of those wretched peas.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

SATURDAY, 15 JULY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

We've received a book from the library with the challenging title *What Do You Think of the Modern Young Girl?* I'd like to discuss this subject today.

The writer criticizes 'today's youth' from head to toe, though without dismissing them all as 'hopeless cases'. On the contrary, she believes they have it within their power to build a bigger, better and more beautiful world, but that they occupy themselves with superficial things, without giving a thought to true beauty.

In some passages I had the strong feeling that the writer was directing her disapproval at me, which is why I finally want to bare my soul to you and defend myself against this attack.

I have one outstanding character trait that must be obvious to anyone who's known me for any length of time: I have a great deal of self-knowledge. In everything I do, I can watch myself as if I were a stranger. I can stand across from the everyday Anne and, without being biased or making excuses, watch what she's doing, both the good and the bad. This self-awareness never leaves me, and every time I open my mouth, I think, 'You should have said that differently' or 'That's fine the way it is.' I condemn myself in so many ways that I'm beginning to realize the truth of Father's adage: 'Every child has to raise itself.' Parents can only advise their children or point them in the right direction. Ultimately, people shape their own characters. In addition, I face life with an extraordinary amount of courage. I feel so strong and capable of bearing burdens, so young and free! When I first realized this, I was glad, because it means I can more easily withstand the blows life has in store.

But I've talked about these things so often. Now I'd like to turn to the chapter 'Father and Mother Don't Understand Me'. My parents have always spoiled me rotten, treated me kindly, defended me against the van Daans and done all that parents can. And yet for a long time I've felt extremely lonely, left out, neglected and misunderstood. Father did everything he

could to curb my rebellious spirit, but it was no use. I've cured myself by holding my behaviour up to the light and looking at what I was doing wrong.

Why didn't Father support me in my struggle? Why did he fall short when he tried to offer me a helping hand? The answer is: he used the wrong methods. He always talked to me as if I were a child going through a difficult phase. It sounds crazy, since Father's the only one who's given me a sense of confidence and made me feel as if I'm a sensible person. But he overlooked one thing: he failed to see that this struggle to triumph over my difficulties was more important to me than anything else. I didn't want to hear about 'typical adolescent problems', or 'other girls', or 'you'll grow out of it'. I didn't want to be treated the same as all-the-other-girls, but as Anne-in-her-own-right, and Pim didn't understand that. Besides, I can't confide in anyone unless they tell me a lot about themselves, and because I know very little about him, I can't get on a more intimate footing. Pim always acts like the elderly father who once had the same fleeting impulses, but who can no longer relate to me as a friend, no matter how hard he tries. As a result, I've never shared my outlook on life or my long-pondered theories with anyone but my diary and, once in a while, Margot. I've hidden anything having to do with me from Father, never shared my ideals with him, deliberately alienated myself from him.

I couldn't have done it any other way. I've let myself be guided entirely by my feelings. It was egotistical, but I've done what was best for my own peace of mind. I would lose that, plus the self-confidence I've worked so hard to achieve, if I were to be subjected to criticism halfway through the job. It may sound hard-hearted, but I can't take criticism from Pim either, because not only do I never share my innermost thoughts with him, but I've pushed him even further away by being irritable.

This is a point I think about quite often: why is it that Pim annoys me so much sometimes? I can hardly bear to have him teach me, and his affection seems forced. I want to be left alone, and I'd rather he ignored me for a while until I'm more sure of myself when I'm talking to him! I'm still torn with guilt about the vile letter I wrote him when I was so upset. Oh, it's hard to be strong and brave in every way!

Still, this hasn't been my greatest disappointment. No, I think about Peter much more than I do Father. I know very well that he was my conquest, and not the other way round. I created an image of him in my mind, pictured him as a quiet, sweet, sensitive boy badly in need of friendship and love! I needed to pour out my heart to a living person. I wanted a friend who would help me find my way again. I accomplished what I set out to do and drew him, slowly but surely, towards me. When I finally got him to be my friend, it automatically developed into an intimacy that, when I think about it now, seems outrageous. We talked about the most private things, but we haven't yet touched upon the things closest to my heart. I still can't make head or tail of Peter. Is he superficial, or is it shyness that holds him back, even with me? But putting all that aside, I made one mistake: I used intimacy to get closer to him, and in doing so, I ruled out other forms of friendship. He longs to be loved, and I can see he's beginning to like me more with each passing day. Our time together leaves him feeling satisfied, but just makes me want to start all over again. I never broach the subjects I long to bring out into the open. I forced Peter, more than he realizes, to get close to me, and now he's holding on for dear life. I honestly don't see any effective way of shaking him off and getting him back on his own two feet. I soon realized he could never be a kindred spirit, but still tried to help him break out of his narrow world and expand his youthful horizons.

'Deep down, the young are lonelier than the old.' I read this in a book somewhere and it's stuck in my mind. As far as I can tell, it's true.

So if you're wondering whether it's harder for the adults here than for the children, the answer is no, it's certainly not. Older people have an opinion about everything and are sure of themselves and their actions. It's twice as hard for us young people to hold on to our opinions at a time when ideals are being shattered and destroyed, when the worst side of human nature predominates, when everyone has come to doubt truth, justice and God.

Anyone who claims that the old people have a more difficult time in the Annex doesn't realize that the problems have a far greater impact on *us*. We're much too young to deal with these problems, but they keep thrusting themselves on us until, finally, we're forced to think up a solution, though most of the time our solutions crumble when faced with the facts. It's difficult in times like these: ideals, dreams and cherished hopes rise within

us, only to be crushed by grim reality. It's a wonder I haven't abandoned all my ideals, they seem so absurd and impractical. Yet I cling to them because I still believe, in spite of everything, that people are truly good at heart.

It's utterly impossible for me to build my life on a foundation of chaos, suffering and death. I see the world being slowly transformed into a wilderness, I hear the approaching thunder that, one day, will destroy us too, I feel the suffering of millions. And yet, when I look up at the sky, I somehow feel that everything will change for the better, that this cruelty too will end, that peace and tranquillity will return once more. In the meantime, I must hold on to my ideals. Perhaps the day will come when I'll be able to realize them!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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FRIDAY, 21 JULY 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

I'm finally getting optimistic. Now, at last, things are going well! They really are! Great news! An assassination attempt has been made on Hitler's life, and for once not by Jewish Communists or British capitalists, but by a German general who's not only a count, but young as well. The Führer owes his life to 'Divine Providence': he escaped, unfortunately, with only a few minor burns and scratches. A number of the officers and generals who were nearby were killed or wounded. The head of the conspiracy has been shot.

This is the best proof we've had so far that many officers and generals are fed up with the war and would like to see Hitler sink into a bottomless pit, so they can establish a military dictatorship, make peace with the Allies, rearm themselves and, after a few decades, start a new war. Perhaps Providence is deliberately biding its time getting rid of Hitler, since it's much easier, and cheaper, for the Allies to let the impeccable Germans kill each other off. It's less work for the Russians and the British, and it allows them to start rebuilding their own cities that much sooner. But we haven't reached that point yet, and I'd hate to anticipate the glorious event. Still, you've probably noticed that I'm telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. For once, I'm not rattling on about high ideals.

Furthermore, Hitler has been so kind as to announce to his loyal, devoted people that as of today all military personnel are under orders of the Gestapo, and that any soldier who knows that one of his superiors was involved in this cowardly attempt on the Führer's life may shoot him on sight!

A fine kettle of fish that will be. Little Johnny's feet are sore after a long march and his commanding officer yells at him. Johnny grabs his rifle, shouts, 'You, you tried to kill the Führer. Take that!' One shot, and the snooty officer who dared to reprimand him passes into eternal life (or is it eternal death?). Eventually, every time an officer sees a soldier or gives an order, he'll be practically wetting his pants, because the soldiers have more say-so than he does.

Were you able to follow that, or have I been skipping from one subject to another again? I can't help it, the prospect of going back to school in October is making me too happy to be logical! Oh dear, didn't I just tell you I didn't want to anticipate events? Forgive me, Kitty, they don't call me a bundle of contradictions for nothing!

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

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TUESDAY, 1 AUGUST 1944

*Dearest Kitty,*

'A bundle of contradictions' was the end of my previous letter and is the beginning of this one. Can you please tell me exactly what 'a bundle of contradictions' is? What does 'contradiction' mean? Like so many words, it can be interpreted in two ways: a contradiction imposed from without and one imposed from within. The former means not accepting other people's opinions, always knowing best, having the last word; in short, all those unpleasant traits for which I'm known. The latter, for which I'm not known, is my own secret.

As I've told you many times, I'm split in two. One side contains my exuberant cheerfulness, my flippancy, my joy in life and, above all, my ability to appreciate the lighter side of things. By that I mean not finding anything wrong with flirtations, a kiss, an embrace, a saucy joke. This side of me is usually lying in wait to ambush the other one, which is much purer,

deeper and finer. No one knows Anne's better side, and that's why most people can't stand me. Oh, I can be an amusing clown for an afternoon, but after that everyone's had enough of me to last a month. Actually, I'm what a romantic film is to a profound thinker – a mere diversion, a comic interlude, something that is soon forgotten: not bad, but not particularly good either. I hate having to tell you this, but why shouldn't I admit it when I know it's true? My lighter, more superficial side will always steal a march on the deeper side and therefore always win. You can't imagine how often I've tried to push away this Anne, which is only half of what is known as Anne – to beat her down, hide her. But it doesn't work, and I know why.

I'm afraid that people who know me as I usually am will discover I have another side, a better and finer side. I'm afraid they'll mock me, think I'm ridiculous and sentimental and not take me seriously. I'm used to not being taken seriously, but only the 'lighthearted' Anne is used to it and can put up with it; the 'deeper' Anne is too weak. If I force the good Anne into the spotlight for even fifteen minutes, she shuts up like a clam the moment she's called upon to speak, and lets Anne number one do the talking. Before I realize it, she's disappeared.

So the nice Anne is never seen in company. She's never made a single appearance, though she almost always takes the stage when I'm alone. I know exactly how I'd like to be, how I am . . . on the inside. But unfortunately I'm only like that with myself. And perhaps that's why – no, I'm sure that's the reason why – I think of myself as happy on the inside and other people think I'm happy on the outside. I'm guided by the pure Anne within, but on the outside I'm nothing but a frolicsome little goat tugging at its tether.

As I've told you, what I say is not what I feel, which is why I have a reputation for being a boy-chaser, a flirt, a smart aleck and a reader of romances. The happy-go-lucky Anne laughs, gives a flippant reply, shrugs her shoulders and pretends she couldn't care less. The quiet Anne reacts in just the opposite way. If I'm being completely honest, I'll have to admit that it does matter to me, that I'm trying very hard to change myself, but that I'm always up against a more powerful enemy.

A voice within me is sobbing, 'You see, that's what's become of you. You're surrounded by negative opinions, dismayed looks and mocking faces, people who dislike you, and all because you don't listen to the advice

of your own better half.' Believe me, I'd like to listen, but it doesn't work, because if I'm quiet and serious, everyone thinks I'm putting on a new act and I have to save myself with a joke, and then I'm not even talking about my own family, who assume I must be ill, stuff me with aspirins and sedatives, feel my neck and forehead to see if I have a temperature, ask about my bowel movements and berate me for being in a bad mood, until I just can't keep it up any more, because when everybody starts hovering over me, I get cross, then sad, and finally end up turning my heart inside out, the bad part on the outside and the good part on the inside, and keep trying to find a way to become what I'd like to be and what I could be if . . . if only there were no other people in the world.

*Yours, Anne M. Frank*

ANNE'S DIARY ENDS HERE

Zondag 20 Februari.

1944.

8 uur:

half 10:

Zondag.

Wat bij andere mensen in de week gebeurt, gebeurt in het achterhuis 's Zondags. Als andere mensen mooie kleren aantrekken en in het konnetjie handelen, zijn wij hier aan het schrobben, klagen en wassen.

Indoens de langslapers staat J. P. toch al om 8 uur op. Gaat naar de badkamer, vervolgens naar beneden, weer naar boven en dan volgt een de badkamer een wastuint die een goet uien duurt.

Tachels worden aangemaakt. Infrunistend en J. P. gaan naar de badkamer. Een van de Zondag-morgens besprovingen is, dat ik samint m'n bed J. P. frist op k'n rug moet kijken als hij titt. Sederen dal wel. Ich opstijlen als ik telt dat een biddende J. P. ich froschickdelijks is, om aan te kien. Niet dat hij gaat heliken of sentimenteel doen, o wel, schakit heeft de feroovante een kpraktien lang, kette wel een kpraktien, van k'n kaden op k'n kaden te kriebelen. Kien en kien, kien en kien, kriedeloos duurt dat en als ik m'n ogen niet dichtknijp word ik te bijkom draadrij van.

kwart over 10:

J. P. fluiten, de badkamer is leeg. Bij ons verheffen zich de eerste slapende gekichten uit de kussens. Dan gaat alles fluf, fluf, fluf. Een de kient gaan Margot en ik naar naar de was. Gaai't beneden, flup koud is, komt een lange roek en een hoofddoek om wel te pss. Indroesen is vader in de badkamer bezig; om 11 uur gaat Margot (of ik) naar de badkamer en dan is alles weer schoon.

half 12:

Indroesen. Niet kiel ik maar niet over uitrijden, want over 't eten wordt onder mij toch al gengel gesproken.

kwart over 12:

Daan alle personen een andere zeg op. Vader in overal ligt de jamt op k'n knieën op de grond en schuurt het kliek zo hard dat de kanten in een grote spoorvold gelyd is. De heer J. maakt de bedden op (natuurlijk kyeend, kien) en fluit daarbij steeds naar kien gekhefde kool-koncert van Beethoven. Moeder hoort men of de kolden schuifelen, kerrijf ke de was opkangt.

Mijnheer J. P. kiet k'n kold op en kiedrijnt



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- 1 Initials have been assigned at random to those persons who prefer to remain anonymous.
  - 2 Mr van Daan is Father's business partner and a good friend.
  - 3 Anne's cousins Bernhard (Bernd) and Stephan Elias.
  - 4 'Nervous'.
  - 5 After Dussel arrived, Margot slept in her parents' bedroom.
  - 6 'Now you're splashing!'
  - 7 'Mummy!'
  - 8 'For crying out loud!'
  - 9 'When the clock strikes half past eight.'
  - 10 A well-known expression: 'The spirit of the man is great, / How puny are his deeds.'
  - 11 'By way of exception.'
  - 12 A famous line from Goethe: 'On top of the world, or in the depths of despair.'
  - 13 Anne's grandmother was terminally ill.
  - 14 Grammy is Anne's grandmother on her father's side, and Grandma her grandmother on her mother's side.
  - 15 'Oh, you *are* cruel.'
  - 16 'I'll decide that.'
  - 17 'Thank you, God, for all that is good and dear and beautiful.'
  - 18 Should be *Präservativmitteln*: prophylactics.
  - 19 'Anne's second home.'
  - 20 Cervix.
  - 21 'Oh, for God's sake.'
  - 22 Gerrit Bolkestein was the Minister of Education, Art and Science and Pieter Gerbrandy was the Prime Minister of the Dutch government in exile in London. See Anne's letter of 29 March 1944.
  - 23 'Disappeared'.
  - 24 'Necking'.
  - 25 'Until we speak again'.
  - 26 'The Abduction of Mother', a reference to Mozart's opera *The Abduction from the Seraglio*.
  - 27 'Incalculable loss, terrible, awful, irreplaceable'.
  - 28 'An affront to racial purity'.
  - 29 'Mutton dressed as lamb'.
  - 30 The leader of the Dutch National Socialist (Nazi) Party.
  - 31 Anne's English.

32 Cousin Bernhard (Buddy) Elias.

*TALES AND EVENTS FROM THE SECRET  
ANNEXE*

## Introduction

The estate of Anne Frank also included her ‘Book of Tales’, which she mentions in her diary on 7 August 1943: ‘A few weeks ago I started to write a story, something completely imaginary, and I am so pleased that the preliminary sketches are starting to pile up.’ Just a month later she began to copy these sketches into a separate notebook, with the title ‘Tales and Events from the Secret Annexe, described by Anne Frank’ and bearing the comment: ‘inaugurated: Thursday, 2 September 1943’.

As there are almost no crossings-out or other amendments in the book of stories, it is assumed that Anne Frank first drafted out most of the stories on loose sheets of paper and then transferred them neatly into the book. As the title indicates, there are two categories, namely tales, i.e. fictional stories, and events that describe scenes from life in the secret annexe. Anne Frank added a proper table of contents to the end of the book, in which she listed the category that each tale comes under (cf. the printed table of contents [here](#)).

The earliest tale is dated 8 December 1942, which can be seen as another indication that the notebook contains the clean copy of previous drafts; the last tale is dated 12 May 1944. Some tales from this collection were included in Anne Frank’s diary and are printed there as well.

Anne Frank did not include the tales and fragments (‘The Fairy’, ‘[Riek]’, ‘[Joke]’, ‘Why’, ‘Who is interesting’ and ‘Cady’s Life’) in her table of contents. She may have been planning to revise them. There are two manuscripts of ‘The Fairy’: one with the beginning of the story and one complete version with the same beginning.

In contrast to most of her tales, Anne Frank did not give the two stories [Riek] and [Joke] titles; the titles in square brackets are from the editors of this version. Only ‘The Fairy’ was dated.

The fragment of the novel ‘Cady’s Life’ is in Anne’s second diary notebook. She mentions the project in several diary entries, e.g. on 17

February 1944, which says that she gave Peter an extract of it to read: 'I said that I just wanted to prove that I don't only write down amusing things.'

On 11 May 1944, she tells her imaginary pen friend Kitty of a detailed plan for the plot of 'Cady's Life' and, shortly afterwards, on 5 April, complains: 'I haven't done anything with Cady's Life for a while now. In my thoughts I know exactly what is meant to happen next, but it doesn't flow properly. Maybe it will never be completed, maybe it will end up in the waste paper basket or in the oven.' Anne's first fear came true, the second did not.

Three further fragments of the novel were found on individual sheets of paper and have been printed after the first larger part.

*PERSONAL REMINISCENCES, DAYDREAMS  
AND ESSAYS*

## Was There a Break-in?

Mother, Father, Margot and I were sitting quite pleasantly together when Peter suddenly came in and whispered in Father's ear. I caught the words 'a barrel falling over in the warehouse' and 'someone fiddling with the door'.

Margot heard it too, but was trying to calm me down, since I'd turned white as chalk and was extremely nervous. The three of us waited. In the meantime Father and Peter went downstairs, and a minute or two later Mrs van Daan came up from where she'd been listening to the radio. She told us that Pim<sup>1</sup> had asked her to switch it off and tiptoe upstairs. But you know what happens when you're trying to be quiet – the old stairs creaked twice as loud. Five minutes later Peter and Pim, the colour drained from their faces, appeared again to relate their experiences.

They had positioned themselves under the staircase and waited. Nothing happened. Then all of a sudden they heard a couple of bangs, as if two doors had been slammed shut inside the house. Pim bounded up the stairs, while Peter went to warn Dussel, who finally presented himself upstairs, though not without kicking up a fuss and making a lot of noise. Then we all tiptoed in our stockinged feet to the van Daan family on the next floor.

Mr van D. had a bad cold and had already gone to bed, so we gathered around his bedside and discussed our suspicions in a whisper.

Every time Mr van D. coughed loudly, Mrs van D. and I nearly had a nervous fit. He kept coughing until someone came up with the bright idea of giving him codeine. His cough subsided immediately.

Once again we waited and waited, but heard nothing. Finally we came to the conclusion that the burglars had fled when they heard footsteps in an otherwise quiet building. The problem now was that the chairs in the private office were neatly grouped round the radio, which was tuned to England. If the burglars had forced the door and the air-raid wardens were to notice it and call the police, that would get the ball rolling, and there could be very serious repercussions. So Mr van Daan got up, pulled on his coat and

trousers, put on his hat and cautiously followed Father down the stairs, with Peter (armed with a heavy hammer, to be on the safe side) right behind him. The ladies (including Margot and me) waited in suspense until the men returned five minutes later and told us that there was no sign of any activity in the building. We agreed not to run any water or flush the toilet; but since everyone's stomach was churning from all the tension, you can imagine the stench after we'd each had a turn in the lavatory.

Incidents like these are always accompanied by other disasters, and this was no exception. Number one: the Westertoren bells stopped chiming, and they were always so comforting. Plus Mr Voskuijl<sup>2</sup> left early last night, and we weren't sure if he'd given Bep the key and she'd forgotten to lock the door.

Well, the night had just begun, and we still weren't sure what to expect. We were somewhat reassured by the fact that between eight-fifteen – when the burglar had first entered the building – and ten-thirty, we hadn't heard a sound. The more we thought about it, the less likely it seemed that a burglar would have forced a door so early in the evening, when there were still people out on the streets. Besides that, it occurred to us that the warehouse manager at the Keg Company next door might still have been at work. What with the excitement and the thin walls, it's easy to mistake the sounds. Besides, your imagination often plays tricks on you in moments of danger.

So we lay down on our beds, though not to sleep. Father and Mother and Mr Dussel were awake most of the night, and I'm not exaggerating when I say that I hardly got a wink of sleep. This morning the men went downstairs to see if the outside door was still locked, but all was well!

Of course, we gave the entire office staff a blow-by-blow account of the incident, which had been far from pleasant. It's much easier to laugh at these kinds of things after they've happened, and Bep was the only one who took us seriously.

Note: The next morning the lavatory was clogged, and Father had to stick in a long wooden pole and fish out several pounds of excrement and strawberry recipes<sup>3</sup> (which is what we use for toilet paper these days). Afterwards we burned the pole.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, 24 MARCH 1943



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- 1 Pim was Anne's nickname for her father.
  - 2 A supervisor in the Opekta warehouse and Bep's father.
  - 3 Presumably the Opekta company's surplus strawberry-jam recipes.

## The Dentist

The nicest spectacle I've ever seen here took place today: Mother was ironing and Mrs van Daan was scheduled for a dental appointment. Dussel began unpacking his case with an air of importance (it was the first time he'd worked on anyone here), and he needed some eau-de-Cologne, which could be used as a disinfectant, and Vaseline, which would have to do for wax. Mrs van D. sat down, and he started looking in her mouth, but every time he touched a tooth, the poor woman flinched and uttered incoherent cries. After a lengthy examination (lengthy as far as Mrs van D. was concerned, since it actually took no longer than two minutes), Dussel began to scrape out a cavity. But Mrs van D. had no intention of letting him. She flailed her arms and legs until Dussel finally let go of his probe and . . . it remained stuck in Mrs van D.'s tooth. That really did it! Mrs van D. lashed out wildly in all directions, cried (as much as you can with an instrument like that in your mouth), tried to remove it, but only managed to push it in even further. Mr Dussel calmly observed the scene, his hands on his hips, while the rest of the audience roared with laughter. Of course, that was very mean of us. If it'd been me, I'm sure I would have yelled even louder. After a great deal of squirming, kicking, screaming and shouting, she finally managed to yank the thing out, and Mr Dussel calmly went on with his work as if nothing had happened. He was so quick that Mrs van D. didn't have time to pull any more shenanigans. But then, he had more help than he's ever had before: no fewer than two assistants; Mr van D. and I performed our job well. The whole scene resembled one of those engravings from the Middle Ages, the kind showing a quack at work. In the meantime, however, the patient was getting restless, since she had to keep an eye on 'her' soup and 'her' food. One thing is certain: Mrs van D. will never make another dental appointment!

WEDNESDAY, 8 DECEMBER 1942

## Sausage Day

Mr van Daan had a large amount of meat. Today he wanted to make bratwurst and sausages, and tomorrow mettwurst. It's fun watching him put the meat through the mincer: once, twice, three times. Then he adds all kinds of ingredients to the meat and uses a long pipe, which he attaches to the mincer, to force it into the casings. We ate the bratwurst with sauerkraut (served with onions and potatoes) for lunch, but the sausages were hung to dry over a pole suspended from the ceiling. Everyone who came into the room burst into laughter when they saw those dangling sausages. It was such a comical sight.

The place was a shambles. Mr van Daan, clad in his wife's apron and looking fatter than ever, was concentrating his hefty form on the meat. What with his bloody hands, red face and apron, he really looked like a butcher. Mrs van D. was trying to do everything at once: learn Dutch, cook, watch, sigh, moan – she claims to have broken a rib. That's what happens when you do such stupid physical exercises. Dussel had an eye infection and was sitting next to the stove dabbing his eye with camomile tea. Pim, seated in the sunshine, kept having to move his chair this way and that to stay out of the way. His back must have been bothering him, because he was sitting slightly hunched over with an agonized expression on his face. He reminded me of those aged invalids you see in the poorhouse. Peter was romping around the room with the cat, holding out a piece of meat and then running off with the meat still in his hands. Mother, Margot and I were peeling potatoes. When you get right down to it, none of us was doing our work properly, because we were all so busy watching Mr van Daan.

FRIDAY, 10 DECEMBER 1942

## The Flea

We're being plagued with yet another problem: Mouschi's fleas. We didn't know that people could be bitten by cat fleas, but they can.

Yesterday when I was upstairs I found a flea on my leg, ten minutes later when I was downstairs I nabbed another one, and last night when I was sitting on Dussel's bed, I felt another one crawling down my leg, but the little pest slipped through my fingers – they're incredibly fast. This morning I was getting dressed over by the cupboard when I saw another one of those wondrous creatures, walking along without a care in the world. A flea that walks as well as jumps is a new experience for me. I picked it up and squeezed as hard as I could, but Mr Flea hopped away again. Sighing, I got undressed and subjected my naked body and my clothes to a thorough examination until I finally found the flea in my knickers. A second later, it was off with his head.

WEDNESDAY, 7 JULY 1943

## Do You Remember?

### *Memories of my schooldays at the Jewish Lyceum*

*Do you remember?* I've spent many a delightful hour talking about school, teachers, adventures and boys. Back when our lives were still normal, everything was so wonderful. That one year in the Lyceum was heaven to me: the teachers, the things I learned, the jokes, the prestige, the crushes, the admirers.

*Do you remember?* When I came back from town that afternoon and found a package in the mailbox from '*un ami, R*'. It could only have come from Rob Cohen. Inside there was a brooch worth at least two and a half guilders. Ultramodern. Rob's father sold that kind of stuff. I wore it for two days, and then it broke.

*Do you remember?* How Lies and I told on the class. We had a French test. I wasn't having too much trouble with it, but Lies was. She copied my answers and I went over them to make corrections (on her test, I mean). She got a C+ and I got a C-, since thanks to my help she had got *some* things right, but both grades had been crossed out and replaced with a big fat F. Great indignation. We went to Mr Premsela to explain what had happened, and at the end Lies said, 'Yes, but the entire class had their books open under their desks!' Mr Premsela promised the class that nobody would be punished if all those who had cheated would raise their hands. About ten hands went up – less than half the class, of course. A few days later Mr Premsela sprang the test on us again. Nobody would talk to Lies and me, and we were branded as snitches. I soon caved in under the pressure and wrote a long letter of apology to Class 1 L II, begging their forgiveness. Two weeks later all had been forgotten. The letter went something like this:

To the students in Class 1 L II,

Anne Frank and Lies Goslar hereby offer their sincere apologies to the students in Class 1 L II for their cowardly act of betrayal in the matter of the French test.

However, the deed was done before we had time to think, and we freely admit that we alone should have been punished. We believe that everyone is liable to let a word or sentence slip out in anger from time to time, and this can result in an unpleasant situation, even though it wasn't meant to. We hope that Class 1 L II will see the incident in this light and will repay evil with good. There's nothing more to be gained by it, and the two guilty parties can't undo what's been done.

We wouldn't be writing this letter if we weren't genuinely sorry for what happened. Furthermore, we ask those of you who have been ignoring us to please stop, since what we did wasn't so bad as to justify being looked upon as criminals for all eternity.

Anyone who is unable to put this matter behind them should come to us and either give us a good scolding or ask us for a favour, which we will gladly grant, if at all possible.

We trust that everyone in Class 1 L II will now be able to forget the affair.

Anne Frank and Lies Goslar

*Do you remember?* How C.N.<sup>1</sup> told Rob Cohen in the tram, within earshot of Sanne Ledermann who passed it on to me, that Anne had a much prettier face than J.R., especially when she smiled. Rob's answer was, 'My, you've got big nostrils, C.!'

*Do you remember?* How Maurice Coster was planning to present himself to Pim to ask his permission to see his daughter.

*Do you remember?* How Rob Cohen and Anne Frank exchanged a flurry of letters when Rob was in hospital.

*Do you remember?* How Sam Solomon always followed me on his bicycle and wanted to walk arm in arm with me.

*Do you remember?* How A.W. kissed me on the cheek when I promised not to tell a soul about E.G. and him.

I hope that such happy, carefree schooldays will come again.

UNDATED

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1 Initials have been assigned at random to those persons wishing to remain anonymous.

## The Best Little Table

Yesterday afternoon Father gave me permission to ask Dussel whether he would please be so good as to allow me (see how polite I am?) to use the table in our room two afternoons a week, from four to five-thirty. I already sit there every day from two-thirty to four while Dussel takes a nap, but the rest of the time the room and table are out of bounds to me. It's impossible to study next door in the afternoon, because there's too much going on. Besides, Father sometimes likes to sit at the desk during the afternoon.

So it seemed like a reasonable request, and I asked Dussel very politely. What do you think the learned gentleman's reply was? 'No.' Just plain 'No!'

I was incensed and wasn't about to let myself be put off like that. I asked him the reason for his 'No', but this didn't get me anywhere. The gist of his reply was: 'I have to study too, you know, and if I can't do that in the afternoons, I won't be able to fit it in at all. I have to finish the task I've set for myself; otherwise there's no point in starting. Besides, you aren't serious about your studies. Mythology – what kind of work is that? Reading and knitting don't count either. I use that table and I'm not going to give it up!'

I replied, 'Mr Dussel, I do take my work seriously. I can't study next door in the afternoons, and I would appreciate it if you would reconsider my request!'

Having said these words, the insulted Anne turned round and pretended the learned doctor wasn't there. I was seething with rage and felt that Dussel had been incredibly rude (which he certainly had been) and that I'd been very polite.

That evening, when I managed to get hold of Pim, I told him what had happened and we discussed what my next step should be, because I had no intention of giving up and preferred to deal with the matter myself. Pim gave me a rough idea of how to approach Dussel, but cautioned me to wait



until the next day, since I was in such a flap. I ignored this last piece of advice and waited for Dussel after I'd done the washing-up. Pim was sitting next door and that had a calming effect.

I began, 'Mr Dussel, you seem to believe further discussion of the matter is pointless, but I beg you to reconsider.'

Dussel gave me his most charming smile and said, 'I'm always prepared to discuss the matter, even though it's already been settled.'

I went on talking, despite Dussel's repeated interruptions. 'When you first came here,' I said, 'we agreed that the room was to be shared by the two of us. If we were to divide it fairly, you'd have the entire morning and I'd have the entire afternoon! I'm not asking for that much, but two afternoons a week does seem reasonable to me.'

Dussel leapt out of his chair as if he'd sat on a pin. 'You have no business talking about your rights to the room. Where am I supposed to go? Maybe I should ask Mr van Daan to build me a cubbyhole in the attic. You're not the only one who can't find a quiet place to work. You're always looking for a fight. If your sister Margot, who has more right to work space than you do, had come to me with the same request, I'd never even have thought of refusing, but you . . .'

And once again he brought up the business about the mythology and the knitting, and once again Anne was insulted. However, I showed no sign of it and let Dussel finish: 'But no, it's impossible to talk to you. You're shamefully self-centred. No one else matters, as long as you get your way. I've never seen such a child. But after all is said and done, I'll be obliged to let you have your way, since I don't want people saying later on that Anne Frank failed her exams because Mr Dussel refused to relinquish his table!'

He went on . . . and on, until there was such a deluge of words I could hardly keep up. For one fleeting moment I thought, 'Him and his lies. I'll smack his ugly mug so hard he'll go bouncing off the wall!' But the next moment I thought, 'Calm down, he's not worth getting so upset about!'

At long last Mr Dussel's fury was spent, and he left the room with an expression of triumph mixed with wrath, his coat pockets bulging with food.

I went running over to Father and recounted the entire story, or at least those parts he hadn't been able to follow himself. Pim decided to talk to Dussel that very same evening, and they spoke for more than half an hour.

They first discussed whether Anne should be allowed to use the table, yes or no. Father said that he and Dussel had dealt with the subject once before, at which time he'd professed to agree with Dussel because he didn't want to contradict the elder in front of the younger, but that, even then, he hadn't thought it was fair. Dussel felt I had no right to talk as if he were an intruder laying claim to everything in sight. But Father protested strongly, since he himself had heard me say nothing of the kind. And so the conversation went back and forth, with Father defending my 'selfishness' and my 'pointless activities' and Dussel grumbling the whole time.

Dussel finally had to give in, and I was granted the opportunity to work without interruption two afternoons a week. Dussel looked very sullen, didn't speak to me for two days and made sure he occupied the table from five to five-thirty – all very childish, of course.

Anyone who's so petty and pedantic at the age of fifty-four was born that way and is never going to change.

TUESDAY, 13 JULY 1943

## Anne in Theory

Mrs van Daan, Dussel and I were doing the washing-up, and I was extremely quiet. This is very unusual for me, and they were sure to notice. So, in order to avoid any questions, I quickly racked my brains for a neutral topic. I thought the book *Henry from Across the Street* might fit the bill, but I couldn't have been more wrong. If Mrs van D. doesn't jump down my throat, Mr Dussel does. It all boiled down to this: Mr Dussel had recommended the book to Margot and me as an example of excellent writing. We thought it was anything but that. The little boy had been portrayed well, but as for the rest . . . the less said the better. I mentioned something to that effect while we were washing up, but my goodness . . . Dussel launched into a tirade.

'How can you possibly understand the inner life of a man? Of course you can follow that of a child (!). But you're far too young to read a book like that. Even a twenty-year-old man would be unable to comprehend it.' (So why did he go out of his way to recommend it to Margot and me?)

Mrs van D. and Dussel continued their harangue: 'You know far too much about things you're not supposed to. You've been brought up all wrong. Later on, when you're older, you won't be able to enjoy anything any more. You'll say, "Oh, I read that twenty years ago in some book." You'd better hurry if you want to catch a husband or fall in love, since everything is bound to be a disappointment to you. (Get ready – here comes the best part.) You already know all there is to know in theory. But in practice? That's another story!'

Can you imagine how I felt? I astonished myself by calmly replying, 'You may think I haven't been raised properly, but many people would disagree!'

They apparently believe that good child-rearing includes trying to pit me against my parents, since that's all they ever do. And not telling a girl my

age about grown-up subjects is fine. We can all see what happens when people are raised that way.

At that moment I could have killed them both for poking fun at me. I was beside myself with rage, and counting the days until we no longer have to put up with each other's company.

Mrs van D.'s a fine one to talk! She sets an example all right – a bad one. She's known to be exceedingly pushy, empty-headed and perpetually dissatisfied. Add to that vanity and coquettishness and there's no question about it: she has a thoroughly despicable character. I could write an entire book about Madame van Daan, and who knows, maybe some time I will. Deep down inside, she doesn't seem to have even one good trait. Anyone can put on a charming exterior when they want to. Mrs van D. is friendly to men, so it's easy to make a mistake until you get to know her true nature. A good person can't imagine at first that she could be *so* cunning, *so* calculating and *so* selfish. It's impossible, you think, for anyone who looks reasonably well-bred on the outside to be so empty and bare on the inside.

Mother thinks that Mrs van D. is too stupid for words, Margot that she's too unimportant, Pim that she's too ugly (literally and figuratively!), and after long observation (I'm not so distrustful at the beginning), I've come to the conclusion that she's all three of the above, and lots more besides. She has so many bad traits that I can't single out just one of them.

Will the reader please take into consideration that this story was written before the writer's fury had cooled?

MONDAY, 2 AUGUST 1943

## The Battle of the Potatoes

After nearly three months of peace and quiet, interrupted by only a few squabbles, a fierce discussion broke out again today. It happened early in the morning, when we were peeling potatoes, and caught everyone off guard. I'll give a rundown of the conversation, though it was impossible to follow it all since everyone was talking at once.

Mrs van D. started it off (naturally!) by remarking that anyone who doesn't help peel potatoes in the morning should be required to do so in the evening. There was no reply, which apparently didn't suit the van Daans, since shortly after that Mr van D. suggested that we all peel our own potatoes, with the exception of Peter, since peeling potatoes isn't a suitable job for a boy. (Note the crystal-clear logic!)

Mr van D. went on: 'What I can't understand is why the men always have to help with the peeling. It means that the work isn't divided equally. Why should one person have to do more communal chores than another?'

Mother interrupted at this point, since she could see where the conversation was heading. 'Aha, Mr van Daan, I know what comes next. You're going to tell us for the umpteenth time that the children aren't doing enough. But you know perfectly well that when Margot doesn't help out, Anne does, and vice versa. Peter never helps out as it is. You don't think it's necessary. Well, then, I don't think it's necessary for the girls to help either!'

Mr van D. yelped, Mrs van D. yipped, Dussel shushed and Mother shouted. It was a hellish scene, and there was poor little me watching as our supposedly wise 'elders and betters' literally fought it out.

The words flew thick and fast. Mrs van D. accused Dussel of playing one off against the other (I quite agree), Mr van D. spouted off at Mother, about the communal chores, about how much work he did and how we should actually feel sorry for him. Then he suddenly yelled, 'It'd be better for the children if they helped out here a little more, instead of sitting around all

day with their noses in a book. Girls don't need that much education anyway!' (Enlightened, eh?) Mother, having calmed down a little, declared that she didn't feel sorry for Mr van Daan in the slightest.

Then he started in again. 'Why don't the girls ever carry potatoes upstairs, why don't they ever haul hot water? They aren't that weak, are they?'

'You're crazy!' Mother suddenly exclaimed. I was actually pretty startled. I didn't think she'd dare.

The rest is relatively unimportant. It all boiled down to the same thing: Margot and I were supposed to become housemaids in Villa Annexe. In this case we might as well use the not-so-polite expression 'stuff it', since it's never going to happen anyway.

Mr van Daan also had the nerve to say that the washing-up, which Margot's done every morning and every evening for the last year, doesn't count.

When Father heard what had happened, he wanted to rush upstairs and give Mr van D. a piece of his mind, but Mother thought it better to inform Mr van D. that if everyone had to fend for themselves, they'd also have to live on their own money.

My conclusion is this: The whole business is typical of the van Daans. Always rubbing salt into old wounds. If Father weren't much too nice to people like them, he could remind them in no uncertain terms that without us and the others they'd literally be facing death. In a labour camp you have to do a whole lot more than peel potatoes . . . or look for cat fleas!

WEDNESDAY, 4 AUGUST 1943

## Evenings and Nights in the Annexe

*Just before nine in the evening:* Bedtime always begins in the Annexe with an *enormous* hustle and bustle. Chairs are shifted, beds pulled out, blankets unfolded – nothing stays where it is during the daytime. I sleep on a small divan, which is only five feet long, so we have to add a few chairs to make it longer. Eiderdown, sheets, pillow, blankets: everything has to be removed from Dussel's bed, where it's kept during the day.

In the next room there's a terrible creaking: that's Margot's folding bed being set up. More blankets and pillows, anything to make the wooden slats a bit more comfortable. Upstairs it sounds like bombs are falling, but it's only Mrs van D.'s bed being shoved against the window so that Her Majesty, arrayed in her pink bed jacket, can sniff the night air through her delicate little nostrils.

*Nine o'clock:* After Peter's finished, it's my turn for the bathroom. I wash myself from head to toe, and more often than not I find a tiny flea floating in the sink (only during the hot months, weeks or days). I brush my teeth, curl my hair, manicure my nails and dab peroxide on my upper lip – all this in less than half an hour.

*Nine thirty:* I throw on my dressing-gown. With soap in one hand, and potty, hairpins, knickers, curlers and cotton wool in the other, I hurry out of the bathroom. The next in line invariably calls me back to remove the gracefully curved but unsightly hairs that I've left in the sink.

*Ten o'clock:* Time to put up the black-out screen and say good-night. For the next fifteen minutes, at least, the house is filled with the creaking of beds and the sigh of broken springs, and then, provided our upstairs neighbours aren't having a marital tiff in bed, all is quiet.

*Eleven thirty:* The bathroom door creaks. A narrow strip of light falls into the room. Squeaking shoes, a large coat, even larger than the man inside it . . . Dussel is returning from his nightly work in Kugler's office.<sup>1</sup> I hear him shuffling back and forth for ten whole minutes, the rustle of paper (from the

food he's tucking away in his cupboard) and the bed being made up. Then the figure disappears again, and the only sound is the occasional suspicious noise from the lavatory.

*Approximately three o'clock:* I have to get up to use the tin under my bed, which, to be on the safe side, has a rubber mat underneath in case of leaks. I always hold my breath while I go, since it clatters into the tin like a brook down a mountainside. The potty is returned to its place, and the figure in the white nightdress (the one that causes Margot to exclaim every evening, 'Oh, that indecent nightie!') climbs back into bed. A certain somebody lies awake for about fifteen minutes, listening to the sounds of the night: in the first place (when it's about three-thirty or four o'clock) to hear whether there are any burglars downstairs, and then to the various beds – upstairs, next door and in my room – to tell whether the others are asleep or half alert. This is no fun, especially when it concerns a room-mate named Dr Dussel. First, I hear the sound of a fish gasping for air, and this is repeated nine or ten times. Then, the lips are moistened profusely. This is alternated with little smacking sounds, followed by a long period of tossing and turning and rearranging the pillows. After five minutes of perfect quiet, the same sequence repeats itself three more times, after which he's presumably lulled himself back to sleep for a while.

Sometimes the guns go off during the night, between one and four. I'm never aware of it before it happens, but all of a sudden I find myself standing beside my bed, out of sheer habit. Occasionally I'm dreaming so deeply (of irregular French verbs or a quarrel upstairs) that I realize only when my dream is over that the shooting has stopped and that I've remained quietly in my bed. But usually I wake up. Then I grab a pillow and a handkerchief, throw on my dressing-gown and slippers and dash next door to Father, just the way Margot described in this birthday poem:

*When shots ring out in the dark of night,  
The door creaks open and into sight  
Come a hanky, a pillow, a figure in white!*

Once I've reached the big bed, the worst is over, except when the shooting is extra loud.



*Six forty-five:* Brring . . . the alarm clock, which raises its shrill voice at any hour of the day or night, whether you want it to or not. Creak . . . wham . . . Mrs van D. turns it off. Scream . . . Mr van D. gets up, puts on the water and races to the bathroom.

*Seven fifteen:* The door creaks again. Dussel can go to the bathroom. Alone at last, I remove the black-out screen . . . and a new day begins in the Annexe.

WEDNESDAY, 4 AUGUST 1943

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<sup>1</sup> The residents of the annexe helped out with work when the office was closed.

## Lunch Break

*It's twelve-thirty:* The whole gang breathes a sigh of relief: Mr van Maaren, the man with the shady past, and Mr de Kok have gone home for lunch.<sup>1</sup>

Upstairs you can hear the thud of the vacuum cleaner on Mrs van D.'s beautiful and only rug. Margot tucks a few books under her arm and heads for the class for 'slow learners', which is what Dussel seems to be. Pim goes and sits in a corner with his constant companion, Dickens, in the hope of finding a bit of peace and quiet. Mother hastens upstairs to help the busy little housewife, and I tidy up both the bathroom and myself at the same time.

*Twelve forty-five:* One by one they trickle in: first Mr Gies and then either Mr Kleiman or Mr Kugler, followed by Bep and sometimes even Miep.

*One:* Clustered round the radio, they all listen raptly to the BBC. This is the only time the members of the Annexe family don't interrupt each other, since even Mr van Daan can't argue with the speaker.

*One fifteen:* Food distribution. Everyone from downstairs gets a cup of soup, plus pudding, if there happens to be any. A contented Mr Gies sits on the divan or leans against the desk with his newspaper, cup and usually the cat at his side. If one of the three is missing, he doesn't hesitate to let his protest be heard. Mr Kleiman relates the latest news from town, and he's an excellent source. Mr Kugler hurries up the stairs, gives a short but solid knock on the door and comes in either wringing his hands or rubbing them in glee, depending on whether he's quiet and in a bad mood or talkative and in a good mood.

*One forty-five:* Everyone rises from the table and goes about their business. Margot and Mother do the washing-up, Mr and Mrs van D. head for the divan, Peter for the attic, Father for his divan, Dussel too, and Anne does her homework.

What comes next is the quietest hour of the day; when they're all asleep, there are no disturbances. To judge by his face, Dussel is dreaming of food.

But I don't look at him long, because the time whizzes by and before you know it, it'll be four o'clock and the pedantic Dr Dussel will be standing with the clock in his hand because I'm one minute late.

THURSDAY, 5 AUGUST 1943

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<sup>1</sup> W. G. van Maaren and J. J. de Kok both worked in the warehouse. The comment about van Maaren's 'shady past' may be a reference to his pilfering during a previous job.

## The Annexe Eight at the Dinner Table

What is the scene round the table? How do the various table companions amuse themselves? One is noisy, the other quiet; one eats too much, the other too little, depending on their appetite.

*Mr van Daan:* Is served first, and takes a generous portion of whatever he likes. Usually joins in the conversation, never fails to give his opinion. Once he's spoken, his word is final. If anyone dares to suggest otherwise, Mr van D. can put up a good fight. Oh, he can hiss like a cat . . . but I'd rather he didn't. Once you've seen it, you never want to see it again. His opinion is the best, he knows the most about everything. Granted, the man has a good head on his shoulders, but it's swelled to no small degree.

*Madame:* Actually, the best thing would be to say nothing. Some days, especially when a foul mood is on the way, her face is hard to read. If you analyse the discussions, you realize she's not the subject, but the guilty party! A fact everyone prefers to ignore. Even so, you could call her the instigator. Stirring up trouble, now *that's* what Mrs van Daan calls fun. Stirring up trouble between Mrs Frank and Anne. Margot and Mr Frank aren't quite as easy.

But let's return to the table. Mrs van D. may think she doesn't always get enough, but that's not the case. The choicest potatoes, the tastiest morsel, the nicest bit of whatever there is, that's Madame's motto. The others can all have their turn, as long as I get the best. (Exactly what she accuses Anne Frank of doing.) Her second watchword is: keep talking. As long as somebody's listening, it doesn't seem to occur to her to wonder whether they're interested. She must think that whatever Mrs van Daan does will interest everyone. Sometimes I think she's just like I used to be, though luckily I've changed and haven't stayed the same for forty-three years.

Smile coquettishly, pretend you know everything, offer everyone a piece of advice and mother them a bit – that's *sure* to make a good impression. But if you take a better look, the good impression fades. One, she's

hardworking; two, cheerful; three, coquettish – and sometimes a pretty face. That's Petronella van Daan.

*The third diner:* Says very little. Young Mr van Daan is usually quiet and hardly makes his presence known. As far as his appetite is concerned, he's a Danaïdean vessel that never gets full. Even after the most substantial meal, he can look you calmly in the eye and claim he could have eaten twice as much.

*Number four – Margot:* Eats like a bird and doesn't talk at all. She eats only vegetables and fruit. 'Spoiled', in the opinion of the van Daans. 'Too little exercise and fresh air' in ours.

*Beside her – Mummy:* Has a hearty appetite, but doesn't live up to her potential. I always have the idea that people forget she's there, since she's off in the corner. Whenever the conversation turns to literature, you can learn a lot. She has a vast knowledge and is well read. No one has the impression, as they do with Mrs van Daan, that she's a housewife. What's the difference between the two? Well, Mrs van D. does the cooking and Mother washes up and polishes the furniture. Not that anyone takes much notice, but the rooms next door are as clean as can be.

*Numbers six and seven:* I won't say much about Father and me. The former is the most modest person at the table. He always looks to see whether the others have been served first. He needs nothing; the best things are for the children. He's the model. Seated next to him is the canvas, which will hopefully turn out to be a good reproduction of the original.

*Dussel:* Help yourself, keep your eyes on the food, eat and don't talk. And if you have to say something, then for goodness' sake talk about good food. That doesn't lead to quarrels, just to bragging. He consumes enormous portions, and 'no' is not part of his vocabulary, whether the food is good or bad.

Trousers that come up to his chest, a red jacket, black patent-leather slippers and horn-rimmed glasses – that's how he looks when he's at work at the little table, always studying and never progressing. This is interrupted only by his afternoon nap, food and – his favourite spot – the lavatory. Three, four or five times a day there's bound to be someone waiting outside the lavatory door, hopping impatiently from one foot to the other, trying to hold it in and barely managing. Does Dussel care? Not a whit. From seven-fifteen to seven-thirty, from twelve-thirty to one, from two to two-fifteen,

from four to four-fifteen, from six to six-fifteen, from eleven-thirty to twelve. You can set your watch by them; these are the times for his 'regular sessions'. He never deviates or lets himself be swayed by the voices outside the door, begging him to open up before a disaster occurs.

*Number nine:* Is not part of our Annexe family, although she does share our house and table. Bep has a healthy appetite. She cleans her plate and isn't choosy. Bep's easy to please and that pleases us. She can be characterized as follows: cheerful, good-humoured, kind and willing.

THURSDAY, 5 AUGUST 1943

## *Wenn die Uhr Halb Neune Schlägt . . .*<sup>1</sup>

Margot and Mother are nervous. 'Shh . . . Father. Be quiet, Otto. Shh . . . Pim! It's eight thirty. Come here, you can't run the water any more. Walk softly!' A sample of what's said to Father in the bathroom. At the stroke of half past eight, he has to be in the living room. No running water, no flushing toilet, no walking around, no noise whatsoever. As long as the office staff hasn't arrived, sounds travel more easily to the warehouse.

The door opens upstairs at eight-twenty, and this is followed by three gentle taps on the floor . . . Anne's porridge. I clamber up the stairs to get my dog-bowl.

Back downstairs, everything has to be done quickly, quickly: I comb my hair, put away the potty, shove the bed back in place. Quiet! The clock is striking eight-thirty! Mrs van D. changes shoes and shuffles through the room in her slippers; Mr van D. too – a veritable Charlie Chaplin. All is quiet.

The ideal family scene has now reached its high point. I want to read or study and Margot does too. Father and Mother ditto. Father is sitting (with Dickens and the dictionary, of course) on the edge of the sagging, squeaky bed, which doesn't even have a decent mattress. Two bolsters can be piled on top of each other. 'I don't need these,' he thinks. 'I can manage without them!'

Once he starts reading, he doesn't look up. He laughs now and then and tries to get Mother to read a passage.

'I don't have the time right now!'

He looks disappointed, but then continues to read. A little while later, when he comes across another interesting bit, he tries again. 'You *have* to read this, Mother!'

Mother sits on the folding bed, either reading, sewing, knitting or studying, whichever is next on her list. An idea suddenly occurs to her, and

she quickly says, so as not to forget: ‘Anne, remember to . . . Margot, jot this down . . .’

After a while it’s quiet again. Margot slams her book shut; Father knits his forehead, his eyebrows forming a funny curve and his wrinkle of concentration reappearing at the back of his head, and he buries himself in his book again; Mother starts chatting with Margot; and I get curious and listen too. Pim is drawn into the conversation . . .

Nine o’clock. Breakfast!

FRIDAY, 6 AUGUST 1943

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<sup>1</sup> ‘When the Clock Strikes Half Past Eight’. Anne Frank wrote the title in German.



## Villains!

Who are the villains in this house? Real villains!

The van Daans!

What is it this time? Let me tell you.

The truth of the matter is that thanks to the indifference of the van Daans this house is crawling with fleas. For months we've been warning them, 'Send your cat out to be sprayed!' Their answer was always, 'Our cat doesn't have fleas!'

When the fleas had all too clearly been shown to exist and we all itched so much we couldn't sleep, Peter – who simply felt sorry for the cat – went and had a look, and the fleas actually leapt up on to his face. He went to work, combing the cat with Mrs van D.'s fine-toothed comb, and brushing it with our one and only scrubbing brush. What was the result?

No fewer than a hundred fleas!

Mr Kleiman was consulted, and the next day the downstairs rooms of the Annexe were covered with a disgusting green powder. It didn't do a whit of good. So then we tried a spray gun with a kind of flea Flit. Father, Dussel, Margot and I spent ages cleaning, mopping, scrubbing and spraying. The fleas had got into everything. We Flitted everything in sight: clothes, blankets, floors, divans, every last nook and cranny.

Except upstairs and in Peter's room. The van Daans didn't think it was necessary. We insisted that they at least spray the clothing, bedding and chairs. They said they would. Everything was taken up to the attic and sprayed, or so they said. In reality, they did nothing of the kind! They apparently think it's easy to fool the Franks. Not one bit of spray; not one cloud of Flit.

Their latest excuse: The Flit would get into the food supplies!

Conclusion: It's their fault we have fleas. We're the ones that have to put up with the smell, the itch, the discomfort.

Mrs van D. can't bear the stench at night. Mr van D. pretends to Flit, but brings the chairs, blankets, etc., back un-Flit. Let the Franks be bitten to death!

FRIDAY, 6 AUGUST 1943

## A Daily Chore in Our Little Community: Peeling Potatoes!

One person goes to get some newspapers; another, the knives (keeping the best for himself, of course); the third, the potatoes; and the fourth, the water.

Mr Dussel begins. He may not always peel them very well, but he does peel non-stop, glancing left and right to see if everyone is doing it the way he does. No, they're not.

'Look, Anne, I am taking peeler in my hand like so and going from top to bottom! *Nein*, not so . . . but so!'

'I think my way is easier, Mr Dussel,' I say tentatively.

'But this is best way, Anne. This you can take from me. Of course, it is no matter, you do the way you want.'

We go on peeling. I glance at Dussel out of the corner of my eye. Lost in thought, he shakes his head (over me, no doubt), but says no more.

I keep on peeling. Then I look at Father, on the other side of me. To Father, peeling potatoes is not a chore, but precision work. When he reads, he has a deep wrinkle in the back of his head. But when he's preparing potatoes, beans or vegetables, he seems to be totally absorbed in his task. He puts on his potato-peeling face, and when it's set in that particular way, it would be impossible for him to turn out anything less than a perfectly peeled potato.

I keep on working. I glance up for a second, but that's all the time I need. Mrs van D. is trying to attract Dussel's attention. She starts by looking in his direction, but Dussel pretends not to notice. She winks, but Dussel goes on peeling. She laughs, but Dussel still doesn't look up. Then Mother laughs too, but Dussel pays them no notice. Having failed to achieve her goal, Mrs van D. is obliged to change tactics. There's a brief silence. Then she says, 'Putti,<sup>1</sup> why don't you put on an apron? Otherwise, I'll have to spend all day tomorrow trying to get the spots out of your suit.'

'I'm not getting it dirty.'

Another brief silence. 'Putti, why don't you sit down?'

‘I’m fine this way. I like standing up!’

Silence.

‘Putti, look out, *du spritzt schon!*’<sup>2</sup>

‘I know, Mummy, but I’m being careful.’

Mrs van D. casts about for another topic. ‘Tell me, Putti, why aren’t the British carrying out any bombing raids today?’

‘Because the weather’s bad, Kerli!’<sup>3</sup>

‘But yesterday it was such nice weather and they weren’t flying then either.’

‘Let’s drop the subject.’

‘Why? Can’t a person talk about that or offer an opinion?’

‘No!’

‘Well, why in the world not?’

‘Oh, be quiet, *Mammichen!*’<sup>4</sup>

‘Mr Frank always answers *his* wife.’ Mr van D. is trying to control himself. This remark always rubs him up the wrong way, but Mrs van D.’s not one to quit.

‘Oh, there’s never going to be an invasion!’ Mr van D. goes white, and when she notices it, Mrs van D. turns red, but she’s not about to be deterred. ‘The British aren’t doing a thing!’ The bomb bursts.

‘And now shut up, *Donnerwetter noch mal!*’<sup>5</sup> Mother can barely stifle a laugh, and I stare straight ahead.

Scenes like these are repeated almost daily, unless they’ve just had a terrible row. In that case, neither Mr nor Mrs van D. says a word.

It’s time for me to get some more potatoes. I go up to the attic, where Peter is busy picking fleas from the cat. He looks up, the cat notices it, and whoosh . . . he’s gone. Out of the window and into the rain gutter.

Peter swears; I laugh and slip out of the room.

FRIDAY, 6 AUGUST 1943

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<sup>1</sup> Putti is Mrs van Daan’s pet name for her husband.

<sup>2</sup> ‘Now you’re splashing!’

<sup>3</sup> Kerli is Mr van Daan’s pet name for his wife.

4 'Mummy!'

5 'For crying out loud!'

## Freedom in the Annexe

*Five thirty:* Bep's arrival signals the beginning of our nightly freedom. Things get going right away. I go upstairs with Bep, who usually has her pudding before the rest of us. The moment she sits down, Mrs van D. begins stating her wishes. Her list usually starts with 'Oh, by the way, Bep, something else I'd like . . .' Bep winks at me. Mrs van D. doesn't miss a chance to make her wishes known to whoever comes upstairs. It must be one of the reasons none of them likes to go up there.

*Five forty-five:* Bep leaves. I go down two floors to have a look around: first to the kitchen, then to the private office and then to the coal store to open the cat door for Mouschi.

After a long tour of inspection, I land up in Mr Kugler's office.

Mr van Daan is combing all the drawers and files for today's mail; Peter picks up Boche<sup>1</sup> and the warehouse key; Pim lugs the typewriters upstairs; Margot looks around for a quiet place to do her office work; Mrs van D. puts a kettle of water on the gas ring; Mother comes down the stairs with a pan of potatoes; we all know our jobs.

Soon Peter comes back from the warehouse. The first question they ask him is whether he's remembered the bread. No, he hasn't. He crouches before the door to the front office to make himself as small as possible and crawls on his hands and knees to the steel cabinet, takes out the bread and starts to leave. At any rate, that's what he intends to do, but before he knows what's happened, Mouschi has jumped over him and gone to sit under the desk.

Peter looks all around him. Aha, there's the cat! He crawls back into the office and grabs the cat by the tail. Mouschi hisses, Peter sighs. What has he accomplished? Mouschi's now sitting by the window licking herself, very pleased at having escaped Peter's clutches. Peter has no choice but to lure her with the bread. Mouschi takes the bait, follows him out, and the door closes.

I watch the entire scene through a crack in the door.

Mr van Daan is angry and slams the door. Margot and I exchange looks and think the same thing: he must have worked himself into a rage again because of some blunder on Mr Kugler's part, and he's forgotten all about the Keg Company next door.

Another step is heard in the passage. Dussel comes in, goes towards the window with an air of propriety, sniffs . . . coughs, sneezes and clears his throat. He's out of luck – it was pepper. He continues on to the front office. The curtains are open, which means he can't get at his writing paper. He disappears with a scowl.

Margot and I exchange another glance. 'One less page for his sweetheart tomorrow,' I hear her say. I nod in agreement.

We resume our work. An elephant's tread is heard on the stairway. It's Dussel, seeking comfort in his favourite spot.

We go on working. Knock, knock, knock . . . Three taps means dinnertime!

FRIDAY, 6 AUGUST 1943

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<sup>1</sup> Another cat.

## Sundays

What happens in other people's houses during the rest of the week happens here in the Annexe on Sundays. While other people put on their best clothes and go strolling in the sun, we scrub, sweep and do the washing.

*Eight o'clock:* Though the rest of us prefer to lie in, Dussel gets up at eight. He goes to the bathroom, then downstairs, then up again and then to the bathroom, where he devotes a whole hour to washing himself.

*Nine thirty:* The stoves are lit, the black-out screen is taken down and Mr van Daan heads for the bathroom. One of my Sunday morning ordeals is having to lie in bed and look at Dussel's back when he's praying. I know it sounds strange, but a praying Dussel is a terrible sight to behold. It's not that he cries or gets sentimental, not at all, but he does spend a quarter of an hour – an entire fifteen minutes – rocking from his toes to his heels. Back and forth, back and forth. It goes on for ever, and if I don't shut my eyes tight, my head starts to spin.

*Ten fifteen:* The van Daans whistle; the bathroom's free. In the Frank family quarters, the first sleepy faces are beginning to emerge from their pillows. Then everything happens fast, fast, fast. Margot and I take turns doing the washing. Since it's quite cold downstairs, we put on trousers and head scarves. Meanwhile, Father is busy in the bathroom. Either Margot or I have a turn in the bathroom at eleven, and then all is clean.

*Eleven thirty:* Breakfast. I won't dwell on this, since there's enough talk about food without my bringing the subject up as well.

*Twelve fifteen:* We each go our own separate ways. Father, clad in overalls, gets down on his hands and knees and brushes the rug so vigorously that the room is enveloped in a cloud of dust. Mr Dussel makes the beds (all wrong, of course), always whistling the same Beethoven violin concerto as he goes about his work. Mother can be heard shuffling around the attic as she hangs up the washing.



Mr van Daan puts on his hat and disappears into the lower regions, usually followed by Peter and Mouschi. Mrs van D. dons a long apron, a black woollen jacket and overshoes, winds a red woollen scarf around her head, scoops up a bundle of dirty clothes and, with a well-rehearsed washerwoman's nod, heads downstairs.

Margot and I do the washing-up and tidy the room.

*Twelve forty-five:* When all the dishes have been dried and only the pots and pans are left, I go downstairs to dust and, if I washed myself this morning, to clean the sink.

*One:* News.

*One fifteen:* Time for one of us to wash our hair or get a haircut. Next, all of us are busy peeling potatoes, hanging up the washing, scrubbing the landing, scouring the bathroom, etc., etc.

*Two:* After the Wehrmacht news, we wait for the music programme and the coffee, so there's a moment of peace. Can anyone tell me why the adults around here need so much sleep? By eleven a.m. several of them are already yawning, and they spend half their time moaning, 'Oh, if only I could grab half an hour's sleep!'

It's no fun seeing nothing but sleepy faces wherever you go between two and four in the afternoon: Dussel in our room, Mother and Father next door and the van Daans upstairs, sharing a bed during the daytime. Still, I can't do a blessed thing about it. Perhaps I'll understand it one day when I'm as old as they are.

Anyway, nap time is stretched out even longer on Sundays. There's no point in showing yourself upstairs before four-thirty or five, since they're all still in the Land of Nod.

Late afternoons are the same as on weekdays, except for the concert hour from six to seven.

When dinner's over and the washing-up is done, I'm beside myself with joy because another Sunday is over.

SUNDAY, 20 FEBRUARY 1944

## My First Day at the Lyceum

After much wavering back and forth, discussion and debate, it was finally decided that I could attend the Jewish Lyceum and – after several more phone calls – that I could skip the entrance exams. I was a poor student in every subject, especially Maths, and I was inwardly quaking at the thought of Geometry.

At the end of September, the long-awaited letter arrived, informing me that I was to enrol in the Jewish Lyceum on Stadstimmertuinen on such-and-such a date in October. When the appointed day came, it was pouring with rain, which made it impossible for me to cycle to school. So I took the tram, and of course I wasn't the only one.

As we approached the school, we could see a big crowd. Groups of girls and boys were standing around talking, and lots of them were strolling up and down and calling out, 'Are you in my class?' 'Hey, I know you!' 'What class are you in?' Which is more or less what I did too. But except for Lies Goslar, I couldn't find a single friend who was going to be in my class. Hardly a comforting feeling.

School started, and we were welcomed to our classroom by a grey-haired teacher with a face like a mouse, who was wearing a long dress and flat-heeled shoes. Surveying the busy scene and wringing her hands, she gave us the necessary information. Names were called, books were listed so they could be ordered, various other announcements were made and we were dismissed for the day.

To tell you the truth, it was disappointing. At the very least I had expected a timetable and . . . the headmaster. I did see a short, fat, jolly man with ruddy cheeks in the hallway, nodding pleasantly to everyone as he talked to a thin man with glasses, thinning hair and a distinguished face, who wasn't much taller. But I had no idea that the former was the caretaker and the latter the headmaster.

At home, I gave an excited account of the day's events. But when you get right down to it, I knew no more about the school, the students or the classes than I did before.

School was scheduled to start exactly one week after Enrolment Day. It was raining cats and dogs again, but I decided to ride my bike anyway. Mother stuck a pair of sports trousers in my schoolbag (heaven forbid I should get wet), and off we went.

Margot usually cycles really fast. After two minutes, I was so out of breath that I had to ask her to please slow down. After another two minutes, there was such a downpour that, remembering those warm trousers, I got off my bike and struggled my way into the garment – taking care not to let it drag through the puddle – then got back on my bike and set off with new determination. It didn't take long for me to start lagging behind again, so that once more I had to ask Margot to go slower.

She was a nervous wreck, and had already exclaimed the first time that she'd rather cycle by herself from now on. No doubt scared of being late! But we got to school in plenty of time. After putting our bikes in the racks, we started chatting again as we walked through the passageway to the Amstel River.

The doors opened at eight-thirty on the dot. There was a big sign posted at the entrance, notifying everyone that about twenty students were being switched to another class. Of course I *would* have to be one of those twenty. According to the notice, I had been transferred to Class 1 L II. I knew a couple of the boys and some of the girls in this class, at least to speak to, but Lies was still back in Class 1 L I.

I felt quite forlorn, all by myself in my assigned seat in the back row, behind a group of tall girls. So, during the next period, I raised my hand and asked if I could move to another seat, since the only way I could see anything from behind those broad backs was to lean into the aisle. My request was immediately granted, so I picked up my meagre belongings for the second time and moved to another seat.

Third period was gym. The teacher turned out to be so nice that I begged her to do what she could to get Lies transferred to my class. I don't know how she did it, but during the next period, in walked Lies. She was seated next to me.

After that, I was reconciled with the whole school. The school – which had given me so many advantages and so much pleasure – was now smiling down on me and, my spirits soaring again, I began to pay attention to what the Geography teacher was saying.

WEDNESDAY, 11 AUGUST 1943

## A Biology Lesson

Wringing her hands, she comes into the room, wringing her hands, she sits down. She's forever wringing, wringing, wringing her hands.

Miss Biegel of Biology (gone are the days when it was called Natural History): a tiny woman with a big nose, blue-grey eyes and grey hair, truly the face of a mouse or some other little creature.

Following behind her, somebody carries in the chart and the skeleton. She moves over to stand behind the stove, wringing her hands again, and the lesson begins. First she goes over the homework, then starts teaching. Oh, she knows a lot, our Miss Biegel does. She tells a good story, about everything from fish to reindeer, but most of all (or so Margot says) she likes to talk and ask questions about reproduction. (Probably because she's an 'old maid'.)

All of a sudden her lecture is interrupted. A wad of paper flies through the room and lands on my desk.

'What have you got there?' Miss Biegel asked me in the unmistakable accent of someone from The Hague.

'I don't know, Miss Biegel!'

'Bring it here!'

Reluctantly, I got up from my desk and took the note up to the front.

'Who threw it?'

'I don't know, Miss Biegel. I haven't read it yet.'

'Oh. Then we'll start by finding out what it says.'

She unfolded the note and let me read what was written on it. There was only one word: 'snitch'. I turned red. She looked at me.

'So now do you know who threw it?'

'No, Miss Biegel.'

'That's a lie!'

I turned bright red and glared at her, my eyes flashing, but I didn't say a word.

‘I want to know who wrote it. Whoever it was, raise your hand!’

A hand went up at the back of the room. Just as I suspected – Rob Cohen.

‘Rob, come here!’ Rob came. ‘Why did you write that?’ Silence.

‘Do you know what it refers to, Anne?’

‘Yes, Miss Biegel.’

‘Tell me!’

‘Can’t we discuss it another time, Miss Biegel? It’s a long story.’

‘No, I want to hear it now!’

So I told her about the F I’d got for cheating in the French test and about telling on the rest of the class.

‘That’s a delightful tale! Rob, couldn’t you wait until after the lesson to give Anne the benefit of your opinion? As for you, Anne, I find it difficult to believe that you didn’t know who threw the note. Go back to your seats!’

I was furious. When I got home I recounted the entire incident, and later, when an opportunity to get back at Miss Biegel presented itself, I sent Father to deal with her.

He came home with the news that he had called her Miss Biggel the whole time. According to her, Anne Frank was a very nice girl, and she had no recollection of having said I’d lied!

WEDNESDAY, 11 AUGUST 1943

## A Maths Lesson

Standing before the class, he's an impressive figure: tall, old, always in the same grey suit with a wing collar, a bald head with a wreath of grey hair. Speaks a strange dialect, grumbles a lot, laughs a lot. Patient when you try, short-tempered when you're lazy.

Nine out of the ten children he calls on don't know the answer. Over and over again, he explains, describes and demonstrates how to arrive at a number below zero. He loves asking riddles, is fun to talk to after the lesson and used to be chairman of a large football club.

Mr Keesing and I were often at loggerheads when it came to . . . talking during the lesson. In the space of three days, I had six warnings. He was so fed up that he assigned me the usual two-page essay. I handed it in during the next Maths lesson, and Mr Keesing, who can take a joke, laughed heartily at my essay, which had a paragraph in it that went something like this: 'I should indeed try hard to break myself of the habit of talking, but I'm afraid there isn't much I can do about it, since it's a hereditary disease. Because my mother also loves to talk, I assume I must have picked it up from her. So far, she hasn't been cured of the habit either.' The topic of the assigned essay was 'A Chatterbox'.

During the next lesson, however, another opportunity for a cosy chat presented itself . . . Mr Keesing went over to his book and wrote, 'Miss Anne Frank: an essay entitled "An Incurable Chatterbox". Due tomorrow.'

As behoves a good student, I duly handed in this essay too, but the malady struck again during the next lesson, whereupon Mr Keesing wrote in his book, 'Miss Anne Frank: a two-page essay entitled "'Quack, Quack, Quack,' Said Mistress Chatterback".'

What could I come up with now? I realized all too well that it was meant in fun, as otherwise he would have assigned me extra arithmetic problems, so for that reason I took the bull by the horns and answered his joke with a

joke of my own, i.e. by writing my essay (with Sanne Ledermann's help) in verse. The first part went like this:

*'Quack, quack, quack,' said Mistress Chatterback,  
Calling her ducklings from the deep.  
And up they came, 'Cheep, cheep, cheep.  
Well, do you have any bread for us,  
For Gerald, Mina and Little Gus?'  
'Why, yes, of course I do,  
A lovely crust I stole for you.  
It's all I could find, you'll have to share,  
Now please divide it fair and square!'  
So, following their mum's advice,  
They did their best to be precise,  
Eating and calling, 'Cluck, cluck, cluck,  
My piece is bigger, I'm in luck!'  
But, oh, along came Papa swan,  
Scowling at their noisy goings-on.  
Etc., etc.*

Keesing read it, then read it out loud to the class, and again to a couple of other classes, and finally called it quits. From that moment on, I was given a lot of leeway. He overlooked my chatter and never punished me again.

PS. This shows what a good-humoured man he was. Thanks to Mr Keesing, everybody calls me Mistress Chatterback.

THURSDAY, 12 AUGUST 1943



## Lodgers or Tenants

When the time came to decide whether or not to let our big back room, we had to fight hard to overcome our pride, for who is used to having a stranger, much less a paying one, in the house?

But when times are hard and the rent is badly needed, you have to put aside your pride, and lots more besides. Which is just what we did. The back bedroom was cleared out and furnished with odds and ends, though there were far too few of those for the stylish bed-sitting-room we had in mind.

So my father set off, poking around auctions and public sales, coming home one day with this gem, and the next day with that one. After three weeks, we had a pretty wastepaper basket and an adorable tea table, but we still needed two armchairs and a decent wardrobe.

My father set out again. This time, as a special treat, he took me along. We arrived at the auction hall and sat down on a row of wooden benches, next to a couple of frazzled junk dealers and assorted shady characters. We waited, and waited, and waited. We could have waited till a new day dawned, because they were auctioning only porcelain that day!

Disappointed, we retraced our steps, only to return the next day, not very hopeful, to try again. But . . . this time we were in luck, and my father was able to snap up a really beautiful oak wardrobe and two leather club armchairs. To celebrate our new purchases and what we hoped would be the speedy arrival of our lodger, we treated ourselves to tea and cake and went home in good spirits.

But, oh dear, when the armchairs and wardrobe arrived the next day and had been moved into the room, my mother discovered that the wardrobe had these strange little traces of sawdust. My father took a look . . . and found that it was indeed riddled with woodworm. It's just the kind of thing they don't put on the tag, nor is it possible to see these things in a dark auction hall.

After this discovery, we took a closer look at the armchairs. Surprise, surprise, they were also infested with woodworm. We called the auction hall and asked them to pick up the items as soon as possible. They came, and my mother heaved a sigh of relief when the auction furniture was finally through the door. My father couldn't help sighing either – at the thought of how much money he had lost.

A few days later, my father ran into a friend who had a few pieces of furniture he was willing to lend us until we could find something better. So the problem was finally solved.

Then we sat down and wrote an ad to be hung in the window of the bookshop on the corner, and agreed to pay for it to be displayed for a week. Soon people were coming to look at the room. The first was an elderly gentleman hoping to find a place for his unmarried son. Everything was almost settled when the son himself spoke up, and he said such crazy things that my mother seriously began to wonder if he had all his marbles. She was right, since the elderly gentleman hesitantly admitted that his son was a bit out of the ordinary. You wouldn't believe how fast she showed those two the door.

Dozens of people came and went, until one day the door opened to a short, fat, middle-aged man who was willing to pay a lot and had few demands, so he was quickly accepted. This gentleman actually gave us more pleasure than trouble. Every Sunday he brought chocolate for the children and cigarettes for the adults, and more than once he took us all to the cinema. He stayed with us for a year and a half, then moved into his own flat, together with his mother and sister. Later, he used to drop by from time to time and swear that he'd never had such a good time as he'd had with us.

Once more we put an ad in the window and once more our doorbell was rung by young and old, short and tall. One of them was a fairly young woman wearing the same kind of bonnet they wear in the Salvation Army, so we quickly dubbed her 'Salvation Army Josephine'. She got the room, but she wasn't as nice to share the house with as the fat man. First of all, she was terribly messy, leaving things all over the place. Second, and more important, she had a fiancé who was often drunk, and he was even less charming to have around. One night, for instance, we were startled out of our sleep by the doorbell. My father got up to take a look and found himself

confronted with the inebriated fiancé, who kept clapping him on the shoulder and saying, over and over again, 'We're mates, aren't we? Yeah, we're real mates!' Bang . . . the door was slammed in his face.

When the war broke out here in May 1940, we gave her notice and let the room to a thirty-year-old man of our acquaintance who was also engaged. He was nice, but he had one failing: he was terribly spoiled. One time, during the winter, when we were having to economize on the electricity, he complained bitterly of the cold – a shameful exaggeration, since the heat in his room was turned up as high as it would go. But you have to humour your lodgers sometimes, so he was given permission to switch on the electric fire occasionally for an hour or two. What do you think he did? He kept that fire turned on full blast all day long. We begged and pleaded with him to economize a bit, but it didn't help. The electricity meter kept ticking faster and faster, so one day my fearless mother took the fuse out of the box and disappeared for the rest of the afternoon. She then blamed the fire for supposedly blowing the fuse, and the young man was obliged to sit in the cold. Nevertheless, he was also with us for a year and a half, until he left to get married.

Once again the room was empty. My mother was about to place another ad when a friend called up and foisted a divorced man on us who was in urgent need of a room. He was a tall man, about thirty-five years old, with glasses and a very unpleasant face. We didn't want to disappoint our friend, so we let the room to him. He too was engaged, and his fiancée often came to the house. Not long before the wedding they quarrelled and broke up, and he rushed headlong into a marriage with someone else.

Just about then we moved and finally got rid of our lodgers (hopefully once and for all)!

FRIDAY, 15 OCTOBER 1943

## Delusions of Stardom

*My answer to Mrs van Daan, who's forever asking me why I don't want to be a film star.*

I was seventeen, a pretty young girl with curly black hair, mischievous eyes and . . . lots of ideals and illusions. I was sure that someday, somehow, my name would be on everyone's lips, my picture in many a starry-eyed teenager's photo album.

Exactly how I'd become a celebrity or what direction my career would take was of little concern to me. When I was fourteen, I used to think, 'All in good time,' and now that I'm seventeen, I still think that. My parents suspected almost nothing of my plans and I was smart enough to keep them to myself, since I had the feeling that if I ever got a chance to be famous they wouldn't like it and that, at least to start with, I'd be better off on my own.

You mustn't think that I took my daydreams seriously or that I thought of nothing but fame. On the contrary, I studied as hard as ever and always had my nose in a book – for my own pleasure.

At the age of fifteen, I passed my exams and switched from a three-year grammar school to a language school. In the mornings I went to school and in the afternoons I did my homework and played tennis.

One day (it was autumn), I was at home, cleaning out my junk cupboard, which was filled with boxes of every shape and kind, when I came across a shoebox marked 'Film Stars', in great big letters. The moment I laid eyes on it I remembered that I'd promised my parents to throw it out and that I'd probably tucked it away where nobody could find it.

Curious, I lifted the lid, took out those neat little bundles and started removing the elastic bands. I was so engrossed in those made-up faces that I couldn't stop, and two hours later, when someone tapped me on the shoulder, I jumped and looked up from where I was sitting on the floor,

surrounded by a mound of clippings and boxes. They were stacked so high that I could barely step over them to go and have a cup of tea.

Later, when I was clearing up the mess, I put the film-star box to one side. That evening, as I was poring over it again, I came across something that I couldn't get out of my mind: an envelope filled with pictures, big and small, of the Lane family, whose three daughters, I read, were film stars. I also found the girls' address, so . . . I picked up a pen and paper and began writing a letter in English to Priscilla Lane, the youngest of the three daughters.

Without telling a soul, I posted this little epistle. In it, I wrote that I'd love to have pictures of Priscilla and her sisters and asked her to please answer my letter since I took a keen interest in her entire family.

I waited for more than two months, and though I didn't want to admit it to myself, I'd actually lost hope of ever getting an answer. It was hardly surprising, since I realized that if the Lane sisters had to write long letters to all their fans and send each of them a photograph, they'd find themselves, after only a few weeks, doing nothing all day but answering their correspondence.

But then one morning . . . just when I'd stopped expecting a reply, my father handed me an envelope addressed to 'Miss Anne Franklin', which I eagerly ripped open. My family was curious to know what it was, so, after telling them about my letter, I read Priscilla's answer out loud.

She wrote that she couldn't send me any pictures without first knowing more about me, but that she'd be prepared to write back if I would tell her more about myself and my family. I replied, in all truth, that I was much more interested in her as a person than as an actress. I wanted to know if she went out in the evening, if Rosemary made as many films as she did, etc., etc. Much later, she gave me permission to call her by her nickname, Pat. Apparently Priscilla was so taken with my 'writing style', as she put it, that she was more than happy to send me long letters in return.

Since our correspondence was entirely in English, my parents could hardly object; after all, it was excellent practice for me. In the letters that followed, Priscilla told me that she spent most of her days at the studios, and outlined her daily schedule. She corrected my mistakes and posted the letters back to me, though she wanted me to return them. In the meantime, she also sent a series of pictures.

Though Priscilla was already twenty years old, she was neither engaged nor married; still, it didn't bother me in the least, and I was terribly proud of my film-star friend.

And so it went throughout the winter. Then one day, in late spring, I received a letter from the Lanes, in which Priscilla asked me if I'd like to fly to California and stay with her for two months during the summer. I jumped up and down so hard I nearly hit the ceiling, but I hadn't counted on my parents' numerous objections: I couldn't travel on my own, I couldn't possibly accept such an invitation, I didn't have enough clothes, I couldn't stay away that long . . . and all the other objections that worried parents have when it comes to their offspring. But I had my heart set on going to America, and I was determined to go.

I wrote and told Priscilla of all these objections, and she came up with a solution to every one. In the first place, I wouldn't have to travel on my own, since Priscilla's companion would be coming to The Hague for four weeks to visit her relatives and I could fly back with her. Some kind of escort could surely be arranged for the return trip.

Naturally I'd get to see a lot of California. But my parents still objected to the plan, this time on the grounds that they didn't know the family, and that I might feel out of place . . .

I was furious. It was as though they begrudged me the opportunity of a lifetime. Priscilla was being incredibly nice and considerate, and the upshot of all the fuss was that, after a personal letter from Mrs Lane, the argument was finally decided in my favour.

I studied hard during May and June. When Priscilla wrote that her companion would be arriving in Amsterdam on 18 July, my preparations for the big trip began in earnest.

On the eighteenth, Father and I went to the station to meet her. Priscilla had sent me a picture, so I picked her out in the crowd almost immediately. Miss Kalwood was a small woman with greying blonde hair who talked a lot and spoke incredibly fast, but she looked quite pleasant and nice.

Father, who had been in America and spoke excellent English, talked to Miss Kalwood, and every once in a while I put in a word or two.

We had agreed that Miss Kalwood would stay at our house for a week before going back, and the week simply flew by. Even before the first day

was over she and I had become friends. I was so excited on 25 July that I couldn't swallow a single bite of breakfast.

Miss Kalwood, on the other hand, was as cool as a cucumber. But then, this wasn't her first flight. The entire family went to Schiphol Airport to see us off. At last . . . at long last, my trip to America had begun.

We flew for nearly five days. On the evening of the fifth day, we arrived at a place not far from Hollywood. Priscilla and her sister Rosemary, who is one year older, met us at the airport. I was rather tired from the journey, so we quickly drove to a nearby hotel.

The next morning, we had a leisurely breakfast before getting back in the car, which Rosemary herself drove. We reached the Lanes' house in just over three hours, and I was given a warm welcome. Mrs Lane showed me to an adorable room with a balcony, which was to be mine for the next two months.

It was not difficult to feel at ease in the hospitable Lane home, where there was a constant buzz of activity and fun, where you stumbled over any number of cats with every step you took, where the three famous stars did more to help their mother than an ordinary teenager like me had ever done at home and where there was so much to see. I quickly got used to speaking a foreign language, especially since I had known a bit of English before I came.

Priscilla was free during the first two weeks of my stay and showed me round much of the surrounding area. Almost every day we went to the beach, and little by little I got to know people whose names I'd heard so often. Madge Bellamy was one of Priscilla's best friends, and she frequently went with us on our sightseeing trips.

People who knew Priscilla would never have guessed that she was so much older than I was. She and I were simply friends. After the first two weeks, Priscilla went back to work at Warner Bros., and they let me go to the studio too, which was sheer bliss. I went with her to her dressing room and stayed there while she was busy with the takes.

She finished early on the first day, so she took me on a tour of the studio. 'Hey, Anne,' she suddenly said. 'I've got a great idea. Tomorrow morning, why don't you go down to one of those casting offices, where all the beautiful girls go, and see if they've got anything for you. Just for fun, of course!'

‘Oh, I’d like that,’ I replied, and the next day I really did go to a casting office. It was unbelievably busy, with a long queue of girls waiting outside the door. I joined them and after half an hour found myself on the other side of the door. Though I’d made it inside, it still wasn’t my turn; there were at least twenty-five girls ahead of me. So I waited again, for an hour or two, until my turn came.

A bell rang, and I bravely stepped inside the office, where a middle-aged man was seated behind a desk. His greeting was fairly abrupt. He asked my name and address and was very surprised to hear that I was staying at the Lanes’. When the questions were over, he looked me up and down again and said, ‘Are you sure you want to be a movie star?’

‘Yes, sir, very much, if you think I have the talent,’ I replied.

He pressed a buzzer and immediately a smartly dressed girl came in. She motioned for me to follow her. She opened a door, and for a moment all I could do was blink, since the room was filled with a blinding bright light.

A young man behind a very intricate camera greeted me in a friendlier way than the older man in the office, and told me to sit on a high stool. He took a few pictures, then rang for the girl, who led me back to the ‘old’ man. He promised to let me know whether or not they wanted me. Delighted, I turned down the road to the Lanes’ house.

A week went by before I heard from Mr Harwich (Priscilla had told me his name). He wrote that the pictures looked quite good and that he would see me the following day at three o’clock.

This time I was ushered in ahead of the others because I had been sent for. Harwich asked me if I’d like to model for a company that made tennis rackets. The job was just for one week. After hearing what the pay was, I said yes. A call was made to the tennis manufacturer, and I met him the same afternoon.

The next day I reported to a photo studio, which I was supposed to go to every day for a week. I had to change clothes continually, stand here, sit there, keep a smile fixed on my face, parade up and down, change again, look angelic and reapply my make-up for the umpteenth time. I was so exhausted every evening that I had to drag myself to bed. After three days, it was all I could do to make myself smile. But . . . I felt I had to keep my agreement with the manufacturer.



On the evening of the fourth day, I was so pale when I arrived at the Lanes' that Mrs Lane forbade me to do another day's modelling. She even called the tennis manufacturer and had him cancel the contract.

I thanked her from the bottom of my heart.

After that I was free to enjoy the rest of my unforgettable holiday, and now that I had seen the life of the stars up close, I was cured once and for all of my delusions of fame.

FRIDAY, 24 DECEMBER 1943

## My First Interview

Imagine what would happen if the subject of my first interview knew he was going to be used as material! He would no doubt turn red and say, 'Me? What's there to interview?'

I won't keep you in suspense any longer: Peter is my subject. I'll also tell you how the idea came to me! I was thinking of interviewing someone, and since I've written about every person in this house over and over again, I suddenly thought of Peter, who's always in the background, and –like Margot – almost never does anything that can give rise to dissatisfaction or quarrels.

Early in the evening, when you knock on his door and hear his soft-spoken 'Come in,' you can be sure that when you open the door, he'll be looking at you through the steps of the ladder to the attic, and that most of the time he'll utter an inviting 'So there you are!'

His room is actually a . . . hmm, I'm not sure what it is. I think it's a kind of landing going up to the attic. It's very small, very dark and very damp, but . . . he's managed to turn it into a real room.

When he's sitting to the left of the ladder, there's only about three feet between it and the wall. This is where he has his table, which is usually strewn with books like ours is (the steps also get the overflow), and a chair. On the other side of the ladder is his bicycle, suspended from the ceiling. This now useless form of transportation has been wrapped in brown paper, and a long extension cord dangles merrily from one of the pedals. To add the finishing touch to the interviewee's work space, the light bulb above his head has been covered with the latest trend in lamp shades: cardboard decorated with strips of paper.

From where I'm standing in the doorway, I look to the opposite side of the room. Against the wall, i.e. across from Peter, behind the table, there's a divan with a flowery blue counterpane; the bedding has been tucked behind the backrest. There's a lamp hanging above it, much like the one two feet

away, as well as a hand mirror, and a bit further away, a bookcase filled from top to bottom with books that have been covered – with a boy's typical disregard of elegance – with brown paper. To spruce things up even more (or because the owner has no other place to put it), there's also a tool-box, where you're sure to find whatever you're looking for. Though it admittedly happened quite a while ago, I once found my favourite knife, which had long been missing, in the bottom of this very tool-box, and it wasn't the first thing to find its way there.

Next to the bookcase is a wooden shelf, covered with paper that used to be white. Actually, this shelf was supposed to be for milk bottles and other kitchen items. But the youthful occupant's treasury of books has expanded so rapidly that the shelf has been taken over by these learned tomes, and the various milk bottles have been relegated to the floor.

The third wall also has a small cabinet (a former cherry crate), where you can find a delightful collection of such things as a shaving brush, a razor, tape, laxatives, etc., etc. Beside it is the crowning glory of the van Daan family's ingenuity: a cupboard made almost entirely out of cardboard, held together by only two or three support posts made of stronger material. This cupboard, which is filled with suits, coats, shoes, socks and so forth, has a really lovely curtain hanging in front of it, which Peter finally managed to get hold of after weeks of begging his mother. So much stuff is piled on top of the cupboard that I've never worked out exactly what's there.

The rugs of Mr van Daan Junior are also worthy of note. Not only because his room has two large genuine Persian carpets and one small one, but because the colours are so striking that everyone who enters the room notices them right away. So the floorboards, which have to be negotiated with care since they're rather loose and uneven, are adorned with these precious rugs.

Two of the walls have been covered in green burlap, while the other two have been lavishly plastered with film stars – some beautiful, others less so – and advertisements. You need to overlook the grease and burn marks, since, after one and a half years of living with so much junk, things are bound to get dirty.

The attic, hardly the height of comfort either, is like all the others round here, with old-fashioned beams, and since the roof leaks down via the attic

into Peter's room, several sheets of cardboard have been put up to keep out the rain. The many water stains show that it's not the least bit effective.

I think I've been round the entire room now and have only forgotten the two chairs: number one is a brown chair with a perforated seat, and number two is an old white kitchen chair. Peter wanted to repaint it last year, but noticed when he was scraping off the old layer that it wasn't such a good idea. So now the chair, with its partially stripped paint, its one and only rung (the other was used as a poker) and its more-black-than-white colour scheme, is not exactly presentable. But as I've already said, the room is dark, so the chair hardly sticks out. The door to the kitchen is festooned with aprons, and there are also a few hooks for the dusters and cleaning brush.

Now that Peter's room has been dealt with, you should have no trouble picking out every item in it, except for the chief occupant himself, Peter. So I'd like to complete my assignment by turning to the owner of the glorious items catalogued above.

In Peter's case, there's a big difference between his weekday clothes and his Sunday best. On weekdays he wears overalls. In fact, you can say without hesitation that he and his overalls are inseparable, since he won't allow them to be washed very often. The only reason I can think of is that he's afraid his beloved garment will fall to pieces in the wash and have to be thrown out. At any rate, it was washed recently, which is how you can tell it's blue. He also has a blue kerchief (another inseparable item) knotted round his neck, a thick brown leather belt round his waist, and white woollen socks, so that whether it's a Monday, a Tuesday or any other day of the week, you can recognize Peter right away. On Sundays, however, his outfit undergoes a radical change. A nice suit, a nice pair of shoes, a shirt, a tie – well, there's no need for me to list the rest, since we all know what decent clothes look like.

So much for his appearance. My opinion of Peter himself has changed drastically of late. I used to think he was stupid and boring. Now I think he's neither of these, and everyone will agree when I say that he's turned out to be quite nice.

I'm absolutely convinced that he's honest and generous. He's always been modest and helpful, but I have the feeling that he's much more sensitive than people realize or would ever suspect.

One thing he's fond of and which I absolutely mustn't forget is the cats. There's nothing he wouldn't do for Mouschi or Boche, and I think they compensate quite a lot for the love he needs but doesn't get.

He isn't afraid either – quite the opposite, in fact, without showing off like other boys of his age. Nor is he the least bit stupid. In particular, I think he has an excellent memory.

I hardly need to tell you that he's handsome, since that's obvious to everyone who knows him. He has terrific hair – thick, brown and curly – and bluish-grey eyes. As for his other features . . . well, describing faces has always been my weak point, so when the war's over I'll paste a picture of him in this book, along with pictures of the rest of us in hiding here, so that I won't have to describe him further with my pen.

TUESDAY, 22 FEBRUARY 1944

## The Den of Iniquity

Don't be shocked – I'm not planning to give examples to illustrate the above title. I only chose it because I ran across the phrase yesterday in a magazine that I was reading.

No doubt you're wondering what it referred to, so I'll explain. The 'den of iniquity' was used in the magazine (*Cinema & Theater*, no. 8) to refer to the use of nude models, which the reviewer apparently thought was indecent. Now, it's certainly not my intention to argue that he's wrong, but in my opinion Dutch people tend to frown on scanty dress.

This is known as prudishness. On the one hand, it can be good. On the other hand, if children are raised to think that even the slightest bit of bare skin is indecent, after a certain amount of time adolescents are bound to wonder, 'Are they all stark raving mad?'

And I couldn't agree more. Modesty and prudishness can be taken too far, which is certainly the case in the Netherlands. Actually, it's quite paradoxical – just mention the word 'naked', and everyone will stare at you as if you're the most depraved person in the world.

Don't think I'm like those people who long for a return to the days of primitive societies, when everyone was walking around in animal skins. Not at all. Still, it would be more natural if we were a bit freer, a bit more casual.

And now I have a question for you. 'Do you also put clothes on the flowers you've picked and refuse to talk about their delicate parts?'

I don't think there's a very big difference between people and nature, and since we're also part of nature, why should we be ashamed of the way nature made us?

TUESDAY, 22 FEBRUARY 1944

## Happiness

Before I begin with the actual story, I need to give you a brief rundown of my life so far.

I no longer have a mother (in fact I never knew her), and my father has little time for me. My mother died when I was two. My father farmed me out to a kindly couple who kept me for five years. When I was seven, I was sent to a kind of boarding school, where I stayed until I was fourteen. Luckily, I was allowed to leave then, and Father took me in. The two of us are lodgers now and I'm attending the Lyceum. Everything in my life was going normally until . . . well, until Jacques came along.

I met Jacques when he and his parents moved into the same lodgings. We ran into each other a few times on the stairs, then in the park, and after that we went for several walks in the woods together.

I thought he was a nice, easygoing type from the start. A bit shy and on the quiet side, but that's exactly what attracted me to him in the first place. We gradually began going to places together, and now he often comes to my room, or I go to his.

Before I met Jacques, I'd never got to know a boy really well. So I was also surprised to find that he wasn't a braggart or a show-off like the boys in my class all seemed to be.

I started to think about Jacques after first giving quite a bit of thought to myself. I knew that his parents argued all the time, and I assumed that it bothered him, because one of the first things you notice about him is his love of peace and quiet.

I'm by myself a lot, and I often feel sad and lonely. It probably comes from missing my mother so much and from never having had a real friend I could tell everything to. Jacques is just the same – he's had only casual friends – and I had the feeling that he also needed to confide in someone. But I couldn't find an appropriate moment, so we continued to talk about trivial things.

One day, however, he came to my room, supposedly to deliver a message. I was sitting on the floor on a cushion, and looking up at the sky.

‘Am I disturbing you?’ he asked softly.

‘Not at all,’ I replied, turning towards him. ‘Come and sit down. Do you also like to daydream sometimes?’

He went over to the window and leaned his forehead against the windowpane. ‘Yes,’ he replied. ‘I do a lot of daydreaming. Do you know what I call it? Gazing into world history.’

Surprised, I looked at him. ‘That’s a perfect description of it. I’ll remember that.’

‘Yes,’ he said with that unusual smile of his, which always threw me, since I was never sure what he meant by it. We went back to talking about trivial matters, and after half an hour he left.

The next time he came to my room, I was sitting in the same spot and he went over to the window again. The weather was exceptionally beautiful that day – the sky was deep blue (we were up so high that we couldn’t see any houses, or at any rate I couldn’t from the floor), the bare branches of the chestnut tree in front of our house were covered with drops of dew that glinted in the sunlight as the branches swayed back and forth in the wind, seagulls and other birds flew past the window and chirping sounds were coming from every direction.

I don’t know why, but neither of us could say another word. There we were together in one room, fairly close, yet we hardly noticed each other’s presence. We just kept on gazing at the sky and talking to ourselves. I say ‘we’, because I’m convinced that he was feeling the same and was just as reluctant as I was to break the silence.

After about fifteen minutes of this, he was the first to speak. ‘When you see that,’ he said, ‘it seems crazy for people to argue all the time. Everything else becomes unimportant. And yet I don’t always feel this way!’

He looked at me, a little shyly, probably afraid I wouldn’t understand what he meant, but I was overjoyed that he expected an answer from me and that I could finally reveal my thoughts to someone who understood. So I replied: ‘Do you know what I always think? That it’s silly to argue with people you don’t care about. It’s different with people you do care about.’



You love them, so when they start an argument or do something to provoke a quarrel, it makes you feel more hurt than angry!’

‘Do you think so too? But you don’t get into very many arguments, do you?’

‘No, but enough to know what they’re like! Still, the worst thing of all is that most people are alone in the world!’

‘What do you mean by that?’ Jacques’s eyes were now fixed on mine, but I decided to continue; perhaps I might be able to help him.

‘I mean that most people, whether or not they’re married, are lonely inside. They have no one to talk to about their thoughts and emotions. That’s what I miss the most!’

All Jacques said was, ‘Me too.’ Then we went back to gazing at the sky for a while before he remarked, ‘Like you said, people who don’t have anyone to talk to are missing out on a lot – a whole lot. It’s knowing what I’m missing that often makes me feel so depressed.’

‘Well, you shouldn’t. Not that you shouldn’t feel depressed – after all, you can’t help that, but you shouldn’t feel miserable about something before it happens. Actually, what you’re hoping to find when you’re depressed is happiness. Even if you miss a lot because you have no one to talk to, once you’ve found your own inner happiness, you’ll never lose it. I don’t mean this in terms of material things, but in a spiritual sense. I believe that once your own inner happiness has been found, it might go underground for a while, but it will never be lost!’

‘So how did you find your happiness?’

I got to my feet. ‘Come with me,’ I said. And I led him up to the attic, where there was a little storage room with a window. Our house was taller than most, so that, once we’d reached the attic and were looking out of the window, we could see a large patch of sky.

‘Take a look,’ I said. ‘If you want to find inner happiness, go outside on a nice day with lots of sun and blue sky. Even if you stand at a window and look out over the city at the cloudless sky, like we’re doing now, you’ll eventually find happiness.’

‘I’ll tell you how it happened to me. I was at boarding school. It had always been awful, but the older I got, the more awful it got. On one of my free afternoons, I went for a walk on the heath by myself. I sat down and daydreamed for a while, and when I looked up, I noticed that it was an

exceptionally beautiful day. I hadn't paid any attention to the weather up till then, because I'd been too wrapped up in my own troubles. But once I looked up and saw the beauty of my surroundings, that little voice inside me suddenly stopped itemizing the bad things. All I could do or think or feel was that it was beautiful, that it was the only real truth.

'I must have sat there for half an hour. When I finally got up to go back to that hateful school, I was no longer depressed. On the contrary, I felt that everything was good and beautiful just the way it was.

'Later on I understood that I had found my own inner happiness for the first time that afternoon. No matter what the circumstances are, that happiness will be with you always.'

'Did it change you?' he quietly asked.

'Yes, in the sense that I felt a certain contentment. Not always, mind you. I moaned and groaned from time to time. But I was never downright depressed again, probably because I realized that sadness comes from feeling sorry for yourself and happiness from joy.'

I stopped talking and he kept looking out of the window, apparently lost in thought, because he didn't say a word. Then he suddenly turned and looked at me. 'I haven't found happiness yet, but I have found something else – a person who understands me!'

I knew what he meant, and from that moment on I was no longer alone.

SUNDAY, 12 MARCH 1944

## Give!<sup>1</sup>

Do any of those people in their warm and cosy living rooms have any idea what kind of life a beggar leads? Do any of those ‘good’ and ‘kind’ people ever wonder about the lives of so many of the children and adults around them? Granted, everyone has given a coin to a beggar at some time or another, though they usually just shove it into his hand and slam the door. And in most cases the generous donors think it’s disgusting to touch that hand! Am I right or not? Then, afterwards, people are amazed that beggars are so shameless! Wouldn’t you be shameless too if you were treated more like a dog than a human being?

It’s terrible, really terrible, that people treat each other this way in a country like Holland, which claims to have such a good social system and so many decent, upstanding citizens. In the eyes of most of the well-to-do, a beggar is an inferior being, somebody who’s scruffy and unwashed, pushy and rude. But have they ever asked themselves how beggars got to be that way?

You should try comparing one of those beggar children with your own children! What’s the difference? Yours are pretty and neat, the others are ugly and ragged! Is that all? Yes, that’s all, that’s the only difference. If you dressed one of those urchins in nice clothes and taught him good manners, there wouldn’t be a whit of difference!

Everyone is born equal; we all come into the world helpless and innocent. We all breathe the same air, and many of us believe in the same God. And yet . . . and yet, to many people this one small difference is a huge one! It’s huge because many people have never realized what the difference is, for if they had they would have discovered long ago that there’s actually no difference at all!

Everyone is born equal; we will all die and shed our earthly glory. Riches, power and fame last for only a few short years. Why do we cling so desperately to these fleeting things? Why can’t people who have more than

enough for their own needs give the rest to their fellow human beings? Why should anyone have to have such a hard life for those few short years on earth?

But above all, a gift should never be flung in anyone's face – every person has a right to kindness. Why should you be nicer to a rich lady than to a poor one? Has anyone ever studied the difference in their characters?

Human greatness does not lie in wealth or power, but in character and goodness. People are just people, and all people have faults and shortcomings, but all of us are born with a basic goodness. If we were to start by adding to that goodness instead of stifling it, by giving poor people the feeling that they too are human beings, we wouldn't necessarily have to give money or material things, since not everyone has them to give.

Everything starts in small ways, so in this case you can begin in small ways too. On trams, for example, don't just offer your seat to rich mothers, think of the poor ones too. And say 'excuse me' when you step on a poor person's toe, just as you say it to a rich one. It takes so little effort, yet it means so much. Why shouldn't you show a little kindness to those poor urchins who are already so deprived?

We all know that a good example is more effective than advice. So set a good example, and it won't take long for others to follow. More and more people will become kind and generous, until finally no one will ever again look down on those without money.

Oh, if only we were there already! If only Holland, then Europe, and finally the whole world realized how unfair it was being, if only the time would come when people treated each other with genuine good will, in the realization that we're all equal and that worldly things are transitory!

How wonderful it is that no one has to wait, but can start right now to gradually change the world! How wonderful it is that everyone, great and small, can immediately help bring about justice by giving of themselves!

As with so many things, most people seek justice in very different quarters, and grumble because they themselves receive so little of it. Open your eyes, be fair in your own dealings first! Give whatever there is to give! You can always – always – give something, even if it's a simple act of kindness! If everyone were to give in this way and didn't scrimp on kindly words, there would be much more love and justice in the world!

Give and you shall receive, much more than you ever thought possible. Give and give again. Keep hoping, keep trying, keep giving! People who give will never be poor!

If you follow this advice, within a few generations, people will never have to feel sorry for poor little beggar children again, because there won't be any!

The world has plenty of room, riches, money and beauty. God has created enough for each and every one of us. Let us begin by dividing it more fairly!

SUNDAY, 26 MARCH 1944

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<sup>1</sup> Based on one of Anne's grandmother's favourite sayings, which was often quoted by the Frank family: 'People who give will never be poor.'

## Why?

Ever since I was a little girl and could barely talk, the word ‘why’ has lived and grown along with me. It’s a well-known fact that children ask questions about anything and everything, since almost everything is new to them. That was especially true of me, and not just as a child. Even when I was older, I couldn’t stop asking questions. That wasn’t necessarily bad, and I must admit that my parents patiently answered my questions until . . . until I started pestering strangers too. Not all people can stand being bombarded with children’s questions.

I have to admit that it can be annoying sometimes, but I comfort myself with the thought that ‘You won’t know until you ask’, though by now I’ve asked so much that they ought to have made me a professor.

When I grew older, I noticed that not all questions can be asked and that many whys can never be answered. As a result, I tried to work things out for myself by mulling over my own questions. And I came to the important discovery that questions which you either can’t or shouldn’t ask in public, or questions which you can’t put into words, can easily be solved in your own head. So the word ‘why’ not only taught me to ask, but also to think.

And now for the second aspect of the word ‘why’. I believe that if everyone asked themselves ‘why?’ before they did something, they’d be much better persons, and also much more honest. The best way to become good and honest is never to pass up an opportunity for self-examination.

The most cowardly thing a person can do is not admit to himself his own faults and shortcomings, which we all have. This applies to both children and adults, since in this respect they’re alike. Most people think that parents are supposed to educate their children and try to develop their characters to the best of their ability, but that’s not true.

From an early age, children need to educate themselves and develop their own characters. A lot of people might think this sounds crazy, but it’s not. A child, no matter how young, is a person with a conscience of his own.

Getting a child to realize that his own conscience punishes him far more severely is a large part of child-rearing.

To fourteen- and fifteen-year-olds, any form of punishment is ridiculous, since at that age they know that no one, not even their own parents, can accomplish anything by punishing them, physically or otherwise. By reasoning with them and confronting them with their own behaviour you will achieve results faster than with the most severe of punishments.

But I didn't intend this to be a lecture on child-rearing.

All I wanted to say was that in the lives of every child and adult, the word 'why' plays a significant role, as indeed it should.

The saying 'You won't know until you ask' is true to the extent that it gets people to think. And thinking has never hurt anyone. On the contrary, it does us all a world of good.

UNDATED

## Who is Interesting?

A week ago I was sitting in a train, chugging along to my aunt's in Bussum. I was hoping to be able to amuse myself in the train at least, since having to put up with a week of Aunt Josephine's company was not my idea of fun.

So there I sat, with the highest of hopes, but I was out of luck, because at first sight my fellow passengers looked neither interesting nor amusing. The little old lady across from me was indeed concerned for my welfare, but wasn't the least bit amusing; neither was the distinguished gentleman beside her, who kept his eyes glued to his newspaper; nor did the farmer's wife on his other side look like she was dying to talk. Still, I was determined to amuse myself, and wasn't about to give up my plan. If I had to make a pest of myself, so be it. Aunt Josephine and her scrawny neck would just have to take the blame.

After fifteen minutes with nothing to show for it, I didn't look a bit more amusing than the other passengers in my compartment. However, the train made its first stop and, to my great delight, a man of about thirty got in. He didn't look amusing, but he did look interesting.

The general consensus among women is that men with youthful faces and greying temples are interesting, and I had never doubted the truth of this. Now I could put one of these gentlemen to the test, or at any rate not let his interesting looks go to waste.

The big question now was how was I to get Mr Interesting to show me how interesting he was? Another fifteen minutes must have gone by before I suddenly hit upon the simple but time-honoured trick of dropping my handkerchief. The results were spectacular. Not only because the interesting gentleman very gallantly (what else would you expect?) scooped up my handkerchief from the filthy floor, but also because he took advantage of the opportunity to strike up a conversation with me.

'Excuse me, miss,' he began quite openly, though of course he kept his voice down, since there was no need for the other passengers to hear us. 'I



believe this belongs to you. But in exchange for your handkerchief, I'd like to know your name!'

To be honest, I thought he was rather bold, but since I was determined to have a good time, I replied in a similar vein, 'Well, of course, sir. It's Miss van Bergen.'

He gave me a reproachful look, then suavely said, 'Oh, but I'd like to know your first name!'

'Well, all right then,' I replied. 'It's Hetty.'

'Ah, Hetty,' he repeated, and we chatted for a while about this and that. But for the life of me I couldn't turn it into an interesting conversation. That, I felt, was up to the gentleman, who, in the eyes of the world, was supposed to be interesting.

He got out at the next station, and I was greatly disappointed. However, the little old lady across from me suddenly unwound and started talking to me. She was so funny and interesting that the time simply flew by, and before I knew it, I'd reached my destination. I thanked the interesting old lady, and I now know that so-called interesting men owe their reputation to their looks alone.

So, if you're hoping to amuse yourself during a trip or whatever, do as I do and look around for people who are old or ugly. They're sure to entertain you more than the men whose faces are all but glowing with conceit.

UNDATED

# Lehensopgave.

| blz.            | opschrift                                                   | welk soort.                     | datum         |
|-----------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------|
| 1-2-3           | Is er ingetroken?                                           | A-huis.                         | 24 mrt. 1943. |
| 3               | De handaak                                                  | "                               | 8 dec. 1942.  |
| 4               | Kerstdag                                                    | "                               | 10 " 1942.    |
| 4-5             | De vlo                                                      | "                               | 7 juli 1943.  |
| 5-6-7           | Heet je nog?                                                | godse Lysium                    |               |
| 7-8-9-10        | Het kerk tafeltje.                                          | A-huis.                         | 13 juli 1943. |
| 10-11           | Amie in theorie                                             | "                               | 8 aug. 1943.  |
| 12-13           | De ruie over de aardappels                                  | "                               | 4 " 1943.     |
| 13-14-15-16     | De avond en de nacht in het<br>A-huis.                      | "                               | 4 " 1943.     |
| 16-17           | Schafstunoff.                                               | "                               | 5 " '43.      |
| 17-18-19        | Het A-huis van 9 aan tafel                                  | "                               | 5 " '43.      |
| 19-20           | Nimm die kerk kelt nimm schäft...                           | "                               | 6 " '43.      |
| 20-21           | Schafstun!                                                  | "                               | 6 " '43.      |
| 21-22-23        | De plicht v.d. dag in de ge-<br>menschap: Aardappelschillen | "                               | 6 " '43.      |
| 23-24           | De zijpied in het A-huis                                    | "                               | 6 " '43.      |
| 24-25-26        | Kaktje                                                      | 7. met het A-huis priem         | 7 " '43.      |
| 27-28           | De perkierpmitie.                                           | "                               | 7 " '43.      |
| 29-29-30        | Mijn eerste Lysium-dag                                      | godse Lysium.                   | " " '43.      |
| 30-31           | ten Biologie-les                                            | "                               | 11 " '43.     |
| 32-33           | ten Hiskunde-les                                            | "                               | 12 " '43.     |
| 33-34-35-36-    | Eva's droom deel 1 en 2.                                    | Bedenksel                       | 6 okt. '43.   |
| 37-38-39        |                                                             |                                 |               |
| 40-41-42-43     | Conserv - of kunnagaster                                    | ingepreken naar de 15 okt. '43. |               |
| 43-44-45        |                                                             | Ingewidde bin meerkid naar      |               |
| 45-46-47-48-49- | Payla's brief                                               | naar P. Boudetide.              | 22 dec. '43.  |
| 50-51-52-53-    | Schnoter - illusie                                          |                                 |               |
| 54-55 en 56.    |                                                             | Bedenksel.                      | 24 dec. '43.  |
| 56-57-58 en 59  | Lequientje                                                  | "                               | 11 feb. '44.  |
| 60 en 61        | Jonck.                                                      | A-huis.                         | 23 " '44.     |
| 62-63 en 64     | Het Bloemengestje                                           | Bedenksel                       | 20 " '44.     |
| 64-65-66-67-    | Mijn eerste Interieur.                                      | A-huis                          | 22 " '44.     |
| 68 en 69        | De Boel des Vinders                                         | Antwoord spelen                 | 22 " '44.     |
| 69-70 en 71.    | De Schutengel                                               | crifiek.                        |               |
|                 |                                                             | Bedenksel                       | 22 " '44.     |

# Inhoudsopgave.

| bladzijde.              | opzchrift           | welk soort. | datum.        |
|-------------------------|---------------------|-------------|---------------|
| 71, 72, 73, 74, 75.     | Plat Gildet         | heden toeel | 12 Maart '44  |
| 75, 76, 77              | Ampt.               | "           | 25 Maart '44  |
| 80, 81, 82              | Ampt.               | "           | 26 Maart '44  |
| 81, 82, 83, 84, 85      | De afgeleide kanten | "           | 18 April 1944 |
| 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, | Blus, de kanten     | "           | 23 " 1944     |
| 91, 92, 93, 94, 95.     |                     |             |               |

## *FABLES AND SHORT STORIES*

## Kaatje

Kaatje is the girl next door. When I look out of my window during nice weather, I can see her playing in the garden. Kaatje has a velvet burgundy-coloured dress for Sundays and a cotton one for weekdays. She has flaxen hair done up in tiny little pigtails, and bright-blue eyes.

Kaatje has a loving mother, but her father has died. Kaatje's mother is a washerwoman. Sometimes she's gone during the day, cleaning other people's houses, and when she comes home at night she does the laundry for 'her' people. At eleven o'clock she is still beating the rugs and hanging row after row of washing on the line.

Kaatje has six brothers and sisters. One of them screams and cries and latches on to his eleven-year-old sister's skirts whenever their mother calls 'Bedtime!'

Kaatje has a cat that's as black as a Moor; Kaatje takes good care of her cat. Every evening, just before bedtime, you can hear her calling, 'Kat . . . je, kat . . . je.'<sup>1</sup>

Which explains the name Kaatje. Maybe the little girl next door isn't even called Kaatje, but she looks like she ought to be.

Kaatje also has two rabbits: a white one and a brown one. Hop . . . hop . . . hop, they jump and skip around in the grass at the foot of the steps to Kaatje's house.

Sometimes Kaatje is naughty, just like other children, especially when she and her brothers are having a quarrel. Oh, Kaatje can get angry all right. She can hit, kick and bite with the best of them. Her brothers have learned to respect their strong sister.

'Kaatje . . . ,' Mother calls, 'I need you to go to the shop!' Kaatje quickly covers her ears so that she can honestly say she didn't hear her mother. Kaatje hates going to the shop. But she wouldn't lie just to get out of it. Kaatje never lies. All you need to do is look into those blue eyes of hers to know she doesn't.

One of Kaatje's brothers is sixteen, and he works as an office boy. This brother sometimes bosses the younger children around as if he were their father. Kaatje doesn't dare contradict Piet, because he's liable to smack her and because she knows from experience that if you do what he says, he might give you a sweet. Kaatje likes sweets, and so do her sisters.

On Sundays, when the church bells are going ding-dong-ding, Kaatje's mother and all her brothers and sisters go to church. Kaatje prays for her dear father, who's in Heaven, and also for her mother, that she will live a long, long time. After church they all go for a walk, which Kaatje enjoys a lot. They stroll through the park, and every once in a while they go to the zoo. But the zoo trip will have to wait until September, when the admission price drops back down to twenty-five cents, or until Kaatje's birthday. She's allowed to ask for an outing like that for her birthday, since it's the only kind of present her mother can afford.

Kaatje often has to comfort her mother, because, after a hard day's work, she sometimes falls exhausted into her chair at night and cries. So Kaatje promises to give her all the things she herself would like to have when she grows up. Kaatje wishes she were grown up already, so that she could earn money and buy beautiful clothes and give sweets to her sisters, like Piet does. But first Kaatje has to go to school for years and years and learn all sorts of things.

Mother would like her to go to a domestic science school, but Kaatje isn't keen on the idea. She doesn't want to work in a rich lady's house. She wants to work in a factory, like the girls who troop by her house every day. You aren't alone in a factory, you can chat with the others. And Kaatje loves to talk. At school she sometimes has to stand in the corner because she's been caught talking again, but otherwise she's a good student.

Kaatje adores her teacher, who's usually nice to her and is a very clever woman. You must have to work really hard to become that clever! But fewer brains will do. Kaatje's mother always says that if you're too clever, you won't find a husband, and Kaatje would hate that. After all, she wants to have children of her own one day, though not children like her brothers and sisters. Hers will be a lot nicer, and a lot better-looking. They'll have beautiful brown curly hair instead of her flaxen hair (which is horrible), and they won't have any freckles, which she has lots of. Nor does Kaatje want to have as many children as her mother did. Two or three will be enough.

But, oh, she'll have to wait such a very long time – twice as long as she's lived so far.

‘Kaatje,’ Mother calls. ‘Come here, you naughty little girl. Where have you been? Off to bed you go. I bet you’ve been daydreaming again!’

Kaatje sighs. Just when she’d been making such lovely plans for the future!

SATURDAY, 7 AUGUST 1943

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<sup>1</sup> ‘Kitty, kitty’.

## The Caretaker's Family

The caretaker's family ignores the black-out regulations, both summer and winter. It looks like peacetime, when the lamps shone so invitingly in all the houses and you could see everyone gathered round the dining table or the tea table.

In this respect, the caretaker's family doesn't seem to care whether it's war or peace. Take a look through the brightly lit window, and you'll see Father, Mother, Son and Daughter gathered round the table.

All Mother wants is to take as little notice of the war as possible. She doesn't like imitation gravy, so she does without, she doesn't want ersatz tea, so she drinks peppermint tea instead, and she doesn't want to hear the ack-ack guns, so she's come up with an effective remedy against that as well: she sits in the shower and listens to her loudest jazz record. And when the neighbours complain, she doesn't let it bother her, but brings them a peace offering in the form of food the next day.

The lady on the third floor, whose daughter is engaged to Son, gets a nice big pancake. And Mrs Steen, the neighbour on her left, is favoured with a quarter of a cup of sugar. The dentist in the rear second-floor flat, whose assistant is her youngest daughter, is not overlooked either. But Father is furious, since every ack-ack night costs him three cigarettes.

Mother and Father are alone during the daytime. They take loving care of their five rabbits, which get fatter every day. The rabbits have a cradle to sleep in, a shed to shelter from the rain in and a food bowl that serves as a dining table. In the wintertime they have a little house with windows and nice roomy cages. Their daily menu consists of carrot tops and other fine delicacies.

Father works hard in the garden, Mother in the house. Everything is spick and span. Once a week the windows are cleaned (both front and back), once a week the rugs are taken out and beaten and once a week the pots and pans



are polished to a shine – all with the help of the fat cleaning lady who's worked for them for ever.

Father's job has become easier. At the moment he takes care of just the big office upstairs. All he has to do is sleep lightly, so he can hear if anyone is trying to break in. In the old days Mother and the cleaning lady used to keep the entire building clean. However, she stopped working after one daughter got married and another had her tenth baby.

Mother and Father's biggest pleasure is having the grandchildren visit. Their little voices ring out across the garden: 'Grandma, Grandpa. Come and look, the rabbits are doing such funny things!' And Grandma and Grandpa rush over, because they believe that grandchildren ought to be spoiled. Grandchildren aren't like your own children, who need to be kept in order.

Grandpa is busy making a canoe for his oldest granddaughter's birthday. I wish I had a grandfather like him.

SATURDAY, 7 AUGUST 1943

## Eva's Dream

### PART 1

‘G’Night, Eva. Sleep tight.’

‘You too, Mum.’

Click went the light, and Eva lay for a few moments in the darkness. Once her eyes had got used to it, she noticed that her mother hadn’t closed the curtains all the way – there was a strip of light in the middle, through which she could see the plump round face of the moon. The moon hung motionless in the sky, calm and with a constant smile on his face, friendly to one and all.

‘If only I could be like that,’ Eva whispered to herself. ‘I wish I were calm and friendly all the time, so that everybody would think I was a nice little girl. Oh, wouldn’t that be lovely!’

Eva thought and thought about the moon, and about the glaring difference between the moon and herself. Finally, after all that thinking, her eyelids closed and her thoughts transformed themselves into a dream, which Eva remembered in such detail the next day that she later wondered if it had actually happened.

Eva found herself at the entrance to a large park. She was peering uncertainly through the gate, not quite daring to go inside. Just as she was about to turn away, a tiny little woman with wings came up to her and said, ‘Don’t be afraid to go in, Eva. Or don’t you know the way?’

‘No, I don’t,’ Eva shyly confessed.

‘Well, then, let me show you.’ And the plucky little elf took Eva’s hand.

Eva had gone for many walks in many different parks with her mother and grandmother, but she had never seen one as beautiful as this. There were masses of flowers, trees and fields, every imaginable kind of insect, and small animals such as turtles and squirrels.

The elf chatted about cheerful things until Eva finally overcame her bashfulness enough to ask a question. But the elf quickly silenced her by putting a finger to Eva's lips.

'I'll point out everything in turn and explain it to you. After each explanation you can ask me questions about the things you don't understand, but the rest of the time you'll have to keep quiet and not interrupt. If you do, I'll take you home at once, and then you'll be just as ignorant as all the other ignorant people!

'Well, that's that. Let's begin. First, there's the rose – the queen of the flowers; she's so beautiful and her fragrance is so intoxicating that it goes to everyone's head, most of all her own. The rose is beautiful, sweet-smelling and elegant, but if things aren't going her way, she shows her thorns. She's like a spoiled child – beautiful, elegant and seemingly nice as can be, but if you touch her or talk to someone else so that she's no longer the centre of attention, out come her claws. She'll be catty and offended, and will do her best to hide it. Her manners have been acquired, which means they're only skin-deep.'

'But, Elf, if that's true, why does everyone think of the rose as the queen of the flowers?'

'Most people are blinded by the outer glow. If they'd been allowed to vote, very few people would have picked the rose. The rose is majestic and beautiful, and just as in the real world, no one asks the flowers whether a bloom which is outwardly less pretty might actually be inwardly more beautiful and more fit to rule.'

'Do you mean to say, Elf, that the rose isn't beautiful?'

'Not at all, Eva. The rose *is* beautiful on the outside. And if she weren't constantly in the limelight, she might even be nice and kind. But since she happens to be first and foremost among the flowers, she will always think she's prettier than she actually is, and as long as that's true, the rose will go on being stuck-up, and I don't like stuck-up creatures!'

'Is Leentje stuck-up? After all, she's beautiful and rich, which is why she's our class's ringleader.'

'Think about it for a moment, Eva. You'll have to admit that if your classmate Marietje were to stand up to her, Leentje would soon have all the other girls on her side. She'd point out that Marietje is ugly and poor. The rest of you would do whatever Leentje tells you to, because you all know

she'll be cross with you if you don't, and that you'll never be in her good books again. And in your eyes, being out of your ringleader's good books is almost as bad as having the headmaster be cross with you. You wouldn't be allowed to go to her house any more, and the rest of the class would ignore you. Later on, girls like Leentje will find themselves alone, because when the other girls are older, they'll turn against her. But, Eva, if they were to do that now, Leentje would have an opportunity to change before she ends up being alone for the rest of her life.'

'Should I try to get the other girls to stop listening to her?'

'Yes. She'll be angry and indignant at first. But once she realizes why you're doing it and understands her own behaviour better, she'll be grateful and will have more genuine friends than she's ever had before.'

'Now I see what you mean. But tell me, Elf, am I also vain, like the rose?'

'Listen to me, Eva. Any adult or child who seriously asks themselves that question can't be vain, because vain people don't realize they're vain. You're the best person to answer that question, so I advise you to look into your own heart.'

'But let's continue. You see this? Isn't it nice?' As she spoke, the elf knelt beside a bluebell, which was gently swaying back and forth in the grass to the rhythm of the wind.

'This bluebell is simple and kind. It brings joy to the world. It chimes for flowers, just as church bells chime for people. It helps lots of flowers and is a comfort to them. The bluebell is never lonely; there's music in its heart. It's a much happier creature than the rose. The bluebell isn't interested in the praise of others. The rose lives and thrives on admiration. When that's missing, the rose has nothing to make her happy. Her outward appearance is for other people, but her heart is empty and therefore cheerless. The bluebell, on the other hand, may not be as beautiful, but she has "real" friends who value her melodies; those friends live in the flower's heart.'

'But the bluebell is also a pretty flower, isn't it?'

'Yes, but not as eye-catching as the rose. Unfortunately, most people only notice the most obvious things.'

'But I often feel lonely too and want to have people around me. Is that wrong?'

‘That has nothing to do with it, Eva. Later, when you’re older, you’ll hear the song in your heart. I’m sure you will!’

‘Please continue your story, dear little Elf. It’s beautiful, and so are you.’

‘All right, I’ll go on. Next, I want you to look up!’ With her tiny index finger, the elf pointed up at a large, stately, old chestnut tree. ‘It’s an impressive tree, isn’t it?’

‘Yes, and so big. How old do you think he is, Elf?’

‘At least a hundred and fifty years old. But he’s still standing tall, and he doesn’t feel old. Everyone admires him for his strength, and he proves it by taking no notice of their admiration. He won’t tolerate having anyone higher, and he’s egotistical and indifferent to others – as long as *he* has what he wants, nothing else matters. He looks so generous, our chestnut does, as if he’s a comfort to one and all, but it’s easy to be mistaken. The chestnut would rather not have anyone come to him with their troubles. He leads a good life, but begrudges others the same. The trees and flowers know it, so they take their troubles to the cosy, homely pine and ignore the chestnut.

‘Still, the chestnut tree has a very small song in a very big heart. This can be seen by his affection for the birds. There’s always a place for them on one of his branches, and he always has a little something for them, even if it’s not much.’

‘Is it all right if I compare the chestnut tree to a certain type of person?’

‘There’s no need for you to ask, Eva. All living creatures can be compared to one another. The chestnut tree is no exception. Anyway, he’s not all bad, he’s just not particularly good to people. But he harms no one. He leads his own life, and is happy. Do you have any other questions, Eva?’

‘No, I understand everything you said and I’m very grateful for your explanations, Elf. I have to go home now, but will you please come again someday and tell me more?’

‘I’m afraid that’s impossible. Sleep tight, Eva.’

And the elf was gone. Eva woke up, just as the moon was making way for the sun and the neighbour’s cuckoo clock was cheeping seven.

## PART 2

The dream made a deep impression on Eva. Nearly every day she noticed some disagreeable things about herself, then remembered the elf’s advice.

She also tried hard not to let Leentje have her way all the time. But girls like Leentje know at once when someone has it in for them or is trying to topple them from their throne. So, whenever Eva suggested that another person take the lead in one of their games, Leentje defended herself with all her might. Her 'faithful followers' (the girls who had decided to stick with Leentje through thick and thin, or so they promised) were encouraged to rebel against 'that bossy Eva'. But Eva noticed to her delight that this time Leentje was less sure of herself than she had been with Marietje.

Marietje was small, thin and timid. Eva was amazed that she even dared to stand up to Leentje. As she got to know her better, Eva saw that Marietje would actually be a lot nicer and a lot more fun to have as a friend than Leentje.

Eva didn't breathe a word of the elf's visit to her mother. She wasn't sure why, since up till now she'd shared everything with her mother, but for the first time she felt the need to keep it to herself. She couldn't explain it, but she had the feeling that her mum wouldn't understand. The elf was so beautiful and Mum hadn't been there in the park or seen the elf. Eva wouldn't be able to describe what the elf looked like.

It didn't take long for the dream to have such an effect on Eva that her mother noticed how different she was. Eva talked about other, more important things, and didn't get so upset about trivial things. But she hadn't told her mother the reason for her remarkable change, and her mother didn't dare push her to confide.

So Eva lived her life, thinking of the elf's good advice and accumulating more all the time. She never saw the elf again. Leentje was no longer the ringleader. Each of the girls took turns. At first Leentje had been very angry, but when she noticed that it didn't help, she adopted a friendlier attitude. In the end everyone treated her normally, because she no longer lapsed into her old habits.

At that point, Eva decided to tell her mother the whole story. Somewhat to her surprise, her mum didn't laugh, but said, 'The elf accorded you a great privilege, my dear. I doubt whether she thinks very many girls and boys are ready to listen to her. Be equally cautious with your trust, and tell no one else what happened. You must always do what the elf told you to do, and never, ever forget her advice.'

As Eva grew older, she did a lot of good things for those around her. At the age of sixteen (four years after meeting the elf), she was generally acknowledged to be a friendly, gentle and helpful girl. Every time she did something good, she felt happy and warm inside, and she gradually came to understand what the elf had meant by 'the song in her heart'.

One day, when she was an adult, the image of the elf flashed through her mind and she suddenly realized who and what the elf had been. All at once she felt sure it had been her own conscience, showing her in her dream what was right. But she was deeply grateful that she'd had the elf as her example in her childhood.

WEDNESDAY, 6 OCTOBER 1943

## Paula's Flight

*In the old days, when I was a little girl, Pim used to tell me stories about 'Der bösen Paula'.<sup>1</sup> He had a whole collection of Paula stories, and I adored them all. Now, whenever I go to him for comfort in the middle of the night, he's started telling me Paula stories again, so I've written down the latest one.*

### CHAPTER 1

For a long time, Paula had been trying to work out a way to see the inside of an aeroplane. Her father had recently got a job at an airport near Berlin, and Paula and her mother had moved there to be with him.

One fine day, when things were fairly quiet at the airport, she summoned every ounce of courage she had and climbed into the first plane she happened to see. She inspected every nook and cranny, taking her own sweet time, before finally pausing in fascination outside the cockpit. She was just about to reach for the doorknob when, to her indescribable horror, she heard voices outside. She quickly crawled under one of the benches and waited tremblingly to see what was going to happen next.

The voices came closer and closer, and a moment later she saw two men step into the plane. They walked back and forth, nearly bumping into the bench under which she was crouched. Then the two men sat down on one of the benches behind her and started speaking in such a strange dialect that Paula couldn't understand a word. After about fifteen minutes, they stood up and one of them left the plane. The other one shut himself in the cockpit, only to come out again dressed as a pilot. Then the second man came back, followed by six other men, and they all climbed aboard. Paula, still shaking, listened as the engine was switched on and the propellers began to turn.

### CHAPTER 2



Despite her daring, Paula was often cowardly and afraid, though sometimes she could be unexpectedly brave, so that no one was able to predict which of these two opposites was going to come to the fore. This time she was extraordinarily brave, because, after they had flown for a while, she suddenly crawled out from under the bench and, to the infinite astonishment of the crew, introduced herself and told them how she got there. The crew discussed what they should do with Paula and decided that they had no choice but to keep her with them. They told her that they were on their way to Russia to bomb the enemy lines.

Sighing, she lay down on a bench and went to sleep. Bang-bang, boom-boom . . . Paula sat up immediately and stared wide-eyed at the crew. No one had time to deal with her, though, because the Russians were shooting fast and furiously at the enemy aircraft. Suddenly . . . Paula screamed, the benches shook and the windows rattled as a couple of shells slammed into the plane and sent it into a nosedive, so that they were forced to make an emergency landing.

As soon as the plane hit the ground, some Russians raced over and put handcuffs on the entire crew. You can imagine the looks on their faces when they suddenly saw a little thirteen-year-old girl standing before them. Neither the Russians nor the Germans understood a word of each other's language, so a young Russian took Paula's hand and walked with her behind the crew all the way to the prison camp. The camp's commander burst into laughter when he saw Paula standing calmly before him. But since he didn't want to take the little girl prisoner, he decided to make inquiries behind the lines the following day and see if he could find a simple family who would care for her until after the war.

### CHAPTER 3

One rainy day, after she had spent about a week in the commander's office, Paula was bundled, just as she was, into a big car that was taking wounded soldiers to the hospital. The car bumped and bounced over the cobblestones for a full five hours, while outside a curtain of rain blocked her view. An occasional cottage dotted the desolate landscape, but they all seemed to be deserted. At the beginning of their trip, they could still hear the steady roar

of the distant cannons, but the sound gradually got weaker and weaker until it finally died away completely.

Suddenly there was more traffic on the road. They passed several cars, then stopped in front of a white house with red crosses painted all over it. The wounded were taken out of the car and carried inside, where friendly nurses were waiting to receive them.

After all the men had been unloaded, the driver drove on without a word. A whole hour went by before he stopped again. Through the trees Paula saw a fairly large farmhouse. The driver gestured in the direction of the house, and Paula understood that she was supposed to get out.

She stood on the road, waiting for the driver, but before she knew what had happened, the car had driven off, leaving her alone on the empty road. 'What strange people the Russians are,' Paula thought. 'Here I am, left to my fate in a foreign country. If the tables were turned, no German would act this way!' (Don't forget that Paula was German.) She suddenly remembered, however, that the driver had pointed to the house. So she crossed the road, opened the gate and found herself in a sort of fenced-in pasture. In front of the house she spied a woman doing the washing and a little girl hanging sheets on the line.

Holding out her hand, she walked over to the woman and murmured, 'Paula Muller.' The woman looked up, shook Paula's hand, after first wiping her own on her soaking-wet apron, and said, '*Ustichyaraya kolovnya*.' Paula assumed that this was the woman's name, though it simply meant 'Welcome'.

#### CHAPTER 4

Mrs Kantavoska (as the woman was actually called) lived on the farm with her husband and three children. In addition, they had a farm-hand and two hired girls. Three days before, she had received word that a thirteen-year-old girl would probably be arriving within the next few days. If they took her in, they wouldn't be obliged to have anyone else billeted in their house. Mrs Kantavoska had readily agreed, and she now assumed that this was the girl.

The Kantavoskas had difficulty explaining things to Paula. However much she tried, Paula simply couldn't understand what they expected her to

do. During the first two weeks, she could barely choke down the food, but since hunger makes even the oddest things taste good, she eventually got used to it, and after a while she rolled up her sleeves and, by imitating the others, was able to do the washing and mending.

So Paula's life went on, and after six months she could understand quite a bit of Russian. By the time another six months had gone by, she could understand almost everything and occasionally joined in the conversation, though it wasn't easy. The Kantavoskas didn't see Paula's bad side, since she was much too clever to pull any of her shenanigans here, and there was no point in making her life in Russia miserable as well. She did her work, and since she wasn't as clumsy as she had pretended to be at home, she gradually became part of the family.

## CHAPTER 5

After two years with the Kantavoskas, Paula was asked if she wanted to learn how to read and write in Russian. She eagerly accepted the offer, and from then on she and a girl from the neighbourhood went to reading and writing lessons three times a week. She made rapid progress, and after about twelve weeks she was able to read Russian. Both Paula and the other girl were also given permission to learn how to dance. Before long, you could find her every evening in a dance hall, dancing polkas and mazurkas for a few pennies a night. She gave half her earnings to Mother Kantavoska and slipped the other half into her own pocket, since she had long been meaning to find a way to leave the country.

Meanwhile, the war had come to an end, though in all that time she had not heard a word from her parents.

## CHAPTER 6

She was now nearly sixteen, poorly educated and aware of the fact that, by Western standards, she was quite ignorant. So she threw herself into her dancing, and before long she had saved enough money to buy a train ticket from Minsk (for that was the area she was in) to Warsaw. 'If I can just get to Warsaw,' she thought, 'the Red Cross is bound to send me the rest of the way.'

No sooner said than done. One morning, when she was supposedly going to her lesson, she tied her accumulated possessions into a bundle and slipped away. As she had expected, the walk from the Kantavoskas' farm to Minsk was far from easy. She got a ride in a wagon for a few hours, but that still left several hours on foot.

She arrived in Minsk at dusk, totally exhausted. She went directly to the station and asked about trains to Warsaw, but to her dismay, she was told that the first train wasn't due to leave until noon the next day. She pleaded with them to let her speak to the stationmaster, and when he appeared, she begged him for permission to sleep in the station that night. This was allowed, and she was so tired that she fell asleep at once. She awoke at dawn, stiff from head to toe, wondering where she was, but it all came back to her much too quickly when her stomach began to growl. That was something Paula had not anticipated. There was a nice girl at the station buffet, and after hearing Paula's open-hearted tale, she kindly gave her, at no charge, a real Russian bread roll. She spent the morning chatting with the waitress and boarded the train to Warsaw at noon, greatly cheered and in the highest of hopes.

## CHAPTER 7

When she arrived in Warsaw, she asked the stationmaster for directions, then walked straight to the house of the Red Cross nurses. She stayed there longer than she'd expected, since none of the nurses knew what to do with her. They didn't have any addresses or lists of missing persons, and as Paula didn't have a penny to her name, they couldn't put her on a train. Nor could they let her starve to death. However, after a while the nurses decided, thank goodness, to pay for her trip to Berlin out of their own pockets, since Paula had told them that once she was in Berlin she'd be able to find her way to her parents' house.

The nurses bade her an affectionate farewell and once again Paula boarded the train. At the next station a nice young man entered her compartment and soon struck up a conversation with the gutsy-looking girl. For the rest of the trip, Paula was to be found in the company of the handsome young soldier, and when they arrived in Berlin, the two of them arranged to meet again soon.

Paula set off at a brisk pace and before long she had reached her parents' house, which turned out to be empty and deserted. It had never occurred to her that her parents might have moved. What was she to do? Once more she found the Red Cross and told them her story in her halting German, and once more she was taken in and cared for, though her stay was limited to a maximum of fourteen days.

All she found out about her parents was that her mother had left Berlin to look for work elsewhere and that her father had been drafted in the last year of the war and was now lying wounded in a hospital somewhere.

She went straight out to look for some kind of housework, and when she found a position, she hurried over to see Erich, the handsome young man. With his help, she was hired for three nights a week in a cabaret. And so her Russian dancing came in useful again.

## CHAPTER 8

Paula had been working for some time when the cabaret announced one evening that in two weeks' time it was going to hold a big dance show, exclusively for the convalescent soldiers who had recently been discharged from various hospitals. On this special night, Paula was to have a big part in the performance. There were lots of rehearsals, and when she got home late at night, she was so tired that she could barely drag herself out of bed at seven o'clock the next morning. Her one and only source of comfort in this period was Erich. Their friendship had grown so much that Paula no longer knew how she could ever manage without him. When the big night finally arrived, Paula had stage fright for the first time in her life. Dancing for a roomful of men was decidedly unnerving. Still, all she could do was try, and with the thought of the extra money she'd earn, she was able to keep going.

The evening went well, and afterwards Paula joined Erich in the foyer. All of a sudden she froze, because not far from her, talking to another soldier, was her father. With a cry of joy, she rushed over and threw herself in his arms. Her father, who had aged quite a lot, looked amazed, since he hadn't recognized his daughter, either on or off stage. She actually had to introduce herself!

## CHAPTER 9

A week later Paula could be seen entering the railway station in Frankfurt arm-in-arm with her father. They were welcomed by her deeply moved mother, who after all that time had almost given up hoping for her daughter's return.

After she'd told her mother the whole story, her father jokingly asked her if she'd like to hop on a plane so that she could fly back to Russia!

Bear in mind that this story takes place during the 1914–1918 war, when the Germans won the Russian campaign.

WEDNESDAY, 22 DECEMBER 1943

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<sup>1</sup> 'The Bad Paula'.

## Katrien

Katrien was sitting on a boulder that lay in the sun in front of the farm. She was thinking, thinking very hard. Katrien was one of those quiet girls who become [ . . . ]<sup>1</sup> in later years, because they're always thinking.

What the little girl in the pinafore was thinking about only she could say, because she never told her thoughts to anyone. She was much too quiet and withdrawn for that.

She didn't have a single girlfriend and probably wouldn't find it easy to make one. Her mother thought she was a strange child, and unfortunately Katrien could sense her disapproval. Her father, the farmer, was far too busy to concern himself with his only daughter. So Katrien was always by herself. She didn't mind being on her own; she thought it was normal and was happy to let it go at that.

On this hot summer day, however, she looked out over the cornfields and sighed deeply. What fun it would be to be able to play with the girls over there. Look at them running and laughing and having a good time!

The girls started coming closer and closer . . . Do you suppose they were coming over to where she was sitting? Oh, how awful, they were laughing at her. She could clearly hear them calling her name, the nickname she hated so much, the one she heard them whispering behind her back: Katrien the Lazy Bean. Oh, she felt so miserable. If only she could run into the house, but then they'd laugh at her even more.

Poor little girl. This can't be the first time you've felt so lonely, or envied girls who are even poorer than you.

'Katrien, Katrien, come in, it's time to eat.' She sighed one last time and got up slowly to obey her mother's call.

'Oh, she's got her happy face on again! Our little girl is just as cheerful as can be!' her mother exclaimed as Katrien shuffled into the room even slower and sadder than usual.

‘Can’t you even answer?’ the woman snapped. She wasn’t aware of how unfriendly her voice sounded, but her daughter wasn’t at all like the cheerful, lively girl she longed to have.

‘Yes, Mother.’ Her reply was nearly inaudible.

‘You’re a fine one to talk. You’ve been gone all morning and haven’t done a single bit of work. Where have you been?’

‘Outside.’

There seemed to be a giant lump in Katrien’s throat, but her mother, misinterpreting the child’s bashfulness and now justifiably curious about what her daughter had been up to all morning, asked her again: ‘I want to know where you’ve been, and I expect a clear answer this time. Is that understood? You’re such a lazy little thing and I hate laziness!’

Upon hearing the word that reminded her of her detested nickname, Katrien lost control of herself and burst into tears.

‘Now what’s the matter? You’re such a scaredy-cat. Can’t you tell me where you’ve been, or is that such a big secret?’

The poor child was crying so hard she couldn’t answer.

Suddenly she stood up, knocking over her chair, and, sobbing, raced out of the room and up to the attic, where she slumped down on a pile of gunny sacks in the corner and quietly cried her eyes out.

Her mother shrugged and cleared the table. She wasn’t surprised at her daughter’s behaviour. This wasn’t the first time she’d seen her in one of these ‘crazy’ moods. It was best to leave the child alone. After all, you couldn’t get a word out of her when she was like this, and she was liable to burst into tears at the drop of a hat. What kind of behaviour was that for a twelve-year-old farmer’s daughter?

Upstairs in the attic, Katrien had calmed down and was thinking again. In a moment she’d go back down and tell her mother that she’d simply been sitting on the boulder, and offer to finish all her jobs this afternoon. Then her mother would see that she didn’t mind working hard, and if she asked her why she’d been sitting on her behind all morning, she’d tell her that she needed to have a good think. This evening, when she went to the village to deliver the eggs, she’d buy her mother a new thimble, a nice shiny silver thimble. She had just enough money. Then Mother would see that she wasn’t a Lazy Bean after all.



Her train of thought came to a brief halt. Oh dear, how was she ever going to get rid of that dreadful nickname? Wait, she had an idea. With the money that was bound to be left over after she bought the thimble, she could buy a big bag of sweets – the red, sticky kind the other farm children were so fond of – and tomorrow she would give them to the teacher, who could pass them out to all the girls. Then they'd be sure to like her and ask her to play with them, and then they'd see that she was good at games too, and never again would she be called anything but Katrien.

Still feeling a bit hesitant, she stood up and tiptoed down the stairs. In the hallway, she ran into her mother, who said, 'Got over your little tantrum, have you?' so that she no longer felt up to telling her where she'd been. Instead, she hurried past so she could get the windows washed before it was dark.

Just before sunset Katrien left at a fast pace with a basket of eggs on her arm. After half an hour, she reached her first customer, already waiting in the doorway with a porcelain bowl in her hand.

'I'll take a dozen eggs, dear,' the woman said kindly. Katrien counted them out, said good-bye and went on her way; three-quarters of an hour later the basket was empty and Katrien was entering a little shop that sold all kinds of goods. With a pretty thimble and a bag of sweets tucked in her basket, she began the return journey. She was halfway home when she saw two of the girls who had laughed at her this morning coming towards her. Bravely overcoming the desire to hide, she continued down the road, though her heart was pounding wildly.

'Hey, there's Lazy Bean. That crazy Lazy Bean.'

Katrien's heart sank. In desperation, knowing she had to do something, she took the bag of sweets out of her basket and held it out to the girls. One of them snatched the bag and ran away. The other one raced after her, stopping only to stick out her tongue before disappearing around a bend in the road.

Helpless, heartbroken and lonely, Katrien sank into the grass at the side of the road and wept – wept until she had no more tears. Darkness had already set in by the time she picked up the overturned basket and headed home. From somewhere in the grass came the gleam of a silver thimble . . .

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1 A word is missing in the original manuscript.

## The Flower Girl

At seven-thirty every morning the door of a cottage on the village outskirts swings open and out comes a rather small girl with a basket full of flowers on each arm. Once she's shut the door behind her, she adjusts the two baskets and sets off.

Every person in the village who sees her go by and receives one of her friendly nods can't help feeling sorry for her, and every day they think the same thing: 'It's too long and difficult a walk for a twelve-year-old child.' But the little girl doesn't know what the villagers are thinking, so as quickly and as cheerfully as she can she walks on . . . and on.

It's really a very long way to the city: at least two and a half hours' steady walking. And two heavy baskets don't make it any easier. By the time she's finally walking along the city's pavements, she's exhausted. The prospect of being able to sit down soon and rest is all that keeps her going. But she's a plucky little thing, and she doesn't slow her pace until she reaches her spot in the market. Then she sits down and waits . . . and waits . . .

Sometimes she has to wait all day, since not many people want to buy what the poor little flower girl is selling. More than once Krista has had to go back home with her baskets half full.

But today is different. It's Wednesday, and unusually busy at the market. The women next to her are loudly hawking their wares, and all around her she hears shrill and angry voices. The passers-by can barely hear Krista, for the hustle and bustle of the market nearly drowns out her high little voice. But all day long she keeps calling out, 'Beautiful flowers, ten cents a bunch! Buy my beautiful flowers!' And when the people who've finished their shopping take a look into those full baskets, they end up giving Krista ten cents just to have one of her beautifully arranged bouquets.

Every day at twelve o'clock, Krista gets up from her chair and walks over to the other side of the market, where the owner of the coffee stand

gives her a free cup of steaming hot coffee with plenty of sugar. Krista saves her prettiest bunch of flowers for him.

Then she returns to her chair and starts hawking her wares again. At last, when it's three-thirty, she gets up, collects her baskets and heads back to her village. She walks more slowly now than in the morning. Krista is tired, terribly tired.

This time the trip takes three hours, so that it's six-thirty before she finally reaches the door of her cramped old cottage. Inside, everything is just as she left it in the morning: cold, lonely and bleak. Her sister, who shares the cottage with her, works in the village from early in the morning to late at night.

Krista can't allow herself a moment's rest. As soon as she gets home, she starts peeling potatoes and boiling vegetables. Only when her sister arrives home at seven-thirty does she finally get to sit down and eat her meagre meal.

At eight o'clock the door of the cottage swings open again and out comes the little girl with the two big baskets on her arms. This time her steps take her to the meadows and fields surrounding the cottage. She doesn't walk far, but leans over in the grass and begins to pick the flowers – all sorts of flowers, big ones, small ones, colours of every kind – into her baskets they go, and though the sun has nearly gone down, the little girl is still sitting in the grass, picking flower after flower.

At last she's finished, her baskets are full. In the meantime the sun has set. Krista lies down in the grass, with her hands cupped behind her head and her eyes open, and looks at what's left of the pale-blue sky.

This is the finest fifteen minutes of her day. You mustn't think that the little flower girl, who's worked so hard, is unhappy. She's never unhappy, and as long as she has these few moments every day, she never will be.

There in the meadow, among the flowers and the grass, beneath the wide-open sky, Krista is content. Gone is her exhaustion, gone are the market and the people; she thinks and dreams only of the present. If only she can have this every day, a whole fifteen minutes of doing nothing, alone with God and nature.

SUNDAY, 20 FEBRUARY 1944

## The Guardian Angel

Once upon a time there were two people, an old woman and her granddaughter, who lived for many years at the edge of a great big forest. The little girl's parents had died when she was very young, and her grandmother had always looked after her. Their cottage was lonely and isolated, but they didn't think so, and the two of them were always happy and content together.

One morning the old woman couldn't get out of bed. She was in great pain. Her granddaughter was fourteen years old at the time, and she took care of her grandma as well as she knew how. Five days went by, then the grandmother died, leaving the girl all alone in the cottage. She knew almost no one, nor did she want to ask a stranger to bury her grandmother, so she dug a deep grave under an old tree in the forest, and there she laid her grandma to rest.

When the poor child came home again, she felt sad and utterly alone. She lay down on her bed and wept. She stayed in bed for the rest of the day, only getting up in the evening to have a bite to eat.

And so it went day after day. The poor child no longer felt like doing anything but mourning the loss of her dear sweet grandma. Then something happened that changed her life completely from one day to the next.

It was night and the girl was asleep. Suddenly her grandmother was standing before her – dressed all in white, with her white hair down round her shoulders, and a tiny lamp in her hand. The girl looked up from her bed and waited for her grandmother to speak.

'My dear little girl,' the grandmother began. 'I've been watching you every day for the last four weeks. All you've done is cry and sleep. That's not right. So I've come to tell you that you need to keep busy, to get back to your weaving and to clean our cottage, and also to put on pretty clothes again!'

‘You mustn’t think that I’ll stop looking after you now that I’m dead. I’m in Heaven, watching you from up above. I’ve become your guardian angel, and I’ll always be at your side, just like I used to be. Go back to your work, my darling, and don’t ever forget that Grandma is with you!’

The grandmother faded away and the girl went on sleeping. However, when she woke up the next morning, she remembered her grandmother’s words and suddenly felt happy because she was no longer alone. She busied herself again, going to the market to sell her weaving, and she always followed her grandma’s advice.

Later, many years later, she was again no longer alone in the world, because she married a fine miller. She thanked her grandma for not having left her. And though she now had a husband to keep her company, she knew that her guardian angel would be with her until the day she died.

TUESDAY, 22 FEBRUARY 1944

## Fear

It happened just as I was going through a terrible time. The war was raging all round us, and none of us knew if we'd live to see the next hour. My parents, brothers and sisters and I were living in the city, but we thought we might have to flee or be evacuated at any moment. The days were filled with the roar of guns and rifle shots, the nights with mysterious flashes and explosions that seemed to come from deep within the earth.

I can't describe it. I don't remember the details of those tumultuous days any more, just the fact that I did nothing all day but feel frightened. My parents tried all sorts of things to calm me down, but none of them worked. I was scared inside and out. I couldn't eat or sleep, all I could do was tremble. That went on for a week, until the night that I remember as though it happened yesterday.

It was eight-thirty in the evening. The shooting had just died down a bit and I was dozing, fully dressed, on the divan when we were suddenly startled by two horrendous booms. We all leapt to our feet as if we'd been pricked with a pin, and went to stand in the hall. Even Mother, who was normally so calm, looked pale. The booms were repeated at fairly regular intervals, then all of a sudden there was an enormous crash, followed by screams and the tinkle of broken glass, and I began running as fast as my legs would carry me. Bundled up in warm clothes with my rucksack on my back, I ran and ran, away from the horrible mass of flames.

I was surrounded on all sides by running and screaming people. The burning houses lit up the street and cast a fearful red glow on every object. I didn't think about my parents or brothers and sisters, only about myself, how I had to get further and further away. I didn't feel the exhaustion – my fear was stronger – or notice that I'd lost my rucksack. I just kept on running.

I have no idea how long I ran, spurred on by the image of burning houses, screaming and contorted faces, my fear of all that was happening.

Suddenly I noticed that it had become quieter. I looked around, as if I'd just awakened from a dream, and saw nothing and no one. No fires, no bombs, no people.

I stopped running and looked more carefully. I was in a field of grass, the moon was shining and the stars were gleaming overhead, the weather was wonderful, the night was chilly but not cold. Hearing no more noise, I sank exhausted to the ground, spread out the blanket I was still carrying and lay down.

I gazed up at the sky and suddenly realized I was no longer afraid. On the contrary, I was quite calm. The odd thing was that I wasn't thinking of my family at all, nor did I long for them. I longed only for rest, and soon I fell fast asleep in the grass, beneath the starry sky.

When I awoke, the sun was just coming up. I instantly realized where I was: in the distance the morning light revealed a row of familiar houses on the outskirts of the city. I rubbed my eyes and took a closer look round. There wasn't a soul in sight. The dandelions and the clover leaves in the grass were my only company. I lay back down on the blanket and thought about what I should do next, but my thoughts kept wandering back to the wondrous feeling that had come over me in the night, when I had sat all by myself in the grass and not been afraid.

Later, I found my parents and we all went to live in another city. Now that the war has long been over, I know why my fear vanished beneath that spacious sky. You see, once I was alone with nature I realized, without actually being aware of it, that fear doesn't help, that it doesn't get you anywhere. Anyone who's as frightened as I was should look to nature and realize that God is much closer than most people think.

From that moment on, though countless bombs fell close by, I was never truly afraid again.

SATURDAY, 25 MARCH 1944



## The Wise Old Gnome

Once upon a time there was a little elf named Dora. Dora was rich and beautiful and terribly spoiled by her parents. No one ever saw Dora without a smile on her face. She smiled from early in the morning to late at night. She was happy with everything and never gave a thought to sorrow.

Dora lived in a forest, and in that same forest there was a little gnome named Peldron. Peldron was the exact opposite of Dora: she smiled at the beauty of life, while he wailed at all the misery in the world, especially in the world of elves and gnomes.

One day Dora's mother sent her to the shoemaker's in Elvesville, and what do you think happened? Lo and behold, she ran into the obnoxious and perpetually scowling Peldron. Now, Dora was nice, but since everybody liked her, she was also very stuck-up. And since she was bursting with confidence too, she ran over to Peldron, snatched off his adorable gnome's cap and collapsed into giggles a few yards away with the cap in her tiny little hands.

Peldron was furious at the hateful creature; he stamped his foot and cried, 'Give it back, you ugly little imp. Give it back this instant!' But Dora had no intention of giving it back. She ran even further away, and eventually hid the cap in a hollow log before rushing off to the shoemaker's.

After searching for a long time, Peldron finally found his cap again. He couldn't stand being teased, but most of all he couldn't stand Dora. He was trudging on listlessly when suddenly a deep voice startled him out of his reverie. 'Psst, Peldron, over here. I'm the oldest gnome in the world, but also the poorest. Can you spare some change so I can buy some food?'

Peldron shook his head. 'I'm not going to give you a thing. You'd be better off dead, because then you wouldn't have to put up with the world's misery any longer,' he said, and walked off without so much as a backward glance.

In the meantime, Dora had finished at the shoemaker's, and on the way home the old gnome asked her for some money too. 'No,' said Dora. 'You'll not get a cent from me. You shouldn't have let yourself get into such a fix. The world is too nice a place for me to bother my pretty little head with poor people.' And she skipped off.

With a sigh, the old gnome sat down on the moss and thought about how to deal with these two children. One was too sad, the other too happy, and neither of them would get very far in life if they stayed that way.

As it turns out, this gnome, who was so very, very old, was not an ordinary gnome. He was a sorcerer, though by no means an evil one. On the contrary, he wanted to bring out the best in gnomes, elves and people and to make the world a better place. He sat there, thinking, for an hour. Then he got up and walked slowly to Dora's parents' house.

One day after their encounter in the forest, both Dora and Peldron found themselves locked up in a cottage. They were being held prisoner. The old gnome had taken them from their homes because he wanted to straighten them out, and when he had his heart set on doing good, no parent was allowed to stand in his way.

What were the two of them supposed to do, now that they had been thrown together in the cottage? They weren't allowed to go out, they weren't allowed to argue, they were only allowed to work all day long. These were the three instructions the old gnome had given them. So Dora did her work, then laughed and joked, and Peldron did his work, then sat around feeling gloomy. Every evening at seven the old gnome came to see if they had done their work, then left them to fend for themselves.

So what did they have to do to regain their freedom? There was only one way, and that was to do everything the gnome asked of them. And he was asking a lot. They couldn't go out, they couldn't argue, all they could do was work – those were the gnome's three orders.

Oh, how hard it was for Dora to see no one but the boring Peldron all day long. Everywhere you looked, there was Peldron. Still, Dora barely had time to talk to him, because she had to do the cooking (which her mother had taught her), she had to make sure the house was spick and span and in her spare time, if she had any, she worked at her spinning wheel.

Peldron, on the other hand, chopped wood and dug over the enclosed garden, and when he'd finished his allotted tasks, he repaired shoes. At seven o'clock Dora called him in to dinner. After that they were both so tired that they could hardly talk to the old gnome when he came every evening to check up on their work.

This went on for one whole week. Dora still smiled a lot, but she also began to see the serious side of life, to realize that many people had a hard time of it, so that it was not a bad idea to give them whatever you could rather than send them packing with a flippant remark. Peldron lost some of his gloominess. Why, he even whistled occasionally as he went about his work, or laughed along with Dora at one of her jokes.

On Sunday morning, they were allowed to accompany the old gnome to the busy little chapel in Elvesville. They listened much more carefully to the words of the gnome minister and felt quite contented as they walked back through the green forest.

'And because the two of you have been so good, you may spend the day outside, just as you used to. But remember, you can't visit your family or anyone else, you have to stay together and tomorrow it's back to work!'

Neither of them grumbled, for they were far too happy at being allowed to go into the forest. All day long they danced and looked at the flowers, the birds, the blue sky and especially the warm and friendly sun. And they were content. In the evening, they went back to the cottage as their mentor had instructed them to do. They slept soundly until morning, then trotted off to do their work.

The old gnome kept them in the cottage for four whole months. On Sundays they were allowed to go to church and roam around outside, but during the week they worked their fingers to the bone.

One evening, at the end of the four months, the old gnome took them both by the hand and led them into the forest. 'Look here, my children. I'm sure you've often been angry with me,' he began. 'I also think you're longing to go home. Aren't you?'

'Yes,' Dora said with a nod. 'Yes,' said Peldron with another nod.

'But do you understand that being here has done you good?'

No, neither Dora nor Peldron understood what he meant. 'Well, then, I'll explain it to you,' the old gnome said. 'I brought you here so that you would learn that there is more to life than your own pleasure and sorrow. You'll

now be able to deal with life much better than you did before. Dora has become a bit more serious and Peldron a bit more cheerful, precisely because you were forced to make the best of the situation in which you found yourselves. I believe you two get along with each other much better now. Wouldn't you say so, Peldron?

'Oh, yes, Dora's a lot nicer than I used to think she was,' the little gnome answered.

'In that case, you may go home to your parents. Think back sometimes to your stay in this wooden cottage. Enjoy the good things that life has to offer, but don't forget the sad things, and do what you can to help lessen the sorrow. All people can help each other; all gnomes and elves too. Even little elves like Dora and little gnomes like Peldron can do quite a lot. So, go on your way and don't be angry with me any more. I did what I could for you, and all for your own good. Farewell, my children, till we meet again.'

'Bye-bye,' said Dora and Peldron, and off they went to their separate homes.

The old gnome sat down in the grass. He had just one wish, and that was to get all children on the right path as quickly as he had these two.

Indeed, Dora and Peldron lived happily ever after. They had learned once and for all that there are appropriate moments for both laughter and tears. Later, much later, when they had grown up, they even decided to share a house, and Dora did the work inside and Peldron the work outside, just as they had when they were children!

TUESDAY, 18 APRIL 1944

## Blurry the Explorer

Once, when Blurry was a very little bear, he felt a terrible urge to get away from his mother's care for a while and to see for himself a bit of the big wide world.

For days, he was so busy trying to come up with a plan that he wasn't his usual lively self. But on the evening of the fourth day, it 'hit' him. Now that his plan was ready, all he had to do was carry it out. Early the next morning he would go into the garden, quietly of course so that Miesje, his little mistress, wouldn't notice, then he'd crawl through a hole in the hedge and after that . . . well, after that he'd go out and discover the world!

All of which he did, and so quietly that he had already been gone for several hours before anyone noticed that he'd made his escape.

His fur was completely covered with dirt and mud when he emerged from the hedge, but a bear, especially a little teddy bear out to discover the world, couldn't be bothered by a little thing like dirt! So, with his eyes on the ground to keep from stumbling over the bumpy cobblestones, Blurry stepped jauntily down the alleyway between the gardens and on to the street.

Once there, he was startled for a moment by the many tall people, whose long legs seemed to swallow him up. 'I'd better move over to the side to keep from getting trampled,' he thought, and that was in fact the most sensible thing to do. Blurry was a sensible bear, no doubt about it, for, despite his tender age, he wanted to discover the world all by himself!

So he kept to the side and made sure he didn't get crushed. But suddenly his heart began pounding like a sledgehammer. What on earth was that? A huge, dark, black abyss was yawning at his feet. The trapdoor to a cellar had been left open, but Blurry didn't know that, and his head began to spin. Would he have to go in there?

He cast an anxious glance in all directions, but the stockinged legs of the ladies and the trousered legs of the gentlemen were walking around the dark

hole as if nothing were the matter. Not quite recovered from his fright, Blurry inched his way past it, step by step, until he was again able to continue along the wall normally.

‘Well, I’m out in the big wide world now, but where is it? I can’t see the world through all these stockings and trousers,’ Blurry thought to himself. ‘I suppose I’m too small to go exploring. But I don’t care. The older I get, the taller I’ll be, and if I drink my milk with the skin on it (the very thought of it made him shudder), I’ll be as tall as all these people. So I suppose I should just keep on going, and sooner or later I’m bound to bump into the world.’

Blurry therefore walked on, taking as little notice as he could of the many legs, both fat and thin, around him. But . . . did he have to keep walking? He was very hungry, and it was also starting to get dark. Blurry hadn’t thought of that – that he’d have to eat and sleep. He’d been so full of exploration plans that he’d forgotten all about such ordinary and unheroic things as eating and sleeping.

Sighing, he kept walking for a while, until he discovered an open door. For a moment he hesitated. Then he made up his mind and tiptoed inside. He was in luck, because, after going through another door, he saw two food bowls placed on the floor between four wooden legs. There was milk with skin on it in one of the bowls, and a stew of some kind in the other. Starving, and eager to try such delicious food, Blurry first gulped down the milk, skin and all – as grown-up bears should – then immediately polished off the stew. He was happy and full.

But, oh, horrors, what was that? A white creature with huge green eyes was slowly creeping forward and staring straight at him. It stopped directly in front of him and asked in a high-pitched voice, ‘Who are you and why have you eaten my food?’

‘I’m Blurry, and I need to eat if I’m going to see the big wide world, which is why I ate your dinner, though I didn’t know it was yours!’

‘Ah, so you’re out exploring the world. But why did you have to explore my food bowl?’

‘Because I didn’t see any others,’ Blurry said, in as unfriendly a voice as he could muster. Then he thought better of it and asked in a friendlier tone, ‘So, what’s your name and what kind of strange creature are you?’

‘I’m Mirwa and I’m an Angora cat. I’m extremely valuable. Anyway, that’s what my mistress always says. But you know, Blurry, I’m lonely and bored a lot of the time. Will you stay here and keep me company for a while?’

‘I’m willing to spend the night,’ Blurry replied firmly, with an air of doing the beautiful Mirwa a favour. ‘But tomorrow I have to get back to exploring!’

Mirwa was happy to leave it at that for the time being. ‘Come with me,’ she said, and Blurry followed her into another room, which was filled with legs – wooden legs, both big ones and small ones – but also . . . over in the corner, a large wicker basket with a green silk cushion. Mirwa leapt right on to that cushion with her dirty feet, but Blurry thought it would be a shame to get it dirty.

‘Can’t you clean me up a bit first?’ he asked.

‘Of course,’ she said. ‘I’ll wash you the same way I wash myself.’

Blurry wasn’t at all familiar with her method, which was just as well, since if he’d known he would never have let her begin. Anyway, the cat ordered him to stand up, then proceeded very calmly to lick his feet with her tongue. Blurry shivered and anxiously asked Mirwa whether that was the way she usually washed herself.

‘Of course,’ she said. ‘Wait and see how clean you’ll be. You’ll be all shiny and sleek, and since shiny teddy bears are welcome everywhere, you’ll get to see even more of the world!’

Blurry tried to hide his shivers. And like a brave little teddy bear, he didn’t utter another peep.

The cat’s washing took a very long time. Blurry was starting to get impatient and his feet hurt from having to stand so long. But finally . . . finally, his fur was shiny again!

Mirwa climbed back into the basket and Blurry, who was exhausted, lay down beside her. Mirwa tucked him in, you might say, by covering him with her furry coat, since she was practically lying on top of him. Within five minutes, they were both fast asleep.

The next morning Blurry woke up bewildered, and it was several moments before he worked out what was on top of him. Mirwa was snoring a little, and Blurry was dying to have breakfast. So, without a thought to the

comfort of his gracious hostess, he shook her off and immediately began issuing orders: 'My breakfast now, please, Mirwa. I'm starving!'

Mirwa had a good yawn, stretched herself out until she was twice as long as usual, then replied, 'No, you've had all you're going to get. My mistress mustn't notice you're here. You'll have to sneak out through the garden as quick as you can!' And Mirwa sprang out of her basket, raced across the room, out of one door, in another, out again – through a glass door this time – and they found themselves outside. 'Good-bye, Blurry, have a good trip.' And she was gone.

Lonely and not at all sure of himself any more (a change that must have come over him in the night), Blurry scampered across the garden, under the hedge and on to the street. Where was he supposed to go now, and how long would it be before he discovered the world? Blurry had no idea.

He was slowly making his way down the street when a huge four-legged beast suddenly came charging round the corner at full speed. It was making such a frightful noise that Blurry's ears hurt. Terrified, he pressed himself as tightly as he could against the side of a house. The monster stopped a few feet away, then started coming closer. Blurry was so scared he began to cry, but the huge whatever-it-was didn't seem to care. On the contrary, it sat down and kept staring, wide-eyed, at the poor little teddy bear.

Blurry was shaking from head to toe, but all of a sudden he plucked up his courage enough to ask, 'What do you want?'

'I just want to look at you, because I've never seen anything like you before.'

Blurry breathed a sigh of relief. Apparently you could talk to the creature. That was odd, because why didn't his own mistress ever understand what he said? Still, he didn't have time to ponder this weighty question because just then the huge animal opened its mouth so wide you could see every one of its teeth. Blurry shivered, much more than he had when Mirwa was licking him clean. What was that frightful creature going to do with him?

The answer came sooner than he would have liked, for, without so much as a by-your-leave, the animal grabbed him by the neck and started dragging him down the street. Blurry couldn't cry any more, since he'd choke to death if he did, and screaming was totally out of the question, so all he could do was tremble, which did nothing to boost his courage.



At least he didn't have to walk. If his neck wasn't hurting so much, it wouldn't be so bad, a bit like going for a ride. Actually, it wasn't that awful. Hmm, all those thumpity-thumps made you sleepy. Where's my ride taking me? Where's my . . . Where's . . . ? Blurry, clutched firmly in the creature's mouth, had dozed off.

But his nap didn't last long, because the big beast suddenly wondered what he was doing with this thing between his teeth. So he blithely let go of Blurry, after first chomping down hard on his neck, and then ran off.

The helpless little teddy bear who had wanted to see the world lay there on the ground, all alone and in pain. Still, he managed to scramble to his feet so he wouldn't get stepped on. Rubbing his eyes, he looked around. Far fewer legs, far fewer walls, much more sun and not as many cobblestones beneath your feet. Was this the world?

His head was throbbing and pounding so badly that he couldn't think. He didn't want to walk any more. Why should he? Where would he go? Mirwa was far away, his mother was even further, and with her little mistress. No, now that he'd left, he had to keep going until he'd discovered the world.

Startled by a noise behind him, he quickly turned his head. Not another beast that was going to bite him? No, this time it was a little girl who had found Blurry.

'Look, Mummy, a teddy bear. Can I take it home with me?' she asked her mother, who had followed behind her.

'No, it's filthy. Besides, it's bleeding!'

'That doesn't matter, we can wash it off when we get home. I'm going to take it with me so I'll have something to play with.'

Blurry couldn't understand a word, since his little ears were only used to animal talk. But the little girl with the blonde hair seemed nice, so he didn't put up a struggle when she wrapped him in a cloth and tucked him in her bag. Rocking back and forth, Blurry continued on his travels through the world.

After the little girl had walked for a while, she took Blurry, still wrapped in the cloth, out of her bag and propped him up on her arm. That was a lucky break – he could now look at the street from above for the first time.

What a lot of bricks there were, and look how high they'd been stacked, with here and there an opening. And that thing on top, up near the sky – it must be some kind of decoration, like the feather on his mistress's hat.

There was a plume of smoke coming out of it. Do you suppose it had a cigarette in its mouth, one of those thin ones that the master of the house was always smoking? Such a funny sight! But above the bricks there was apparently even more space, because there was a bit of blue. Oh, look, it was moving. Something white came and covered up the blue, drifting closer and closer until it was right above their heads, and then it kept on drifting until once more the area above that tall smoking thing was as blue as it had been before.

Down on the street, something honked and whizzed by. But where were its legs and feet? It didn't have any. Instead, there were a couple of round inflated things. Oh my, going out to see the world was certainly worth the effort. What could you learn by sitting at home? Why else had you been born? Not to stay at your mother's side for ever and ever, but to see things, do things. That's why he wanted to grow up. Oh, yes, Blurry knew what he wanted.

Finally . . . finally, the little girl came to a halt beside a door. She went in, and the first thing Blurry saw was the same kind of creature as Mirwa, a 'cat', it was called, if he remembered correctly. This cat rubbed itself against the little blonde girl's legs, but she pushed him aside and, still carrying Blurry, walked over to one of those white things that his mistress had at home too, though Blurry had forgotten its name. It was high up off the floor – broad, white and smooth. On one side there was a shiny metal object that could be turned, and that's just what the little blonde girl did. She set Blurry down on top of the hard cold surface and began to wash him, especially his neck, where he'd been bitten by that awful beast. It hurt, and Blurry growled a lot, but no one paid the slightest bit of attention.

Fortunately, this washing didn't last as long as Mirwa's had . . . though it was a lot colder and wetter. The little girl finished fairly quickly. She dried him off, wrapped him in a clean cloth and tucked him into a moving bed, just like the one his little mistress was always putting him in.

Why did he have to go to bed now? Blurry wasn't the least bit tired and didn't want to go to bed. As soon as the little girl left the room, Blurry slipped out of bed and wandered through a large number of doors and openings until he once again found himself on the street.

'It's definitely time for me to eat,' Blurry thought. He sniffed. There must be food nearby, since he could smell it. Following his nose, he soon came to

the door from which the appetizing smell was coming. He slipped past a pair of stockinged legs and into the shop.

Two young girls, standing behind a big, tall object of some kind, caught sight of Blurry almost immediately. They had to work long hard hours and could use a little extra help. So they snatched him up and put him in a dimly lit room, which was incredibly hot.

It wasn't so bad, however, since you could eat as much as you wanted. The floor, the benches – everywhere you looked there were rows and rows of cakes and buns. Blurry had never seen so many of them, or such pretty ones. Just what had Blurry ever seen? Not much, in fact! He dug in, eating so many pastries that he almost made himself sick.

When he was finished, he took a closer look around, for there was indeed a lot to see. It was the land of plenty: breads, buns, cakes and biscuits galore, all for the taking, and it was very busy – Blurry saw lots of white legs, not at all like the ones he'd seen on the street.

He didn't have much time for daydreaming. The girls, who had been watching him from a distance, now shoved a big broom into his hands and showed him how to use it. Humph, sweeping floors was going to be a doddle. Blurry's mother used to sweep sometimes; he'd seen her do it often enough.

He gamely got to work, but it wasn't as easy as it looked. The broom was heavy and the dust tickled his nose so badly that it made him sneeze. Besides, it was hot and he wasn't used to doing this kind of work in the heat, so that he felt like he was suffocating, but every time he stopped to rest for a moment someone would order him back to work and box his ears to boot.

'If only I hadn't rushed in here,' he thought to himself, 'I would have been spared all this ghastly work.' But it was no use now. He had no choice but to sweep, so he swept.

After he had been sweeping for a long time – long enough for the dirt to be piled into a big heap – one of the girls took him by the hand and led him to a corner, where there was a pile of hard, yellowish, curly things. She laid him down on top of these, and Blurry understood that he could now go to sleep.

Comfortable, as if it were the finest of beds, Blurry stretched himself out and slept, and he went on sleeping until the next morning.

At seven o'clock he had to get up. Again he was allowed to eat as many pastries as he wanted, and again he was put to work. Poor Blurry, he wasn't even rested from the long and exhausting hours he'd put in the day before. He wasn't used to working and the heat bothered him no end. His head, arms and legs ached, and he felt as though his entire body was swollen.

And now, for the first time, he began to long for home, for his mother, for his little mistress, for his comfy bed and his easy life . . . but how was he to get there? He'd never be able to escape. The two girls watched his every move, and besides, the one and only door led to the room they were in. Even if he could get that far, they would be sure to stop him. No, Blurry would just have to wait!

His thoughts were all in a jumble, and he felt sick and weak. The room began to spin, so he sat down. Nobody scolded him. When the dizzy spell was over, he got back to work.

One can get used to anything. And so it was with Blurry. After a week of sweeping from early in the morning to late at night, he felt as if he'd been doing it forever.

Little bears forget quickly, which is just as well. Still, Blurry had not forgotten his mother or his home. It's just that they seemed so unreal and so far away!

Then one night the two girls who were holding the little bear hostage saw the following notice in the newspaper:

REWARD PROMISED FOR THE SAFE RETURN OF A LITTLE BROWN BEAR  
ANSWERING TO THE NAME OF BLURRY.

'Do you think it might be our bear?' they asked each other. 'He doesn't work very hard anyway. You can't expect such a small animal to do very much, so if we get a reward for returning him we'll probably be better off.' They quickly walked to the back, where the bakery was, and shouted, 'Blurry!'

Blurry looked up from his work. Was somebody calling his name? He let go of the broom and perked up his ears even more.

The girls came closer and shouted again, 'Blurry?' Blurry raced over to where they were.

‘He’s called Blurry, all right. That’s as plain as day,’ one of the girls said to the other. ‘Let’s take him back tonight.’ And so it was agreed. That very same evening, Blurry was delivered to the house of his little mistress, and the two girls collected their reward.

From his mistress, Blurry got a spanking for being so naughty and then a kiss for being back home again. From his mother, he got nothing but the following questions:

‘Why did you run away, Blurry?’

‘Because I wanted to discover the world,’ he said.

‘And did you?’

‘Oh, I saw lots and lots of things. I’m now a much more experienced bear!’

‘Yes, I know that. But I asked if you’d discovered the world?’

‘Er . . . no . . . not exactly. I couldn’t find it!’

SUNDAY, 23 APRIL 1944

## The Fairy

The fairy I'm talking about was no ordinary fairy, like the ones you usually see in fairyland. Oh, no, my fairy was quite an exceptional fairy – exceptional in looks and exceptional in behaviour. Just what was it, you're no doubt asking yourself, that made this fairy so exceptional?

Well, not because she did a little good here and had a little fun there, but because she had taken it upon herself to bring joy to people and the world.

The name of this exceptional fairy was Ellen. Her parents died when she was very young, but they left her quite a bit of money. So, when Ellen was a little girl, she could do as she wished and buy whatever she wanted. Other children or elves or fairies might have been spoiled by this, but since Ellen had always been so exceptional, she wasn't in the least bit spoiled. As she grew older, she still had quite a lot of money, but all she ever did with it was buy beautiful clothes and eat delicious food.

One morning Ellen woke up, and as she lay in her soft little bed, she thought about what to do with her money.

'I can't spend it all on myself and I can't take it with me to the grave. So why don't I use it to make other people happy?' That was a good plan, and Ellen was anxious to get started right away. So she got up, put on her clothes, grabbed a wicker basket, filled it with money from one of her many bundles and left the house.

'Where shall I begin?' she wondered. 'Wait, I know. The woodcutter's widow will be pleased to have a visit from me. Her husband just died, and the poor woman must be having a difficult time.'

Singing, Ellen made her way through the grass and knocked at the door of the woodcutter's little cottage. 'Come in,' called a voice from inside. She gently opened the door and stuck her head round it. On the far side of the dark room, a little old lady was sitting in a rickety armchair, knitting.

She was very surprised when Ellen came in and laid a handful of money on the table. Like everyone else, the old woman knew that you must never

refuse the gifts of fairies and elves, so she graciously said, 'That's very kind of you, my child. Not very many people would give something for nothing, but luckily the inhabitants of fairyland are different.'

Ellen looked at her in amazement. 'What do you mean by that?' she asked.

'Well, I mean that very few people give something away without expecting something in return.'

'Oh, no? But why would I want anything from you? I'm truly glad that my basket is a little lighter now.'

'Then all is well. Thank you very much.'

Ellen said good-bye and continued on her way. After walking for ten minutes, she found herself at the next cottage. She knocked, even though she didn't know the people who lived there. As soon as she had opened the door, Ellen could see that they weren't in need of money. The people in this house weren't lacking in material goods, but in happiness.

The woman received her kindly enough, though she wasn't very cheerful. Her eyes didn't sparkle, and she looked sad.

Ellen decided to stay a little longer. 'Perhaps I can help this woman in some other way,' she thought, and sure enough, the moment the nice little fairy had seated herself on a cushion, the woman began, with no prompting, to pour out her woes. She talked about her worthless husband, her naughty children and her many disappointments. Ellen listened, asked an occasional question and became very involved in the woman's suffering. When the woman finally reached the end of her tale, the two of them sat in silence for a few moments.

Then Ellen began to speak. 'You poor dear,' she said. 'I've never suffered like you have, nor do I have any experience with this kind of thing, much less know how to help you, yet I'd like to offer you some advice – something that I myself find useful when I'm feeling as lonely and as sad as you are. One morning, when it's quiet and beautiful, take a walk through the wood, you know the one I mean, the one going to the heath. After you've walked through the heather for a while, sit down somewhere and do nothing. Just look at the sky and the trees. You'll feel a calm come over you, and suddenly none of your problems will seem so bad that they can't be fixed.'

‘Oh, no, fairy. I doubt if that remedy of yours is going to help me any more than all the potions I’ve tried.’

‘Just give it a chance,’ Ellen urged her. ‘When you’re alone with nature, your troubles will seem to melt away, I’m sure they will. You’ll become thoughtful and glad and feel as if God hasn’t forsaken you after all.’

‘If it will make you happy, I’ll try,’ the woman replied.

‘Good. Well, I’d better be going. I’ll stop by at the same time next week.’

And so Ellen went into nearly every house, cheering up the people inside, and at the end of the long day her basket was empty and her heart was full, because she felt as if her money and talents had been truly well spent, much better than on expensive clothes.

After that day Ellen often set forth with her basket on her arm, dressed in her flowery yellow dress with a big bow in her hair. And she went into people’s homes and made all of them happy.

The woman who had enough money and more than enough sorrow had also become much more cheerful, as Ellen knew she would. Her remedy always worked!

As a result of all her visits, Ellen had many friends. Not just fairies and elves, but ordinary men, women and children, who told her about their lives. So Ellen got lots of experience, and before long she had a suitable answer for every problem.

But as for her money . . . Well, her calculations were a bit awry, because after a year the lion’s share was gone. She now had just enough to live on.

If you think that made Ellen sad or kept her from giving to others, you’re wrong. Ellen continued to give – not money, but good advice and loving words.

Yes, indeed, Ellen had learned that even when you’re the only one left of a large family, you can still make your life beautiful, and that no matter how poor you are, you can still help others enjoy their inner riches.

Ellen died when she was a very old fairy, and never before in the entire world had so many tears been shed. Yet Ellen’s spirit was still alive, for she often came back when people were asleep and made sure they had pleasant dreams, so that in their sleep they could still benefit from the advice of the extraordinary Ellen.

FRIDAY, 12 MAY 1944



## Riek

It was quarter past four, and I was walking down a fairly quiet street and had just decided to go into the nearest bakery when two teenage girls, walking arm in arm and talking nineteen to the dozen, came out of a side street and started strolling along ahead of me.

From time to time everyone finds it interesting and refreshing to listen to the chatter of two teenage girls, not just because they laugh and giggle at the slightest thing, but also because their laughter is so infectious that everyone around them can't help laughing too.

And so it went with me. As I walked behind the two girls, I listened to their conversation, which in this case revolved around the ten cents they had to spend on sweets. They debated excitedly about what they could buy for that amount of money, their mouths already watering at each tantalizing suggestion. When they reached the bakery, the two girls continued to discuss their choices outside the display window, and because I was behind them looking at the goodies too, I knew what they'd decided on even before they entered the shop.

It wasn't busy, so the two girls were soon being served. They had chosen two good-sized tarts, which – miracle of miracles – they managed to take out of the shop uneaten. Then it was my turn, and half a minute later I saw the pair of them just up the street, talking loudly once again.

On the next corner was another bakery. A little girl was standing in front of the window, staring hungrily at the pastries. The two lucky owners of the tarts stopped beside the poor child to look at this display as well and quickly struck up a conversation with her. By the time I reached the corner, they had already been talking for a while, so I heard only the last part of the conversation.

'Oh my, are you that hungry?' one of the girls asked the child. 'Would you like to have my tart?' The child nodded.

‘Don’t be ridiculous, Riek,’ the other girl exclaimed. ‘Eat it right away, like I did. If you give it to her, you won’t even get a taste!’

Riek didn’t answer, but looked hesitantly back and forth between the tart and the little girl. Then she suddenly handed the child the tart, saying kindly, ‘Please take it. I have tonight’s dinner to look forward to!’ And before the little girl by the window could even say thank you, the two teenagers had disappeared from view.

I also continued on my way, and as I went past the little girl, who was savouring her tart, she said to me, ‘Would you like a bite, miss? Somebody just gave it to me.’

I thanked her and walked on with a smile. Who do you think enjoyed it most: Riek, her girlfriend or the little girl?

I think Riek did!

UNDATED

## Jo

Jo stands beside the open window in her bedroom and takes a deep breath of fresh air. She's hot, and the air feels good on her tear-stained face.

She raises her eyes higher and higher until they finally come to rest on the moon and the stars.

'Oh,' she moans. 'I can't go on, I can't even summon the energy to feel sad. Paul has left me, I'm all alone, perhaps for good, but I just can't go on, I can't do anything, I only know how desperate I feel.' And while Jo keeps on gazing at nature, which is revealing itself in all its splendour tonight, she grows calm. While the wind whips through the trees outside the house, while the sky darkens and the stars take cover behind the big, thick clouds, looking like so many wads of blotting paper in the cloudy light and forming every imaginable shape, Jo suddenly feels that she's not at all desperate, that she is indeed capable of doing something, that no one can take away her inner happiness, which is hers and hers alone. 'No one,' she whispers, without being aware of it. 'Not even Paul.'

After standing at the window for an hour, Jo has recovered. She's still sad, but no longer desperate. Everyone who takes a long and deep enough look into nature – and therefore into themselves – will be cured, just as Jo was, of all despair.

UNDATED

*CADY'S LIFE*

## Cady's Life

*I have lots of ideas and am busy trying to put the bits and pieces together. To give me an overall view and because I don't have any more lined paper, I'm writing everything down at the back of this diary.<sup>1</sup>*

### CHAPTER 1

When Cady opened her eyes, the first thing she noticed was that everything around her was white. Her last clear memory was of someone shouting at her . . . a car . . . falling down . . . then everything went black. She now felt a stab of pain in her right leg and left arm, and though she didn't realize it, she was moaning softly. A friendly face, looking out from under a white cap, promptly bent over her.

'You poor thing, does it hurt a lot? Do you remember what happened to you?' the nurse asked.

'Oh, it's nothing . . .'

The nurse smiled. Cady continued, though she had to make an effort to talk, 'Yes . . . a car . . . I fell . . . then I don't know!'

'If you could just tell me your name, we'll contact your parents so they can come and see you and stop worrying about you.'

Cady was visibly shaken. 'But . . . but . . . eh . . .' was all she managed to say.

'Don't worry. Your parents haven't been waiting all that long. You've only been here for about an hour.'

Cady managed a weak smile, though it wasn't easy.

'My name is Caroline Dorothea van Altenhoven, or Cady for short, and I live at 261 Zuider Amstellaan.'

'Are you anxious to see your parents?'

Cady merely nodded. She was so tired and everything hurt so much; one more sigh, and she had fallen asleep.

Nurse Ank, keeping watch beside the bed in the little white room, looked worriedly at the small, pale face lying so quietly on the pillow as if nothing were wrong. But something was very wrong. According to what she had heard from the doctor, the girl had been hit by a car that had come round the corner just as she was about to cross the street. She fell, but luckily the car had good brakes, so it didn't completely run over her. According to the doctor, she had a compound fracture of the right leg, her left arm was badly hurt and her left foot had also been injured. Would this sweet child ever be able to walk again? Nurse Ank was very doubtful; the doctor had looked extremely grave. Fortunately, the child herself suspected nothing, and would be told as little of the truth as possible. Cady moaned in her sleep, startling Nurse Ank out of her reverie. Since there was nothing she could do to help the girl, she quickly stood up, pressed a button and handed the nurse who came in a piece of paper with the name and address of the van Altenhovens.

'Try to find their number in the phone book, then gently inform them of their daughter's condition. Ask them to come to the hospital as soon as possible. If you can't find their phone number, send a boy round with a note!'

The door closed again without a sound. Sighing, Nurse Ank picked up her knitting from the bedside table. She was thinking such gloomy thoughts this afternoon. Why did this girl's future affect her so much? Hadn't she seen many people who had been crippled for life in accidents just like this one? Hadn't she learned to switch off her feelings long ago? But it didn't help. Her thoughts kept coming back to the same subject.

There was a gentle knock at the door. A nurse ushered in a woman of medium height, and an unusually tall and handsome man. Nurse Ank stood up – they had to be Cady's parents. Mrs van Altenhoven was quite pale and looked at her daughter with fear in her eyes, but Cady was still sleeping peacefully and didn't notice.

'Oh, Nurse, tell me what happened. We waited and waited for her, but we never imagined there'd been an accident . . . no . . . no . . .'

'You mustn't worry too much, Mrs van Altenhoven. Your daughter has already regained consciousness.' Nurse Ank then told them what she knew of the case, and in trying not to make it sound too hopeless, she felt herself

becoming more hopeful and happy again. Who knows, perhaps the child really would get better!

While the grown-ups were talking, Cady woke up, and when she saw that her parents were there, she suddenly felt a lot worse than when she and the nurse had been alone together. Now all kinds of thoughts came crowding into her head, horrible images that attacked her from all sides. She saw herself crippled for life . . . with only one arm . . . and other images too awful to think about.

Meanwhile, Mrs van Altenhoven had noticed that Cady was awake, and she went over to the bed. 'Does it hurt? How are you feeling now? Would you like me to stay? Can I get you anything?'

There was no way Cady could answer all these questions. So she simply nodded and longed for the moment when all the fuss would be over.

'Father!' was all she managed to say.

Mr van Altenhoven sat down on the edge of the big iron bed and, without saying a word or asking a question, took his daughter's one good hand in his.

'Oh, thank you, thank you . . .' And Cady said no more, for she had fallen asleep again.

## CHAPTER 2

A week had gone by since the accident. Cady's mother came every morning and afternoon, but she wasn't allowed to stay long since her constant nervous chatter wore Cady out, and the nurse who took care of her had noticed that Cady looked forward to her father's visits much more than to her mother's.

The nurse had almost no trouble at all with her little patient. Though Cady must have been in a great deal of pain, especially when she was being examined by the doctor, she never complained and was never unhappy.

She preferred to lie quietly and daydream while Nurse Ank sat beside the bed, knitting or reading. After the first few days, Cady no longer slept all the time. She liked to talk every now and then, and there was no one she liked to talk to better than Nurse Ank, who was always so calm and talked in such a gentle voice. Her gentleness was what appealed to Cady the most. Only now did Cady realize that she had never before received such

motherly love and tenderness. Little by little, a sense of trust began to develop between the two, and the nurse began asking Cady questions about all kinds of things.

One morning, at the end of the first two weeks, when Cady had already confided so much to her, Nurse Ank cautiously asked about her mother. Cady had been expecting the question and it came as a relief to share her feelings for a change.

‘Why do you ask? Do you think I was unkind to Mother?’

‘No, that’s not what I meant. It’s just that I get the feeling you treat your mother differently than you do your father, a bit cooler perhaps.’

‘That’s true. I can’t seem to feel any real affection for my mother, and it breaks my heart. Mother and I are very different. That wouldn’t be so bad, except that she shows so little understanding of the things I think are important and that mean a lot to me. Can you help me, Nurse Ank? Can you tell me how to change my attitude towards my mother so she won’t feel that I don’t love her as much as I do my father? Because I know that Mother loves me, her only child, very much!’

‘She means well. I think she just doesn’t know how to approach you. Perhaps she’s basically shy and insecure?’

‘Oh, no. That’s not it. She thinks she’s the perfect mother. She’d be astonished if someone told her she didn’t know how to approach me. She clearly thinks I’m the one to blame. Nurse Ank, you’re just the mother I’d like to have. I long so much for a real mother, yet the woman who is my mother will never be able to fulfil that role.

‘There isn’t a soul on earth who’s completely happy with what they have, though most people would say I have everything I need. I have a comfortable home, my parents get along well and I get everything I could ever wish for, but doesn’t a real, understanding mother play a big part in a girl’s life? Or maybe not just a girl’s life? How do I know what boys think and feel? I’ve never really got close to a boy. But they must have the same need for an understanding mother, though perhaps they express it differently!’

‘It just occurred to me that what Mother lacks is tact. She talks so unfeelingly about the most sensitive subjects. She understands nothing of what’s going on inside me, and yet she’s always saying she’s so interested



in adolescents. She doesn't know the first thing about patience and gentleness. She may be a woman, but she's not a real mother!'

'Don't be too hard on your mother, Cady. Perhaps she's different because she's been through a lot and now prefers to avoid anything that might be painful.'

'I don't know. What does a daughter like me know about the lives of her parents? Or about her mother's life? Do they ever tell her anything? It's precisely because I don't understand Mother and she doesn't understand me that we've never trusted and confided in each other.'

'And your father, Cady?'

'Father knows that Mother and I have different personalities. He understands both Mother and me. He's a sweetheart, Nurse Ank, and he tries to make up for what I don't get from Mother. It's just that he's afraid to talk about the subject and avoids any conversations that might lead to it. A man can do a lot, but he can never take the place of a mother!'

'I wish I could tell you otherwise, Cady, but I can't, because I know you're right. It's a shame you and your mother find yourselves in opposite corners instead of on the same side. Do you think things will ever get better, especially when you're older?'

Cady shrugged almost imperceptibly. 'I miss having a mother so badly. It would mean so much to me to have someone I could trust and confide in completely and who would do the same with me!'

'Cady, I'm very fond of you and I wish I could give you what you're asking for, but I don't believe I could ever be what you expect me to be. I could tell you many things, including things about myself, but there can never be the kind of trust between us that exists between a mother and a daughter or between two girlfriends, because that kind of trust has to grow!'

At Nurse Ank's words, Cady's eyes filled with tears. When she came to the end, Cady held out her hand, since she wasn't able to sit up yet, but Nurse Ank understood what it was she wanted to say.

'Oh, Nurse Ank, it's a terrible blow for me, but you're right. I can give you my trust, but you can't give me yours.'

Cady fell silent and Nurse Ank looked very grave. 'Let's not talk about it any more just now, my dear. Still, it's good that you told me what you did about your mother.' And, abruptly changing the subject, she added, 'I almost forgot, I've got news for you. If you keep making such good

progress, your friends will be allowed to come and visit you, one at a time, starting next week!’

You could see from Cady’s eyes that she was elated at the news. Not so much because she’d be able to see her friends again, but because it was the clearest proof she’d had so far that she was getting better.

Happy and relieved, she ate the bowl of porridge that was brought to her bed, then lay down for her afternoon nap.

### CHAPTER 3

And so the weeks went by rather monotonously for Cady. Many of her friends and acquaintances came to visit, but she was still alone for most of the day. Her condition had now improved so much that she was allowed to sit up and read. She had been given a lap-table, and her father had bought her a diary, so she now often sat up and jotted down her thoughts and feelings. Cady had never realized how pleasant and diverting this could be.

Nurse Ank, who now had other patients to attend to, kept up her practice of sitting and talking to Cady for half an hour every morning, after she had washed her and got her ready for breakfast.

Life in the hospital was monotonous indeed, very monotonous. The same routine day after day, everything on schedule, never a slip-up. Besides, it was so quiet, and since Cady’s arm and leg had stopped hurting, she could have used a little more excitement and activity. But in spite of everything, the time passed fairly quickly. Cady was never bored, and people gave her all kinds of games that she could play by herself with her right hand. Nor did she neglect her schoolbooks, spending a certain amount of time on her homework every day. She had already been in the hospital for three months, but would soon be ready to leave. Her fractures hadn’t been as serious as had at first been assumed, and the doctors thought it would be better for her, now that she had made some improvement, to convalesce further in a sanatorium.

So the following week Mrs van Altenhoven packed Cady’s things, and Cady and her mother were driven for hours in an ambulance that brought them to the sanatorium. There her days were even lonelier. She had visitors once or twice a week, but no Nurse Ank, and again everything was new and unfamiliar. Her one ray of hope was that she was definitely on the mend.

Once she'd settled into the sanatorium and the bandages had been removed from her arm, she started learning how to walk all over again. It was terrible! Supported by two nurses, she inched her way forward, barely able to put one foot in front of the other, and the ordeal had to be repeated every day. But the more she walked, the better it went, and her legs soon became used to moving again.

Then came the joyful day when she was feeling well enough and her walking had progressed to the point where she was allowed out in the park with a nurse on one side and a walking-stick on the other.

#### CHAPTER 4

When the weather was nice, Cady and Nurse Truus, who always accompanied her, would sit down on a bench in the park and talk or read for a while, if they'd brought along a book. During the last few days, they'd also ventured out a few times into the adjoining wood, and since Cady enjoyed that much more, the nurse had no objections. Of course Cady did have to walk very slowly, and an unexpected movement often caused her pain, yet every day she longed once more for this half-hour out of doors, when she could imagine that she was well again.

After three weeks, when Cady knew every path in the wood like the back of her hand, the doctor asked her if she would be pleased or upset at the idea of being able to go out by herself. Cady was thrilled. 'Can I really?'

'Yes, you can. Now, off you go and don't let us ever see you here again,' he joked.

So, when Cady was ready to go, she picked up her walking-stick and went through the door alone. It was strange – she was so used to having Nurse Truus beside her. Still, on this first day she wasn't supposed to go any further than the gate. After half an hour, the ward nurse saw her come in with her face lit up and her cheeks redder than usual.

'I see you enjoyed your walk! You must be glad to be rid of us!'

'You know I'm not,' Cady replied. 'But it's so nice to be able to do something on my own again!'

The nurse nodded sympathetically and advised her to go back to bed.

From then on, she could be seen out in the park every day, and soon things were going so well that she was also given permission to go beyond

the gate.

The sanatorium was located in a very quiet neighbourhood. There were hardly any houses, just a few villas about ten minutes away from the sanatorium and about ten minutes away from one another.

On one of the side paths, Cady had discovered a bench in the form of a log, and she brought along a few blankets to make it more comfortable. She now went there every morning to read or daydream. Often, when she had a book with her, it would slip out of her hands after only a few pages, and she would think to herself, 'What do I care about that old book? Isn't it much nicer to sit here and look around? Isn't it better to think about the world and everything in it instead of reading about what's happening to some girl in a book?' Then she would take a look around, at the birds and the flowers, or let her eyes follow an ant scurrying over the ground with a tiny little stick, and she would feel happy. She dreamed of the time when she'd be able to run and jump and go wherever she wanted to, and came to the conclusion that her accident, which had brought her so much misery, also had its good side. Cady suddenly realized that here in the wood, in the sanatorium and in the silent hours in the hospital, she had discovered something new about herself. She had discovered that she was a person with feelings, thoughts and opinions of her own, completely independent of other people, who were individuals just like she was.

Why hadn't she realized that before? Why had it never occurred to her to think about the people around her, not even about her own parents?

What was it that Nurse Ank had said? 'Perhaps your mother's been through so much that she prefers to avoid painful subjects.' And hadn't she answered, 'What does a daughter know about the lives of her parents?'

Where had her rather bitter answer come from, when she was sure she'd never thought about the matter before? And yet, wouldn't she say the same thing now? It was true, wasn't it? What does a child know about anyone's life? She could have said the same about her friends, her family, her teachers. What did she know of them other than the side they presented to the outside world? Had she ever had a serious talk with even one of them? Deep in her heart she was ashamed of herself for this, though she had no idea of how to go about getting to know any of these people better; and besides, she decided, what good does it do me to have their trust if I can't help them with their problems? And though she knew that she had not

known how to help, she also knew that confiding in another person could be a great comfort and relief. Not long ago, she herself had missed having someone she could ‘really’ talk to. Didn’t this account for the oppressive loneliness she sometimes felt? Wouldn’t it have weighed less heavily on her if she’d had a girlfriend to whom she could tell everything? Cady knew with utter certainty that she hadn’t done enough for other people, but she was also sure that they had never given her so much as a second thought.

Cady looked up and realized that she hadn’t been listening to a single sound the whole time she’d been sitting there. She quickly picked up her book, and in that one morning read more than she had ever read in the wood before.

## CHAPTER 5

Cady had a naturally cheerful disposition and liked to talk. Still, the reason she was lonely was not because there were too few opportunities for her to confide in others. No, that wasn’t it. Her feeling of being alone had to come from somewhere else!

Oh, oh, she was lost in thought again. Stop it, Cady, you’ve circled back to that same point so many times your head is starting to spin. Cady gave herself a mental nudge and had to laugh at how crazy it was: now that there was nobody to give her a good scolding and she apparently couldn’t do without one, she had to scold herself.

Suddenly she looked up, having heard footsteps approaching. Never before had she encountered anyone on this little-used path. The footsteps came closer and closer, until a boy of about seventeen emerged from the wood. He nodded a friendly greeting and walked on.

‘Who on earth could that be?’ she wondered. ‘Maybe somebody from one of the villas? I suppose so, nobody else lives around here.’ After Cady had reached this conclusion, the subject was closed as far as she was concerned, and she forgot all about him until he passed by again the next morning, and every morning at exactly the same time for several weeks.

One morning, when Cady was seated on her bench as usual, the boy came out of the wood, stopped in front of her, held out his hand and said, ‘I’m Hans Donkert. Actually, I feel as if we know each other already, but perhaps it’s time we introduced ourselves.’

‘My name is Cady van Altenhoven,’ Cady replied. ‘And,’ she added, ‘I’m glad you finally decided to stop.’

‘Well, you see, I didn’t know if you’d think it was ridiculous for me to keep going by without saying a word, or for me to speak to you, and in the end I was just so curious that I took the plunge!’

‘Do I look like the kind of person you should be afraid to talk to?’ Cady inquired in a mischievous tone of voice.

‘Now that I’ve seen you close up, no,’ Hans teased her back. ‘Anyway, I just wanted to ask you whether you’ve moved into one of the villas or whether you’re a patient at the sanatorium . . . though that hardly seems likely,’ Hans added quickly.

‘It doesn’t?’ Cady couldn’t help asking. ‘Well, I am from the sanatorium. I broke my leg and badly injured my arm and foot, and I’ve been convalescing for six months.’

‘It was really that bad?’

‘Yes, I was stupid enough to get hit by a car. But don’t be alarmed – even you didn’t think I looked like a patient!’

Hans did find it a bit alarming, but thought it advisable to avoid the subject. ‘I live in The Pines, the house back that way,’ he said, pointing his forefinger in the direction from which he had come. ‘You might have thought it strange, seeing me go by here every day, but it’s holiday time and I’m home from school, and every morning I go over to see one of my friends to keep from being bored.’

Cady made a move to get up. Hans noticed and immediately offered her his hand, since she was having a little trouble rising from her seat. However, Cady stubbornly refused his assistance. ‘I’m sorry, but I’ve got to practise getting up on my own.’ Hans, who wanted to help in some way, took her book and used that as an excuse to escort the nice girl back to the sanatorium. They said good-bye at the gate as if they were old friends, so Cady was not at all surprised the next day when Hans arrived earlier than usual and sat down beside her on the log.

They talked about all kinds of things, though the conversation never went beyond the superficial, and Cady, who thought that Hans was incredibly nice, was sorry that they never touched on anything but everyday topics.

One morning they were sitting together on the log, not far from each other, and the conversation started to drag for the very first time. Finally,

neither of them said another word, but they just sat staring into space. Cady, who had been engrossed in her own thoughts, suddenly looked up, since she had the feeling that she was being watched. Hans had been looking at the sweet face beside him for quite a while, but now their eyes met and they looked at each other longer than they had intended – until Cady realized what was happening and quickly looked down at the ground again.

‘Cady,’ said the voice next to her. ‘Cady, can’t you tell me what’s going on inside you?’

Cady didn’t answer, but thought for a moment. Then she said, ‘It’s so hard, you wouldn’t understand, you’d probably think it was childish.’ All of a sudden Cady became discouraged and her voice trailed off.

‘Do you have so little trust in me? Do you think that I don’t have thoughts and feelings that I usually keep to myself too?’

‘I didn’t mean to imply that I don’t trust you, it’s just so hard. Even I don’t know what I should tell you.’ They both looked down at the ground with the gravest of expressions. Cady noticed that Hans was extremely disappointed in her, and she felt so bad about it that she suddenly said, ‘Do you also feel like you’re alone a lot of the time, even when your friends are close by? Alone deep inside you, I mean.’

‘I think everyone our age feels alone from time to time, some more than others. I do too, but up till now I haven’t been able to talk about it to anyone. Boys don’t tell each other these kinds of things as easily as girls do. They’re much more afraid of being misunderstood or of being laughed at.’

He fell silent and Cady looked at him for a moment. Then she said, ‘I’ve thought about it so much. Why is there so little trust between people? Why are they so reluctant to avoid “real” words? Sometimes all it takes is a few sentences to clear up a problem or misunderstanding!’

Again neither of them spoke for a while. Then Cady suddenly seemed to have reached a decision. ‘Do you believe in God, Hans?’

‘Yes, I certainly do!’

‘I’ve been thinking about God quite a bit lately, though I’ve never told anyone before. When I was a little girl, my parents taught me to say a prayer every night before I went to bed. It became a habit, like brushing my teeth. I took God for granted. I mean, I never thought about Him, because all my wants and needs were taken care of. Now that I’ve had this accident and I’m often alone, I’ve had more than enough time to ponder all kinds of

things. One of the first nights I was here, I got halfway through my prayers and realized that my mind was on very different matters. So I did something I'd never done before. I started thinking about the underlying meaning of the words and discovered that there's much more to this supposedly simple child's prayer than I ever suspected. Since that night, I've been saying other prayers, things that I myself thought were beautiful, not just a standard prayer. But a few weeks ago, I was halfway through my prayers again when a thought struck me like a bolt of lightning: "Why should God help me now, in my hour of need, when I all but ignored Him in better days?" This question kept haunting me, because I knew that it would only be fair if God were to ignore my prayers in return.'

'As far as that last bit is concerned, Cady, I can't say that I agree with you. When you were at home, leading your carefree life, you weren't reciting meaningless words on purpose, you just hadn't given God a lot of thought. Now that you're turning to Him because you're frightened and hurt, now that you're really trying to be the person you think you ought to be, surely God won't let you down. Have faith in Him, Cady. He has helped so many others!'

Cady gazed thoughtfully at the trees. 'Hans, how do we know that God exists? Who or what is God? No one has ever seen Him. I sometimes have the feeling that all those prayers are disappearing into thin air!'

'If you're asking me who or what God is, I have only this to say: No one can tell you who God is or what He looks like, because no one knows. But if you're asking what God is, my answer would be: Take a look around you, at the flowers, the trees, the animals, the people, and then you'll know what God is. Those wondrous things that live and die and reproduce themselves, all that we refer to as nature – that's God. He made them all just the way they are, and that's the only image of Him you need. People have lumped this miracle together into one word: God. But any other name would do just as well. Don't you think so, Cady?'

'Yes, I understand all that, and I've also thought about it. Sometimes, when the doctor at the hospital said to me, "You're getting better. I'm almost certain you'll make a full recovery," I felt so grateful, and apart from the doctors and the nurses, who else should I feel grateful to but God? At other times, however, when I was in a lot of pain, I believed that what I was calling God was actually fate, and my mind kept going round in circles



without ever arriving at an answer. But whenever I asked myself, “Well, what exactly do you believe?” I knew without a doubt that I believed in God. Quite often I ask God for advice, if that’s the right term, and I know with utter certainty that the answer I’m given is the only right one. But, Hans, isn’t it possible that the answer somehow comes from inside me?’

‘As I already said, Cady, God has created mankind and every living thing just as they are. Our souls and our sense of what’s good and right also come from Him. So the answer to your questions comes from within yourself, as well as from God, since He made you the way you are.’

‘You mean that God speaks to me through myself?’

‘Yes, that’s precisely what I mean. And now that we’ve discussed God, Cady, we’ve actually shared quite a few of our innermost thoughts. Give me your hand and let this be a sign that we’ll always trust one another, and that if either of us should ever have any problems and want to talk about them, we’ll know where to go!’

Cady promptly held out her hand, and so they sat, hand in hand, for a long time, while a delightful calm came over both of them.

Ever since their conversation about God, both Hans and Cady felt that they had struck up a friendship that went much deeper than any outsider would have guessed.

In the meantime, Cady was so used to writing down in her diary everything that went on around her that this gradually became the best way, aside from talking to Hans, to express her thoughts and feelings.

One day she wrote: ‘Even though I now have a “real” friend, I’m not always happy and cheerful. Does everybody have such mood swings? Still, if I were always cheerful, I might not spend enough time thinking about all the things that are worth thinking about.’

‘Our conversation about God keeps running through my head. Often I’ll be reading in bed or in the wood, and I’ll think, “What do you mean, God speaks through me?” and I’ll end up having an entire discussion with myself.’

‘I believe that God speaks “through me” because He gives each person a little bit of Himself before sending them into the world. It’s this part of us that distinguishes between good and evil and answers our questions. This

little bit of God is just as much a part of nature as the blossoming of flowers and the singing of birds.

‘But God has also given people passions and desires, and these desires are in conflict with goodness and justice. As Hans said, “Our sense of what’s good and right also comes from God.”

‘Does everyone really have this? What about criminals? I’m pretty sure they do too, except that little by little their desires have won out over goodness and justice and their passions have therefore become stronger than their sense of what’s right. So can people destroy all the goodness God gave them? Can there be none of that goodness left? Or do even the worst criminals, the ones the world looks upon as wicked to the core, still have a bit of goodness deep down inside that might shine through some day?

‘And yet not every sense of what’s good and right can be trusted, for what else is war but two sides going to battle over what each thinks is right?

‘War . . . how on earth did the subject of war come up? For weeks everybody has been saying that we’re on the brink of war.

‘But I’m not through yet.

‘So far, all those who have tried to impose their version of what’s right on others have failed. After a few years, or even longer, people always want their freedom and their own rights back. This is because having to obey one concept of right is inherently unjust. God has given each of us a unique sense of right, so when we are forced to live under someone else’s for years and years, we run the risk of losing our own. But not everyone can be crushed. Sooner or later the longing for freedom is bound to assert itself.

‘Without realizing it, I’ve gone from justice to freedom, but I believe that it is only when these two are combined that something great will happen.

‘Who knows, perhaps one day people will listen more to that “little bit of God” – known as a conscience – than to their own desires!’

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<sup>1</sup> Written at the back of the second volume of Anne’s diary.

## Cady's Life: *Fragment*

The next morning was a typical, grey April day. It hadn't started to rain yet, but the barometer was as low as it could go. Cady didn't wake up until ten o'clock, and she listened as Nurse Ank described the circumstances of her fall in more detail. She was washed and given a little porridge, then she fell asleep again. And so it went for four whole days: Cady woke up from time to time, ate a bit and went back to sleep. She wasn't in a lot of pain, and except for having to lie still, she didn't feel uncomfortable.

On the afternoon of the fourth day, Cady was wide awake for the first time when her mother came to see her. Up till now Mrs van Altenhoven had always found her daughter asleep, and had sat at her bedside for quarter of an hour before going away again. Now she was surprised to be greeted cheerfully with: 'So, Mum, you finally decided to visit?'

'I've been coming here every day, you sleepyhead. You were never awake.'

'I know. Nurse Ank said hello for you.'

Mother and daughter had little to say to each other.

Cady asked about all her friends and neighbours, then the conversation began to flag. After half an hour, Mrs van Altenhoven leaned over and gave Cady a kiss. 'Bye-bye, I'll see you tomorrow!' And she sailed out of the door. Cady's mother was not beautiful, though she did have an intelligent and determined face. Her long pointed nose and penetrating brown eyes gave her face a certain coldness, and when she fixed her gaze on someone, there was an unpleasant expression in them. But when she smiled, you could see a row of fine teeth, and then it no longer occurred to anyone to think of her face as cold. Cady had never given much thought to what her mother looked like, but she now noticed that her mother tended to waggle like a goose when she walked. Never in a thousand years would she have made the comparison with her mother's face, but she couldn't help chuckling and chiding herself for calling her mother a goose.

On the other hand, in the evenings, when it was visiting time, Cady was never sleepy. She waited impatiently in her bed for her father, who never neglected to bring her something – a bunch of tulips or a bit of fruit – even if it was just something small. Cady adored these little gifts. The moment the door opened and Mr van Altenhoven came in, Cady's eyes lit up, and he was always allowed to stay longer than her mother.

Cady's father was a calm, good-looking man with a head of thick grey hair and blue eyes, which made everyone who looked at him feel happy and warm. His gaze also worked like a magic potion on Cady. She and her father could sit quietly for hours, not saying a word, simply happy to be together.

Nurse Ank, the nurse who took care of Cady, always wore a look of gratitude when she saw this kindly man, who came every day, without fail, to cheer up his daughter.

She didn't have the slightest bit of trouble with her little patient. Cady, who must have been in a great deal of pain, especially when she was being examined by the doctor, never complained. On the contrary, she was happy with everything.

## Cady's Life: *Fragment*

It happened just as Nurse Ank said it would. On Sunday afternoon at three o'clock, Cady's first youthful visitor arrived. A tall girl, not at all pretty, but with a pleasant, cheerful face, asked at the desk for Caroline Dorothea van Altenhoven.

'Oh, you must mean that nice girl they call Cady. She's in Room 4, third door on the right.'

Cady had won the heart of the receptionist when she gave orders for a box of chocolates, which someone had given her, to be distributed throughout the hospital, so that the nurses and any of the patients allowed to eat them were given two chocolates each. As a result, even people Cady had never met referred to her as 'that nice girl, Cady'.

Meanwhile, the visitor walked down to Room 4 and knocked. Nurse Ank opened the door and said, 'You must be Greet. Come in.'

'Hello, Greet. Don't look so scared, I'm still in one piece!' Cady was overjoyed to see someone besides those grave-faced nurses for a change.

'Well, Cady, how do you feel?' Greet was noticeably embarrassed, so Nurse Ank, who was hoping she'd be a little more lively, left the room.

Later, on her way back, she heard peals of laughter from down the hall. She quickly opened the door and said, 'Shh, keep it down a bit, girls.'

'Oh, Nurse, I practically split my sides. You should hear what they've been up to at school. Such a shame I had to miss it.' And she told the story, down to the last juicy detail, to Nurse Ank.

When Greet left at three-thirty, Cady was exhausted but happy to have had a visitor, and that was the main thing, since there was plenty of time to sleep.

In general, however, the weeks went by fairly monotonously.

## Cady's Life: *Fragment*

On 3 September the peace and quiet in the sanatorium was disrupted for the first time since Cady's arrival.

At one in the afternoon, when she happened to be listening to the news on her earphones, she was horrified to hear the ANP<sup>1</sup> begin its broadcast by reading Chamberlain's declaration of war on Germany. Cady had never been interested in politics, which is not surprising for a fourteen-year-old girl, and she wasn't the least bit moved by events taking place in faraway places. But she vaguely suspected that this declaration of war was somehow going to affect her too. When the rest hour was over, the nurse handed out the tea and told the other patients the news.

In Cady's ward, there were only patients who were well on the way to recovery. The day before the war broke out, a new woman had arrived and had been assigned the bed next to Cady's. Except for 'good morning' and 'good night', Cady hadn't yet exchanged a word with this woman, but now they naturally began to talk. After the nurse's announcement, there had been exclamations of shock all over the room. Only the woman next to Cady had remained silent.

Cady couldn't help but notice. Nor could she ignore the tears that were soon streaming down the rather young-looking face and making it appear thoroughly sad and miserable. She didn't dare ask anything, for fear of disturbing her neighbour, who was wrapped up in her own thoughts. A little later in the day, Cady was reading when she heard sobs coming from the next bed. She quickly laid her book on her bedside table and gently inquired, 'Shall I call the nurse? Aren't you feeling well?'

The woman looked up. Her face was streaked with tears. She observed Cady for a moment, then said, 'No, my dear. Don't bother. No nurse and no medicine can ease my pain.'

This made Cady feel even sorrier for her. The poor woman looked so gloomy and dejected that she couldn't leave it at that. 'Is there anything I

can do to help?’

The woman, who had slumped back into her pillows, sat up again, dried her eyes with her handkerchief and this time gave Cady a friendly look. ‘I can see you’re not asking out of mere curiosity. Even though you’re very young, I’ll tell you what’s making me so sad.’ Her voice broke, she glanced around with unseeing eyes, then continued. ‘My son . . . I’m worried about my son. He’s at a boarding school in England and was due home next month. But now . . .’

She was so overcome with sobs that she couldn’t finish her sentence, so Cady filled in the rest: ‘Now he won’t be able to come home?’

She received a faint nod in reply. ‘Who knows how long the war will last or what will happen over there? I don’t believe all that talk about it being over in a couple of months. Wars always last longer than people think.’

‘But at the moment they’re only fighting in Poland, aren’t they? You mustn’t be so afraid. After all, your son is being taken care of.’ Cady knew nothing about the boy, she had just wanted to respond in some way to the disheartened reply from the next bed.

But the woman apparently wasn’t listening, for she said, ‘After every war, people always say, “Never again, this was so terrible that we must do whatever it takes to avoid a repetition.” But they always end up fighting again. People will never change. As long as they live and breathe, they’ll always quarrel, and when there’s peace, they’ll go looking for something to quarrel about.’

‘I wouldn’t know, I’ve never been through a war, but . . . we’re not at war yet. So far we haven’t got involved. Of course what you just told me about your son is unfortunate, though I’m sure you’ll be reunited with him after the war. But wait a moment . . . Why can’t your son come here? They haven’t stopped all the boats between Holland and England, have they? Why don’t you ask the doctor? He’s sure to know. If your son leaves right away, he can still come home.’

Never before had Cady seen a face change so dramatically from one minute to the next. ‘Do you really think so? That hadn’t occurred to me. Oh, here comes the nurse. I’ll ask her.’

Cady and her neighbour beckoned the approaching nurse and she came over.

‘Nurse,’ the woman asked, ‘do you know if they’ve stopped the boats between Holland and England?’

‘They certainly haven’t. Are you thinking about going to England?’

‘Oh, no. That’s not why I asked. Thank you very much, Nurse.’

After casting another grateful glance at Cady, the woman turned away and began making plans to write to her son.

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<sup>1</sup> Algemeen Nederlands Persbureau – the Dutch press agency.



## Cady's Life: *Continued*

Meanwhile, for the Jewish population life was rapidly going downhill. In 1942 the fate of many Jews hung in the balance. In July the Germans started sending call-up notices to sixteen-year-old girls and boys and taking them away. Luckily, they seemed to have overlooked Cady's friend Mary. Later, it wasn't just young people who had to go, but everyone. Throughout the autumn and winter, Cady saw the most terrible things. Night after night the streets were filled with the sound of roaring lorries, screaming children and banging doors. Beneath the lamp, Mr and Mrs van Altenhoven and Cady looked at each other, and in their eyes was the question, 'Who will be gone in the morning?'

One evening in December, Cady decided to visit Mary, in the hope of taking her friend's mind off things for a while. That evening, the streets were in a worse turmoil than ever. Cady had to ring the bell to the Hopkenses' three times and assure Mary, who peeked cautiously out of the window, that it was safe to open the door. Mary led her in to where the whole family was sitting around, metaphorically kitted out in sports togs with rucksacks on their backs, simply waiting. They were pale, and didn't say a word when Cady entered the room. Had they been sitting like this every night for months? Seeing all those pale and frightened faces was awful. With each bang of an outside door, a shock went through everyone in the room, as if the door to life itself were symbolically being slammed shut.

Cady left at ten o' clock. There was no point in staying, since she could neither help these people, who already seemed to be in another world, nor take their minds off their troubles. The only one who was functioning at all was Mary. She nodded at Cady from time to time and tried with all her might to get her parents and sisters to eat something.

Mary walked her to the door and bolted it behind her. Cady set off towards home with her torch in her hand. Before she'd even gone five steps, she stopped and listened. From around the corner she could hear the thud of

boots, as if an entire regiment of soldiers was coming her way. It was impossible to make out anything in the darkness, but Cady knew all too well who belonged to the boots and what it meant. She flattened herself against a wall, switched off her torch and hoped the men wouldn't see her. Suddenly, however, a man holding a revolver came to a halt in front of her. He stared at her with steely eyes and a grim expression on his face. '*Mitgeben*,'<sup>1</sup> was all he said, and immediately someone grabbed her and started to lead her away.

'I'm a Christian girl from a decent family!' she dared to say. She was trembling from head to foot and wondering what this sinister man was planning to do with her. Despite the risk, she had to get him to look at her identity card.

*'Was ehrbar, zeig dein Beweis.'*<sup>2</sup>

Cady took it out of her pocket.

*'Warum hast du das nicht gleich gesagt,'*<sup>3</sup> said the man as he inspected it. *'So ein Lumpenpack,'*<sup>4</sup> he added.

And before she knew it, she was lying sprawled out on the street. The German, angry at his mistake, had given the 'decent Christian girl' a vicious kick. Ignoring her pain and everything else, Cady picked herself up and hurried home.

After that night, a week went by before Cady had a chance to visit Mary again. But one afternoon she made the time, deciding not to worry about her homework or other engagements. Even before she arrived at the Hopkenses', she had a feeling she wouldn't find Mary at home, and sure enough, when she got there, the door was sealed.

A terrible feeling of despair came over Cady. 'Who knows where Mary is now?' she thought. She turned on her heel and went home. Once there, she ran to her room, slammed the door, threw herself on the divan with her coat still on and thought about Mary, only Mary.

Why did Mary have to go while she was allowed to stay? Why did Mary have to suffer this awful fate while she was free to enjoy herself? What was the difference between them? Was she any better than Mary? Weren't the two of them just the same? What crime had Mary ever committed? Oh, this had to be the most terrible injustice. Suddenly she saw Mary's frail figure

before her, locked up in a cell, dressed in rags, with a sunken, emaciated face. Her eyes had become huge, and she was looking at Cady with such sorrow and reproach. Cady could stand it no longer. She fell to her knees and cried, cried so hard that her body shook with sobs. Mary's eyes kept staring at her, begging her for help, help that Cady knew she couldn't give.

‘Forgive me, Mary. Come back . . .’

Cady no longer knew what to say or think. There were no words to describe the suffering she could so clearly see before her. Doors kept slamming over and over again in her ears, she could hear the crying children, she could see a squad of crude, armed men, like the one who had tossed her into the mud, and in their midst, helpless and alone, was Mary, Mary who was just the same as she was.

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1 ‘Come with me.’

2 ‘What do you mean, decent? Show me your ID.’

3 ‘Why didn't you say so right away?’

4 ‘Such a shabby-looking girl.’

*FURTHER WRITINGS*

Anne Frank

Translated by Nancy Forest-Flier

Liebe Umi,

Ich graduiere herrlichst zum Geburtstag.  
Ist es bei Euch auch so kalt, bei  
uns kann man nur halten, es ist 8 Grad  
unter null im Tag, nachts 11 Grad.

Ist pussie wieder zurück, und hat  
Stephan sie wieder auf der Schulter.

War Charuta auch bei euch gewesen,  
bei uns, wohl und es gab viel zu  
„snoopen“.

Wir sind viel auf der Eisbahn, und  
ich hab auch Schlittschuh laufen  
gelernt, erst bin ich viel gefallen  
jetzt geht es schon, und ich hab  
spass drann. Viele grüsse an alle  
und Küsschen an dich

Lärfling.

## *LETTERS*

## Introduction

All the known letters written by Anne Frank have been brought together here. Because the Anne Frank Archive in Amsterdam has not provided access to its files, however, the existence of additional written material cannot be ruled out. The undated letters have been placed in probable chronological order, insofar as this can be determined by their contents.

Letter of 18 December to Alice Frank, whose birthday is 20 December

FRIDAY, 18 DECEMBER 1936

•

*Dear Grandma*

I wish you the happiest of birthdays. How are Stephan and Bernd? Please thank Aunt Leni for the beautiful little ski figure. Did you get nice presents? Write to me. Kisses from

*Anne*

•

Undated letter to Alice Frank, whose birthday is 20 December

*Dear Grandma*

Wishing you all the best for your birthday.

Is it cold there, too? It is almost unbearable here: minus 8 degrees during the day and minus 11 at night.

Has Pussie come back and is she sitting on Stephan's shoulder again?

Did you celebrate Chanukah, too? We did and there was lots of food to enjoy (*snoepen*).

We go to the ice rink a lot and have I learnt to ice skate. At first I fell over a lot, but now I can do it and I enjoy skating. Love to everyone and kisses for you,

*Darling*

•

Undated letter to Stephan Elias, whose birthday, like that of grandmother Alice Frank, is 20 December

*Dear Stephan*

A very happy birthday to you, too.

It is very cold here.

Do you do a lot of ice-skating? We do. And I have learnt how to skate.



Did you get lots of presents?

Is Grandma back on her feet again? I really hope so.

Is it nice living together?

Grandma has told us all about it. Although this isn't really a birthday letter, it is well intended.

Love to all, especially to you, and Bernd,

*Anne*

•

Letter to Anne's penfriend, Juanita Wagner, in Danville, Iowa, dated 29 April 1940. The letter is written in English.

AMSTERDAM, APRIL 29 MONDAY

*Dear Juanita,*

I did receive your letter and want to answer you as quick as possible. Margot and myself are the only children in our house. Our grandma is living with us. My father has an office and mother is busy at home. I have [= live?] not far from school and I am sitting in the fifth class. We have no hour-classes, we may do what we prefer. Of course we must get to a certain goal. Your mother will certainly know this system, it is called Montessori. We have little work at home. On the map I looked again and found the name Burlington. I did ask a girl friend of mine if she would like to communicate with one of your friends. She wants to do it with a girl about my age, not with a boy.

I shall write her address underneath. Did you yourself write the letter I received from you, or did your mother write it? I include a post-card from Amsterdam and shall continue to do that, collecting picture-cards: I have already about 800. A child I used to be at school with went to New York and she did write a letter to our class some time ago. In case you and Betty get a photo do send a copy as I am curious to know how you look. My birthday is the 12th of June. Kindly let me know yours. Perhaps one of your friends will write first to my girl friend, for she also cannot write English but her father or mother will translate the letter.

Hoping to hear from you, I remain your Dutch friend, Annelies Marie Frank.

PS. Please write me the address of a girl.

•

Undated postcard of the Amsterdam canals that was enclosed in the above letter of 29 April to Juanita Wagner. The text on the postcard is also in English.

*Dear Juanita,*

This picture shows one of the many old canals of Amsterdam. But this is only one of the old city. There are also big canals and over all those canals are bridges. There are about 340 bridges within the city.

*Anne Frank*

•

Postcard of 17 November 1940 to Alice Frank in Basle

17 NOVEMBER 1940

*Dear Grandma,*

How are you? It's Sunday today and I'm pretty bored. I was playing with my postcards, and suddenly I thought, I could also write to all of you. Papa and Mama went out this morning, and Margot and I had to tidy up the rooms. I can't write a lot on this card, but a letter will be coming soon.

All the best to everyone, lots of kisses.

•

Undated letter to Alice Frank, whose birthday is 20 December

*Dear Grandma,*

I don't have anything for you, just a bouquet of flowers and that's all. It isn't much but that's all I'm writing.

*Your Anne*

•

Letter of 13 December 1940 to Alice Frank and Stephan Elias

FRIDAY, 13 DECEMBER 1940

*Dear Grandma and dear Stephan,*

Congratulations to both of you on your birthday, and I hope we'll be able to celebrate it with you again soon. Let's hope that this was the most awful birthday.

I had a dictation exercise this afternoon, and I made no less than 27 mistakes. You may laugh reading this, but it's really not so amazing because it was very hard and I'm not such a whizz in dictation anyway.

I'm really looking forward to tomorrow because I'm going to the ice-skating rink (that will be the first time this year). But it's not so far away any more, it's in the Apollo Hall. Grandma will know where that is, I think you had coffee there once. And tomorrow afternoon I'm going with Daddy to the auction.

Margot got a very good report card, and I'm very proud of her. I don't think I'm going to get all 9's and 8's later on.

Gabrielle Goslar is a darling baby, Margot and I are allowed to go and watch sometimes when she has her bath.

Margot is blacking out the windows, these are *the concerns* [right now], and I'm terribly angry because it isn't necessary yet, and it's so nice outside. Now Margot has left the room and I've carefully taken everything back down.

I wish you both the best in this new year. Lots of kisses to everyone, but especially to Grandma,

*your Anne*

•

Undated letter to Otto Frank from the holiday cottage, possibly January 1941

*My dearest ming kungka, by which I mean Daddy,*

Thank you so much for the two movie-star cards you sent after the first one, I haven't got any of those yet.

I was very happy with your letter, and also with the sugar, jam and rice. The rice is just what I need because I've ruined my stomach, and the first thing I did was to eat a lot of rice.

Can Mother send a couple of 'kole', I'll take them after meals. I got up for the first time today, I'm feeling fine except for a little headache this morning, and some 'gastric pressure'. Tonight we had fried fish with potatoes and salad. I wasn't allowed to eat the salad, or the bread either. For dessert we had delicious pudding with cherries and sauce, I love pudding but only with sauce, Mother could make that sometime I think, maybe with raspberry sauce.

I was very pleased with your letter and I especially keep thinking about the 'check-up'. Can't you take vacation a week later, and if not, couldn't you come visit me sometime? I'd like that so much, you take the nine-thirty train from Amsterdam, then you take the bus in front of the station to Beekbergen from Apeldoorn. Then you ask to be let out at 'Zonnehuis', then you ask directions for number 5 Koningweg, 'Op den Driest'. Of course, it's better if you send me a postcard first. Take some sandwiches with you.

They said it's all right here.

I hope you do come, because I'm dying to see you all.

Write to me soon, because Sunday I don't get any mail, and then it's so awful if I don't get [it] until Monday evening.

All the best to everyone, and kisses from  
*your Anne*

•

Letter of 13 January 1941 to Alice Frank and the Elias family in Basle

13 JANUARY 1941

*Dear everyone,*

I got Bernd's letter today, I think it's really nice that he wrote to us, so please thank him.

I spend every free minute at the ice-skating rink. Up until now I always wore my old skates that Margot used to wear. Those skates have to be screwed on with a key. And all my girlfriends at the skating rink had real ice skates, the ones that have to be fastened to your shoes with nails, so you can't take them off any more.

I desperately wanted to have ice skates like that too, and after lots of pestering I got them.

I'm now taking figure-skating lessons, where you learn to waltz, jump and everything else that goes with figure skating.

Hanneli now has my other skates, and she's very happy with them. So now both of us are satisfied.

Hanneli's little sister is lots of fun. Sometimes they let me hold her in my arms, and now she laughs at everyone. All the children are jealous of Hanneli, because of Gabi.

How are all of you doing? I've only been writing about myself all this time, and about the skating rink, but you mustn't hold it against me because it's all I can think about.

I hope I learn to skate as well as Bernd.

Things here (I mean at school) are going well, I don't have much time during the week, except when I'm off the ice.

Mondays, Wednesdays and Thursdays I have French and I don't get home until almost six o'clock.

Tuesdays and Fridays I have homework, so the only days left for skating are Saturdays and Sundays.

Bernd: maybe later on we can perform together, but then I have to practise very hard to get as good as you are.

All the best to everyone and lots of kisses,  
*your Anne*

•

Letter of 22 March 1941 to Alice Frank and the Elias family in Basle

AMSTERDAM, 22 MARCH 1941

*Dear Grandma and dear everyone,*

Thank you so much for the nice photo, you can easily see that Bernd is very funny because all the people are laughing. I've hung the photo above my bed.

Mr Wronker is gone and now we have the big room to ourselves, naturally we like that very much and we also have more room.

Today Mama and I went into town to buy a coat for me, a grey one with a hat to match, I think it's very pretty.

On Saturday I went to the office with Papa. I worked there from nine to three o'clock. Then we walked around town together, and finally we went home. I wish I could start ice skating again, but I'll just have to have a little more patience, until the war is over. If Papa can still afford it I'll get figure-skating lessons again, and when I can skate really well Papa has promised me a trip to Switzerland, to see all of you.

We have lots of homework at school. Mrs Kuperus is very nice. Hanneli is doing well too. Margot is allowed to walk the baby all by herself, and on Sunday I'm allowed to go out with Mrs Goslar and baby.

Sanne doesn't come to see us very often, she has her own girlfriends.

Barbara dances from morning to night, she's always taking dancing lessons, ballet and regular dancing.

Margot is usually gone Saturdays and Sundays, she's now in a club run by Mr Melker. Grandma goes for walks every afternoon with her ladies, and if the weather's bad they sometimes come here, and then they gossip non-stop. I always love to listen when the old ladies try to outdo each other.

Now I'm sitting here at the writing table. Our room is very large: we have a chest of drawers, a sink, then a wall map, and opposite that there's Mama's writing desk that we've fixed up as a cute little writing table, then Margot's foldaway bed and another little side table, then the divan, which is where I sleep, and in the middle a small table with a large armchair and all my paintings and photos, including some of Bernd.

Papa has just come home, and Mama is out shopping. So I'm going to stop, otherwise Papa is all by himself.

All the best and countless kisses to everyone,  
*your Anne*

•

Undated letter to Alice Frank, probably the spring of 1941

*Dear Grandma,*

How are you? We received Bernd's photo, he looked very nice in it. School is going well, it's been two years already since my teacher left school. This

year I have Mrs Kuperus, you remember, we always call the principal Mrs. Next year I'm leaving this school, hopefully I can go on to the HBS.<sup>1</sup>

I have so much schoolwork that I almost never have time to go out and play.

I'm getting a new dress, it's very hard to get fabric, and it takes lots and lots of ration coupons.

Hanneli is sick, she isn't doing nearly as well in school as I am, she's very far behind, and I'm certainly not the best in the class either. Now a man comes to her twice a week to help her catch up, of course those lessons are very expensive. Papa is quite busy at work, he's going to move soon because the building on the Singel is too small for him. Now he's going to move to the Prinsengracht, and I'm going to pick him up from the tram really often. Sleeping in Papa's bed is very nice, but even so I wish there was another reason to sleep downstairs, and that the times were back to normal.

I'm knitting a sweater, it's a very nice pattern and it's easy as well. I'll draw a picture of it at the end of this letter, it's always 6 knit, and 6 purl, a whole square full.

I have pretty long hair, you must have seen it in the photo. Papa and Mama want me to get it cut but I'd much rather let it grow.

How are you all doing? I'd love to see Bernd on the ice sometime, hopefully that will happen sooner than all of us think!

I'm taking French and I'm the best in the class, we're getting graded for it, just before the autumn vacation. Jewish lessons have stopped for the time being, and in the winter I don't think I can go anyway, because I'd have to go home in the dark, and I'd rather not do that, and I'm not allowed to anyway.

I have a little appliance in my mouth, and braces. Now I have to go to the dentist every week, and it comes out the next day. This has been going on for eight weeks, and I find it very unpleasant, of course. I have to stop writing now because I have to go to bed. All the best to Uncle Erich, Aunt Lenie, Stephan, Bernd and Grandma Ida, and lots of kisses for you from

*your Anne*

Letter to Alice Frank and the Elias family in Basle. The date is illegible; probably June 1941.

*Dear Grandma, and dear everyone,*

I want to thank all of you for the lovely birthday letter. I first read it on the 20th because my birthday was postponed because Grandma had just been taken to the hospital on the 11th.

I got lots of presents. From Grandma I got f 2.50 and an atlas, from Papa and Mama a bicycle, a new school bag, a beach dress and various other things. Margot gave me this stationery, because I had run out, and I didn't do too badly on candies and other little presents either.

It's very warm here, is it warm there too? I really appreciated Stephan's poem. I also got one from Papa, but that's to be expected.

Soon we have vacation. I'm going with Sanne Ledermann (maybe Grandma still remembers her) to spend fourteen days with her family. I'm also going to a children's vacation home, also with Sanne, then it isn't so bad.

Yesterday (Sunday) I went out with Sanne, Hanneli and a boy. It was lots of fun, I have no lack of companionship as far as boys are concerned.

I don't have much chance of getting a tan because we're not allowed in the swimming pool, that's a real shame but there's nothing we can do about it.

We aren't doing much at school, in the morning we draw a little and in the afternoon we sit in the garden catching flies or picking flowers.

Now I have to stop because it's getting too hot to write.

All the best and kisses to everyone from *your Anne*

•

Letter of 30 July 1941 to Alice Frank

30 JULY 1941

*Dear Grandma,*

I am now in Beekbergen, it's very nice here, except it's a pity the weather is so bad. How is it where you are, is it nice in Sils-Maria? If you write back, write to Amsterdam because I won't be here very long, and otherwise



they'll have to forward the mail, and that's just extra work. There's a little child here named Raymond, Sanne and I play with him all day long. He's a year and a half old. How long will you be gone, and is Sils still so pretty? The house here is very old-fashioned but cosy all the same. Sanne and I have our own little room. I'm reading a lot, too bad we can't go outside. We sleep much more peacefully here than in Amsterdam, there's nothing to bother us.

I'm going to play with Ray again because he's calling me.

Will you get in touch with me soon? And lots of kisses from

*Anne*

•

Undated letter to Otto Frank, c. July 1941

MONDAY EVENING

*Dear Daddy,*

Thanks so much for the letter and the money, I can really use it. I've spent quite a lot, but not needlessly; I had to buy postage stamps for all the people I wanted to write to.

for f 0.25 citronella [= citronella?]

for f 0.05 envelopes

" f 0.10 candy

" f 0.30 flowers for Aunt Eva

" f 1.80 postage stamps

" f 0.05 notebook

" f 0.73 postcards

So it all comes to f 3.28.

Will you congratulate Mr Dreher for me? I also sent him a card. Today I spent the whole day lying in the garden, and I also played ping pong, I'm finally getting the knack of it. Uncle Heinz and Aunt Eva play very well, and Aunt Eva is teaching me now. I'm reading a lot and I've finished all the books Sanne and I brought except for one. I haven't received any mail from Mother since Saturday evening, and now it's Monday evening.

The weather still isn't very good, but it's not raining. Ray is a little cranky today, but he's still cute. Write to me soon? Many kisses from

*Anne*

•

Undated letter to Alice Frank, with a handwritten note on every page: '1942 after Easter'

*Dear Grandma,*

I haven't written to you in a very long time but that's because we've had so much homework, and I hardly have any time left.

We got our report cards at Easter. I was up 3 points in maths, but down 3 points in Dutch, German and French (all together, of course).

How are you all doing?

Today we're having real summer weather for the first time. Vacation will be over on Tuesday, it passes much too quickly. This letter is written to Grandma, but of course it's for the whole family.

Ice skating is over again, isn't it Bernd?

I'm completely out of practice because I haven't done it in such a long time.

Apart from that, things at the Lyceum are going well, there are twelve girls and eighteen boys in our class. At first we spent a lot of time with the boys, but that has cooled off quite a bit now. Luckily, because they're really getting annoying.

I'm still in the same class with Hanneli, her little sister is awfully cute and she can already walk by herself.

Sanne isn't in our school, but I see her a lot. She's as crazy as I am about Moortje, that's the name of the cat we've had for the past six months. It's a female and I'm hoping for baby kittens really soon, because she's meeting lots of males on the roof at the moment.

Everything is fine here. Father had lumbago or rheumatism in his back, but fortunately it went away.

You all should write to me sometime, I always enjoy getting a letter that's just for me alone.

We'll have ourselves photographed in a shop one of these days, then I think you'll be getting a photo as well.

I look very different now, because my hair has been cut and I set it to make it curl, but you'll see that in the photo as long as the curls don't get blown out.

Margot has gone out this evening, to the school Club. But unfortunately she has to be home early, otherwise I'd have the whole place to myself.

Now I'm going away, bye everyone, I hope to hear from you soon.

*Anne*

•

Undated postcard to Alice Frank in Sils-Maria, c. summer 1942

*Dear Grandma,*

The weather is glorious and we're out on an excursion, and because there are such nice postcards we thought of you. All the best,

*Anne*

•

Letter to Bernd (Buddy) Elias in Basle, for his birthday on 2 June 1942

*Dear Bernd,*

Congratulations on your birthday (that's the way birthday letters always start) and wishing you many years to come. Hopefully you're all in good health, as we are.

We had five days of Whitsun vacation. It was really nice, and all my days are packed. In the evening I never get home before 10 o'clock, but usually a boy brings me home.

How's it going with that girl, the one whose photo you sent? Write to me about her sometime, I'm really interested in such things.

Margot also has a boyfriend, but he's even younger than mine.

This epistle hasn't turned out to be very long, but I don't have time to write more because I'm going to the home of some friends with Father to see a film.

All the best to everyone. Write to me sometime.

*Anne*

---

<sup>1</sup> *Hogere-burgerschool*, an upper-level high school

ver-

geet



mij

met.

Lieve Jantje,  
Wat zal ik schrijven op dit blad?  
Wacht Jantje lief ik weet al wat:  
Gezondheid en, het beste voor!  
Ga braaf en flink de wereld door.  
En denk steeds wat je lot zal zijn,  
Na regen volgt altijd zonneschijn.

Eer herinnering  
aan je vriendinnetje.  
Anne Brants.

## *VERSES IN FRIENDSHIP BOOKS*

## Introduction

Four of the verses that Anne wrote in her girlfriends' friendship books have been preserved. Each verse is decorated with little embellishments, as is still the custom today. Even though the verses are all standard fare, Anne's choice of poems says something about Anne herself and her relationships with her girlfriends, which is why her contributions have been included in this collection.

*Poem in the friendship book of Mary Caroline Bos, 5 March 1938*

Dear Mary,

Later when you read this book  
A long time from today,  
And think about your friends from school  
Though you are old and grey.

And when you see them one by one  
Appear in memory  
And recollect those bygone days  
Please, Mary, think of me!

In remembrance of your school friend  
Anne Frank

•

*Poem in the friendship book of Juultje Ketellapper, July 1939*

Dear Juultje,

What shall I write inside this book?  
Dearest Juultje, take a look:  
I wish you health and all the best!  
Go into the world with grace and zest.  
And whatever your fate, just keep in mind  
That after the rain the sun will shine.

In remembrance of your friend  
Anne Frank

•

*Poem in the friendship book of Dinie Amelsbeek, 18 October 1940*

Dear Dinie,



When all our days  
At school are past,  
And we make our way in the world at last,  
Pick up your friendship book again,  
And think of me, your old school friend.

Anne Frank

•

*Poem in the friendship book of Jacqueline van Maarsen, 13 March 1942*

Dear Jacque,

Be nice to all your schoolmates,  
Keep shining like the sun.  
Remain my dearest girlfriend,  
You'll be loved by everyone.

In remembrance of your friend,  
Anne Frank

7.

Verschiedene versis von allerlei:

15 Aug. 1943. Willst du glücklich sein im Leben,  
Frage bei nur and'rer Glück,  
Denn die Freude die wir geben  
Strahlt uns eigne Herz zurück.

15 Aug. 1943. Manns mit zugeknöpften Taschen  
Dir tut niemand was zu lieb.  
Hand wird nur von Hand gewaschen;  
Wenn du nennen willst, so gib.

15 Aug. 1943. Willst du glücklich sein im Leben,  
Sehne niemand, tue recht.  
Dann wird alles gut gelingen,  
Und es geht dir niemals schlecht.

15 Aug. 1943. Du winkst ernst als du die Welt  
begrüßtest,  
Doch aller Lächeln grüßte dein  
Erscheinen.  
Gott gebe — dass — wenn du die Augen  
schliessest,  
Dein Antlitz lächle, während alle  
Weinen.

15 Aug. 1943. Mit vielen Heile deine Freunde,  
Mit allen Munterkeit und Scherz.  
Mit wenigen nur deine Feinde!  
Mit Ausgewählten nur dein Herz.

---

Mit Julius Cäsar von Shakespeare:

18 Aug. 1943. Wer ist so fest, den nichts verführen kann?

18 Aug. 1943. hoch felsenfeste Burg, noch eh'ne Mauer  
hoch dumpfe Türme, noch der letzten Last,  
Sind Hindernisse für des Geistes Stärke.



# *THE FAVOURITE QUOTES NOTEBOOK*

## Introduction

From June 1943 to 2 July 1944, Anne Frank kept what she called a *Favourite Quotes Notebook*: a narrow ledger in which she copied out individual sentences that appealed to her, as well as interesting longer passages from books she had read. She mentions the *Favourite Quotes Notebook* in her diary entry of 18 April 1944. We know it was Otto Frank, Anne's father, who encouraged her to embark on such a project, since Anne wrote 'Pim's idea!' (Pim was Otto's nickname) on the first page.

Cropping up here and there among the quoted authors is Anne Frank herself, who writes under the pseudonym 'Rea'. Rea also appears in version a of the diary on 28 February 1944 and 24 March 1944. As in the *Favourite Quotes Notebook*, this is how Anne Frank signed her lines of poetry. Thus 'Rea' can be understood as Anne's poetic alter ego.

As in the so-called *Egypt Book*, the bulk of the passages in the *Favourite Quotes Notebook* are not by Anne herself. Most of what she wrote there is taken from the work of other authors. Nevertheless, her selection serves as a sample of elegant phrases and noteworthy texts that made an impression on her, which is why it is being included in the documentation of her work as a writer and constitutes an integral part of Anne's literary legacy.

The *Favourite Quotes Notebook* was published for the first time in 2004 in the Netherlands, edited by Gerrold van der Stroom.<sup>1</sup> His edition is based on Anne's manuscript, which is reproduced there in full facsimile. The book also contains biographical and bibliographical information about the authors and the books Anne quoted in her *Favourite Quotes Notebook*. This edition remains the primary source for research on the connection between what Anne Frank read and the literature she produced.

Sentences in italics are Anne's own words.

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<sup>1</sup> Anne Frank, *Het mooie-zinnenboek*, ed. Gerrold van der Stroom, Amsterdam: Bert Bakker, 2004.

Secret Annexe 14 August 1943  
Pim's idea!

•

JUNE 1943

From: *I Begin Again* by Alice Bretz

An example of this living faith which I keep as an inspiring memory was the reaction of an Irish girl whose brother had come over to New York. Their aunt gave a party for them and when the two arrived at the apartment, dancing was already going on. The girl ran to a bedroom to take off her hat and coat. Minutes passed and as she did not return her aunt went to find her. She found the girl on her knees, and asked what she was doing. She explained, 'I'm thanking God, because I'm so happy. I was afraid I'd forget when I got dancing.' A prayer of thanksgiving is the one most of us are apt to forget. We remember to ask God for things but seldom remember to thank Him for what He has already given us.

[. . .]

When anyone suggests that my blindness is a Divine visitation, I am horrified at their conception of God. Such an idea is barbaric. A human father who blinded his child for any reason whatsoever would be lynched by the neighbours, and their only regret would be that they had not done it sooner. The concept of a Heavenly Father being more cruel than a human father is repugnant to me. I do not blame God for my blindness. It is the consequence of my ignorance. But God helps me, as my Father.

I am not disturbed over the way other people find God, nor am I worried about my faith being orthodox or unorthodox. My faith is simple and sure. Our Lord is our friend. And just as a dear friend here on earth adds to our pleasure, helping in the daily tasks, talking to us, or going with us to parties, so the presence of the Lord adds to our joy.

[. . .]

Actual churchgoing is not necessary to my simple faith. Controversial issues of the churches have no place in it. Theological discussions and ecclesiastical formulas are outside its functioning. I am not a mystic, and if God talked to me in the silence, I should think that my imagination created

the message. God knows this and uses people to show me His love and care. I feel these through the kindly act, an encouraging word, a gift, and accept people as God's messengers. When I thank a person I am also thanking God.

It is this attitude that makes kindness such an important factor in my life. [. . .] it is God's smile.

This fact is the explanation of my happiness and gaiety despite what people call the tragedies of my life. There is no tragedy in happiness, nor sorrow in gaiety. Life for me is made up of little things that contribute to joy and comfort. I don't need to ask God to gratify some special desire. If he wants me to have it, it comes through a person.

The quiet hours of my day have a joyousness of their own. My faith in God fills the still places in my heart. To think of Him, of something He said, perhaps only a word, is a sure inspiration. The thought applies directly to some present need and gives me strength to go on. Peace fills my soul.

[. . .]

I may have been thinking over a problem, trying to work it out, and the solution isn't clear. I've gone as far as possible and put the way up to God. His help has never failed. I am so sure of it that it seems only fair for me to do as much as possible for myself, to struggle as best I can, and when confronted by a stone wall, to ask God for wisdom and understanding to show me what to do. There are not only help and comfort in God's friendship, but also a deep joy.

One of His gifts is a deepened appreciation of the kindness of the world. No one can take appreciation from us, for we blind have more opportunity to put it into practice than others. Appreciation may be the first step toward gratitude, and gratitude is in our hearts, is like a fire newly lit in a cold hearth. It warms us through and through and makes our own living happier. We can also share this warmth with others, for we blind have a place in society which it is in our power to make an important place. People like to talk to us because we hold our heads high and are not bowed beneath our troubles.

The result of my religious reading has brought me to the conclusion that the essential necessity is friendship with God. There is a verse in the Old Testament which begins, 'Acquaint now thyself with Him and be at peace.' It is as simple as that. We can become acquainted with God. He is ever



ready to be our friend; all we have to do is to want His friendship and try to understand.

Our desire is the chief and strongest part; understanding comes more slowly, and to each one of us it comes differently. When we consider a human friend, we know that it gives us pleasure to say and do things that will please him. We can use this same attitude toward God. We like to think about Him, to talk to Him, to feel that He is near. We know that He understands our desire, understands our mistakes and the daily occupations that distract our minds.

It is difficult to put this feeling into words. I tried to once and my listener interrupted with an exclamation, ‘You shock me the way you talk about God. You talk as though He were a friend.’

‘I hope He is,’ was my answer.

To this person, God was a far-off potentate whose wrath must be appeased by prayer and supplication. Of course we feel humble and small in the presence of All Wisdom, Power, and Understanding. Just as a little child feels small and powerless and *safe* in his father’s arms.

Yes, there is evil and sorrow and trouble in the world, but in that trouble and sorrow there is also God’s friendship.

*Alice Bretz wrote this book after she had gone blind.*

•

14 AUGUST 1943

From: *The School for Princes* by Multatuli

*Queen Mother:* So hard at work?

*Louise:* I had some visitors,

You know that I receive from eight till ten . . .

Oh look, Mama, these piles of messages.

Reports of all the ills among the folk,

The things that are not as they ought to be,

And yet – I hope! – will one day be improved.

But mother . . . graceless daughter that I am . . .

I did not even ask how you are faring!

Did you sleep well with such a night behind you?

But every man must live,  
That is: feeling, thinking, working, striving,  
And bearing fruit, a hundred . . . thousandfold!  
Who gives no more than he receives is . . . nothing.  
His very birth's unnecessary work.

The folk are sunken, Mother! Heart and soul  
Subjected to unending earthly strife.  
The flame of higher passion is snuffed out.  
If life's no more than struggling with the low,  
If life's exclusive goal is not to die,  
Postponement of the end's the highest prize!  
What is spring's beauty to the poor man? Nothing!  
A starry sky means not a thing to him!  
Art's tones, tints, fragrances? All of them nothing!  
And poetry or love mean nothing still!  
Nor *can* these things mean anything to him.  
Reality forbids him from all flight,  
Its iron fist condemns him to the mire.  
And all resistance punishes  
With . . . hunger . . .

Birth, titles, riches, rank, preordination,  
Just ask: is hunger ordered by *one* class?  
Can *one* class then be doomed to live in want?  
And tell me, is a beast of lesser rank  
Than sheep or cow that grazes without care,  
And that indeed would hold man in contempt  
If it could know how little food he ate?  
Are children of the destitute worth less  
Than calves? Their mother than a simple cow?  
Is *that* what your society demands?  
My God, if that's her rank, then all you preach  
On noble souls and culture is but lies.

One paltry part of your society

Prevails, controls, connives, makes laws, decrees  
The other part – the largest – to despair.

•

*Various assorted verses:*

15 AUGUST 1943

If you want to be happy in life,  
Then add to the happiness of another,  
For the joy that we give out  
Back into our own hearts shines.

15 AUGUST 1943

[Goethe]

You, man with your pockets buttoned tight  
Nobody will do a thing for your sake.  
Only a hand can wash a hand;  
If you want to take, then give.

15 AUGUST 1943

If you want to be happy in life,  
Spare nobody, do what's right.  
Then everything will turn out fine,  
And things will never go wrong for you.

15 AUGUST 1943

You cried when long ago you greeted the world,  
Yet your appearance was met with smiles.  
God grant that, when you close your eyes,  
Your countenance is smiling, whilst all around you weep.

15 AUGUST 1943

[Johann Gaudenz von Salis-Seewis]

Share with many your joys,  
With all your cheer and jest.  
With but few your sorrows!

And with only the chosen your heart.

•

18 AUGUST 1943

From: *Julius Caesar* by Shakespeare

For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

•

18 AUGUST 1943

[Shakespeare]

Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.

[Shakespeare]

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend.

[Shakespeare]

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
Lions with toils and men with flatterers;  
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,  
He says he does, being then most flattered.

[Shakespeare]

Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,

To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs  
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

[Shakespeare]

Cowards die many times before their deaths;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.

[Shakespeare]

The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones.

•

22 AUGUST 1943

From: *Oogst der tijden*, a piece by Thomas More [from *Utopia*]

‘You make thieves’

‘It happened one day when I was dining at his table that there was a certain layman present, one skilled in the laws of your country. For some obscure reason he began to praise the rigorous justice that was then being dealt out to thieves: you could see them everywhere, he said, as many as twenty strung up on the same gallows. And yet, he declared, he was baffled that so many thieves, like some plague, remained a threat everywhere, when so few of them escaped punishment. Since I felt able to speak freely in front of the Cardinal, I replied, “That’s nothing to be surprised about. For this manner of punishing thieves goes beyond justice, and brings no public benefit: as a penalty for theft it’s too severe, but as a deterrent it’s inadequate. Simple theft isn’t so great a crime that it merits death, and yet no other punishment is severe enough to keep from robbery those who have no alternative means of supporting themselves. In this respect, you, along with a good part of the world, appear to imitate bad schoolmasters who prefer beating their pupils to teaching them. Harsh and blood-chilling punishments are imposed for theft when it would make a lot more sense to ensure that people have the

means to live, so that no one would face the dreadful necessity first of stealing and then of dying for it.”

“Adequate provision has been made for that already,” replied the lawyer. “There are manual crafts and there’s farming; men can support themselves by these, unless they freely choose crime.”

“You’re not going to wriggle out of it that way,” I said. “For a start, we can leave out those who so often return home from foreign or domestic wars crippled, as recently as from the Cornish conflict and not long before that from the French wars. These men sacrifice their limbs for the community or for the King, and their disability prevents them from practising their old trades, while they are too old to learn new ones. But, as I say, let’s leave them out of consideration, because wars are irregular occurrences; let’s focus on what happens every day. There’s a great number of noblemen who, just like drones, live idly off the labours of others, such as the tenants of their estates whom they cut to the bone with soaring rents (that is the only thriftiness they know, being in all else extravagant to the verge of bankruptcy). They drag along with them a great mob of useless retainers who have never acquired any skill by which they could make a living. These, as soon as their master dies or they fall sick themselves, are promptly thrown out, for it’s preferable to support idlers rather than invalids, and often the dead man’s heir is initially unable to maintain his father’s establishment. Meanwhile, those turned out promptly set about starving, unless they promptly set about thieving. What alternative do they have? At length, when a wandering life has taken the gloss off their clothing and off their health, when they are tainted by sickness and dressed in rags, no one of rank deigns to take them on and the peasants won’t risk it. The latter don’t need to be told that one who has been softly brought up in idleness and pleasure and been accustomed to staring out the neighbourhood with his sword, buckler and threatening gaze, disdaining all before him, will never be fit to work with a spade or hoe, nor will he faithfully serve a poor man for scant wages and a spare diet.”

“But,” he fired back, “this is precisely the type of man we ought to encourage. Since they have a more aspiring and noble spirit than tradesmen or farmers, in time of war they provide the vigour and backbone of the army.”

“On that basis,” I replied, “you might as well argue that thieves should be encouraged for the sake of wars, for as long as you have men like these you’ll never be short of thieves. [.. .] But this is not the only cause that leads to theft; there is another one, in my view, which is peculiar to you English.”

“And what might that be?” asked the Cardinal.

“Your sheep,” I replied, “which are usually so meek and modest in their diet, have now, so it’s claimed, begun to be so voracious and fierce that they swallow up people: they lay waste and depopulate fields, dwellings and towns. It’s a fact that in those parts of the kingdom that produce the finest and thus most highly priced wool, the nobles, the gentry and even some abbots – godly men – are no longer content with the annual profits that their estates yielded to their predecessors. It’s not enough for them that while living in idleness and luxury they contribute nothing to society, they must do it active harm. They leave nothing to the plough but enclose everything for pasture; they throw down homes and destroy communities, leaving just the church to function as a sheepfold. And, as if there were not enough land in your country wasted already on chases and game reserves, these good men turn all habitations and arable fields into a wilderness. Consequently, just so that one insatiable glutton, a grim plague to his native land, can merge fields and enclose thousands of acres within a single boundary, the workers of the countryside are driven out. Some are stripped of their possessions, whether they are cheated by fraud or intimidated by force or, simply, worn down by wrongs and forced to sell them. So, one way or another, it turns out that these unhappy people have to leave – men, women, husbands, wives, orphans, widows, parents with small children, a company more numerous than rich since rural occupations require many hands – all these, as I say, have to leave their known and familiar homes without finding any place to take them in. They are evicted so briskly that all their household effects, which wouldn’t fetch much even if they were able to wait for a buyer, are sold off for next to nothing. Since such a small sum is soon used up in the course of their wanderings, what alternative do they have but to steal and be hanged – according to the forms of law, naturally – or to continue their travels and beg? But in that case they are liable to be thrust into prison as vagrants since no one will employ them, although they are all too willing to work: since there are no crops to be sown there is no call for their particular skills. After all, just one shepherd or cowherd is

perfectly adequate to graze livestock over an area that previously required many hands to make it yield its harvest.

““This is the reason why food prices have soared in many places. [. . .] For the soaring price of food is the reason why everyone is shedding as many members of his household as possible, and what can these do then but beg or, as men with a bit of spirit, turn to robbery?

““[. . .] Root out these evil plagues. Insist that those who have ruined farms and villages either repair them or hand them over to others who are willing to recover and rebuild them. Let there be fewer kept in idleness. Let agriculture be restored and wool-working likewise, so that there may be proper jobs to occupy the horde of idlers, whether we are talking about those whom penury has already nudged into thieving or those who as yet are just vagrants or redundant servants but are sure to become thieves in the future.

““It’s perfectly obvious that, unless you cure these evils, it’s futile to boast of the justice you display in punishing theft, since it’s more specious than equitable or effective. If you permit the young to be viciously brought up and their characters steadily corrupted from early years, and then at length punish them for doing as adults what they have been destined for since childhood, what else is this but turning people into thieves and then punishing them for being such?””

•

23 AUGUST 1943

From: *Byron* by André Maurois

Friede sei mit den Toten. Trauer kann sie nicht erwecken; ein Seufzer den Entschwundenen, dann nehmen wir wieder das trübe Einerlei des Lebens auf, mit der Gewissheit dass auch wir einst Ruhe finden werden.

•

24 AUGUST 1943

From: *The Eternal Fire* by Jacob van Maerlant

‘The eternal mine and thine’



Dearest Jacob, won't you tell me,  
If all folk on earth are sprung  
From our common father Adam,  
Whence the nobles then, and free men,  
And the slaves who till the soil?  
What the source of all these stations?  
Villagers are told, 'Begone!  
Go away, disgusting rabble,  
You bring shame to all mankind!'  
But the nobleman's commended,  
He is told, 'You're welcome, sir!'  
It's infuriating to me,  
Most unseemly, I would say.

Martin, it's obscure to many  
What you're pondering in your mind,  
What you ask is thought-provoking:  
Say a money-lender cheats you,  
Strips the shirt right off your back;  
Such a man demands that others  
Treat him as nobility;  
Were he covered with defilement  
Gold would cleanse him of all stain.  
People then are thus encouraged  
To get whatever's to be got.  
For God this is a cause of rage  
And breeds confusion in men's souls.

Martin, as the old law teaches,  
'Twas injustice and brute force  
That gave rise to human bondage.  
A prince victorious in battle  
Kept some of his foes alive  
Dooming them to slavery,  
Selling them instead for money.  
They the bondsmen who are cursed,

They the ones men know as slaves.

Jacob, as I understand you  
All the human family  
Can trace itself to Adam's seed.  
How did that kinship so unravel  
That people seek each other's lives?  
I find it an outright scandal  
That Mistress Envy rules the roost  
From countryside to bustling town,  
While people are as poor as dogs.  
Please tell me what I want to know,  
I feel great need to ask of you  
What I have willingly discerned,  
Tell me all, I want to learn.

Two words do all the world entwine,  
And these two words are 'mine' and 'thine',  
If they could just be driven away,  
Peace and freedom would hold sway,  
All would be free, no one a slave,  
Man and woman, woman and man,  
Would share the riches of the land,  
Neither at sea nor on the plain  
Would anyone again be slain.  
And this, O Martin, would impede  
The poisonous result of greed,  
The rest would all be left behind,  
But now the laws must be refined.

From: *Past and Present* by Thomas Carlyle

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose; he has found it, and will follow it!

Read in: *Florence Nightingale's Youth* by Willy Corsari

Rea

Only if I look into my own eyes can I find the truth.

*see one page further! This is wrong!*

Rea

If one really 'wants' to listen to God's voice, he will hear only Him and not his own longings!

*More or less what I read in: Florence Nightingale's Youth by Willy Corsari*

From: *All Sorts and Conditions* [by] Justus van Maurik Jr

It's difficult to judge a face if you cannot see the eyes.

•

OCTOBER 1943

Rea

If I look into my own eyes, I will always find the truth!

•

21 DECEMBER 1943

From: *Lover of Life*, vol. 2, *In the Prime of His Life* [by Zsolt Harsányi]<sup>1</sup>

*To see how a fervent Catholic views God and humankind.*

R: Pardon me, Your Excellency, but I don't think mankind should be valued so low. God so loved mankind that He sent His Only Son for a time to become a man.

D.D.: That doesn't prove much. What if He loves the stars so much that He makes His Son a star for a time? God loves everything. He is infinite love. But man has abused that love. Did you ever consider why rich people keep dwarfs? To look at them again and again and feel the satisfaction of being tall, powerful, magnificent; and yet they are the invisible notes in creation. When they whirl madly, they think they are making war, and yet it is merely a storm sweeping them along. There won't be world peace ever, my friend.

The golden age exists only in poetry. But perhaps tomorrow or in ten years the tension caused by mysterious forces will cease on a certain region of the earth.

•

21 DECEMBER 1943

From: *Kristin Lavransdatter*, vol. 2: *The Wife* [by Sigrid Undset]

*Lavrans is speaking with his daughter Kristin just before his death, parts of this follow here.*

*Lavrans:* You must know, my Kristin, that it's an unwise person who weeps at another's passing. Christ will protect you better than I – no doubt you have heard this said. I put all my faith in God's mercy. It's not for long that friends are parted. Although at times it may seem so to you now, while you're young. [. . .] When you reach my age, then you'll think it's been no time at all since you saw those of us who have departed, and you'll be surprised when you count the winters that have passed to see how many there have been.

*Now comes a bit in between, and then Lavrans talks about his youth.*

During the time of my youth [. . .] I thought of entering a monastery as soon as I was old enough [. . .]. When I was sixteen winters old, Father had a coat of mail made for me [. . .]. And I was given my sword – the one I've always used – and the armour for my horse. [. . .] But I chose this world myself, and whenever things went against me, I tried to tell myself that it would be unmanly to complain about the fate I had chosen. For I've realized more and more with each year that I've lived: there is no worthier work for the person who has been graced with the ability to see even a small part of God's mercy than to serve Him and to keep vigil and to pray for those people whose sight is still clouded by the shadow of worldly matters. [. . .] So a man must learn to accept, when he produces offspring from his own body, that his heart will burn if he loses them or if the world goes against them. God, who gave them souls, is the one who owns them – not I.

•

4 JANUARY 1944

From: *Siegfried* by Richard Wagner

*Copied out only for the alliteration!*

*Siegfried:*

Aus dem Wald fort  
In die Welt ziehn:  
Nimmer kehr ich zurück.  
Wie ich froh bin,  
Dass ich frei ward,  
Nichts mich bindet und zwingt!

*Zu Mime:*

Mein Vater bist du nicht,  
In der Ferne bin ich heim;  
Dein Herd ist nicht mein Haus,  
Meine Decke ist nicht dein Dach.  
Wie der Fisch froh  
In der Flut schwimmt,  
Wie der Fink frei  
Sich davonschwingt:  
Flieg ich von hier,  
Flute davon,  
Wie der Wind übern Wald  
Weh ich dahin –  
Dich, Mime, nie wieder zu sehn!

7 JANUARY 1944

From: *Lover of Life*, vol. 3, *His Crowning Glory* [by Zsolt Harsányi]

*Conversation between Frederik Hendrik and Peter Paul Rubens.*

*Frederik Hendrik:* War is an evil, peace is a blessing. But let me ask you what is the cause of this war. Is it the hard-working nation that desires no

more than to live in peace, develop its trade, and fear God? Or is it the powerful tyrant nation, intent upon conquest and the subjugation of unwilling peoples?

*Peter Paul Rubens:* The Spanish Netherlands are the lawful inheritance of the Spanish crown, Your Grace. If one has children, it is difficult to renounce a lawful inheritance.

*Frederick Hendrik:* That is true. The Dutch were once free, and handed on freedom to their children as an inheritance. How can a Dutchman forsake the cause of freedom if he has children? Spain acquired Holland by force; we have taken our country back by force. We have no alternative but to defend it by force of arms. Not gladly, you must understand, but out of dire necessity. There is not a Dutchman who would not prefer to live at peace with his neighbours if it were possible to do so. It is difficult for us to understand each other, Rubens. We speak different languages. You think in terms of the imperial idea, of the divine inheritance of the Hapsburgs, of the so-called proper submission of a cowed and conquered people, above all, of the sacredness of the crown itself, which you believe is endowed with miraculous powers. Living under Spanish rule, you have forgotten what nationhood is. We, on the other hand, have not forgotten that we are a nation in Europe, a nation which is disliked because it is diligent and strong, a nation which desires nothing but to exercise its right to live and work. The world knows this, and therefore makes every effort to crush it. I tell you we can do nothing but fight those who are attempting to crush us. We demand sovereignty over those territories which provide us with our livelihood. When we attempt to defend ourselves you clamour that these barbarians, the Dutch, are fighting with bestial and ruthless cruelty. You are careful to say nothing of the Duke of Alva, of Hoorn, or of Egmont. But your King may send a hundred Dukes of Alva against us, he may constrict us with hoops of iron, he may close every port in the world against us; in the end it will avail him nothing. If you tell me that I am an instigator of war, I reply that I believe in peace as the supreme good, but that I am not willing to die merely to provide you with the kind of peace you seek. You are the one who desires war, you, who cry peace and yet support the claim of a monarch who wishes only to crush a hard-working and peaceful nation.

From: *Return of a Hero* by Eric Lowe  
*Salute to Freedom*

*Robin's reflections:*

When death came suddenly the bitterness of loss might seem insupportable. This, the irrevocable separation, was the part of death which always seemed so hard, though in reality it was evanescent, and the rankest sentimentalist, labour how he would, could not keep this grief alive through the years. There were, of course, other griefs, of which death might be either the cause or the effect, which did not fade so readily; but with these your sentimentalist had little to do, being entirely absorbed by self-pity, even if it were vicariously felt.

*A newly acquired friend in the camp says to Robin Stuart:*

‘Good-byes mean nothing to me. I never say them. Did it ever strike you that the greater the sense of loss, the more insincere is the friendship. If friendship is really sincere you gain something that you will never lose.’

*An interesting opinion:*

‘Free will!’ he said, with that enigmatic smile which always made Robin wonder if he were really serious. ‘What do you mean by free will? Freedom of action in the individual? Freedom of thought? The laws that govern life are not so intimately concerned with the individual as you pretend to believe. Look around you. Every minute you see individuals making decisions, saying this or that, doing this or that. Would you deny yourself the power to reason? And if you can reason you can act. Each of us can reason and act to the limit of our strength and ability. The limit is small, I grant you; too small to affect natural causes. But the collective strength of many people can and does control progress. Reasoning, constructive thought, is a comparatively recent development. But look what it has done already! It is not an impossible dream that someday our knowledge will enable us to make our own future.’

11 FEBRUARY 1944

From: *The Forsyte Saga*, volume 2: *In Chancery* by John Galsworthy

*Young Jolyon to Irene Heron after the death of old Jolyon:*

We should all like to go out in full summer with beauty stepping towards us across a lawn.

11 FEBRUARY 1944

*Thoughts of young Jolyon:*

Stark loneliness! He could not go on living here alone. And yet, so long as there was beauty, why should a man feel lonely? The answer – as to some idiot's riddle – was: Because he did. The greater the beauty, the greater the loneliness, for at the back of beauty was harmony, and at the back of harmony was – union. Beauty could not comfort if the soul were out of it.

•

12 FEBRUARY 1944

From: *Egmont* by Goethe

‘Klärchen's Song’

Freudvoll  
Und leidvoll,  
Gedankenvoll sein;  
Langen  
und Bangen  
In schwebender Pein;  
Himmelhoch jauchzend,  
Zum Tode betrübt;  
Glücklich allein  
Ist die Seele, die liebt.

•

12 FEBRUARY 1944

[Goethe]

‘*Das Veilchen*’



Ein Veilchen auf der Wiese stand,  
Gebückt in sich und unbekannt;  
Es war ein herziges Veilchen  
Da kam eine junge Schäferin  
Mit leichtem Schritt und munterm Sinn,  
Daher, daher,  
Die Wiese her, und sang.

‘Ach!’ denkt das Veilchen, ‘war’ ich nur  
Die schönste Blume der Natur,  
Ach, nur ein kleines Weilchen,  
Bis mich das Liebchen abgepflückt  
Und an dem Busen matt gedrückt!  
Ach nur, ach nur  
Ein Viertelstündchen lang!’

Ach! aber, ach! das Mädchen kam  
Und nicht in acht das Veilchen nahm,  
Ertrat das arme Veilchen.  
Es sank und starb und freut’ sich noch:  
‘Und sterb’ ich denn, so sterb’ ich doch  
Durch sie, durch sie,  
Zu ihren Füßen doch.’

12 FEBRUARY 1944

[Goethe]

‘Gefunden’

Ich ging im Walde  
So für mich hin,  
Und nichts zu suchen,  
Das war mein Sinn.

Im Schatten sah ich  
Ein Blümchen stehn,  
Wie Sterne leuchtend,

Wie Äuglein schön.

Ich wollt' es brechen,  
Da sagt es fein:  
'Soll ich zum Welken  
Gebrochen sein?'

Ich grub's mit allen  
Den Würzlein aus,  
Zum Garten trug ich's  
Am hübschen Haus.

Und pflanzt' es wieder  
Am stillen Ort;  
Nun schweigt es immer  
Und blüht so fort.

12 FEBRUARY 1944

*'Spruche von Goethe'*

Wär' nicht das Auge sonnenhaft  
Die Sonne könnt' es nie erblicken;  
Läg' nicht in uns des Gottes eigne Kraft,  
Wie könnt uns Göttliches entzücken?

Mit einem Herren steht es gut  
Der, was er befohlen, selber tut.

Willst du immer weiter schweifen?  
Sieh, das Gute liegt so nah.  
Lerne nur das Glück ergreifen,  
Denn das Glück ist immer da.

19 FEBRUARY 1944

From: *The Eternal Song* by F. de Clercq Zubli  
2nd volume of *The Joyous Silence*

*Joep's mother says to Joep:*

‘You cannot exhale your breath if you haven’t lived first, lived a life that is very intense and full. Do you remember when you started writing? During that difficult time when you were going deaf, and you took such a deep spiritual breath? You had to express yourself somehow, even if it was just to make yourself aware of what was going on inside you.

‘Indeed, every true book is a person’s attempt to come to terms with his own thoughts. In a true book, a writer writes himself free.

‘Be true to your work, for goodness’ sake, and let the “person” out. If your means of expression is the fairy tale, as you say, then you must write it, as long as it’s good, flawless and honest: that’s the important thing. The rest is outward show. Up until now you’ve only written articles for magazines. It’s time you wrote exactly where your inclination takes you. Write fairy tales, as many as you want. There really is a demand for a collection of good, fresh fairy tales, and if you can’t find a publisher for them, then at least you’ve had the pleasure of writing them.

‘Never distort your art, Joep. You know that would be a sacrilege, and in the end every sensitive person is open to whatever is true and pure, and what flows straight from your heart without any frills, no matter what form it takes.’

*Conversation with her mother after the birth of her son Hans.*

‘Was it hard for you, Mother, to have boys?’ I ask pensively.

Mother looks at me with surprise. ‘What do you mean by hard, Joep?’

‘I mean: weren’t you afraid you wouldn’t be able to understand them at all, later on, when they grew up?’

‘I think we don’t have the right grasp of these things. I don’t think we should raise children to be men or women, but to be people. I think all problems can be solved from a purely human standpoint and not from a female or a male standpoint.

‘The true human being is a synthesis of the female and the male element.

‘That’s why I don’t think you won’t be able to understand your son as long as you rise above the exclusively female standpoint and aim for the

purely human standpoint. If your son can do the same, that's where you'll meet each other, and that is the purest kind of understanding there is.'

*Conversation between Joep and her mother:*

'Trust is not something you have a right to by virtue of your motherhood. When a child, a human being, pours out his heart to you, what is he looking for? An understanding friend. And if your child's happiness is more important to you than anything else, you ought to be grateful that he has found such a friend, even if it isn't you.

'After all, trust is meant for the development of the child, not for the self-satisfied happiness of the mother. Naturally, the mother has a better chance of being that trusted friend than a stranger since she and the child share a similar disposition and are connected by mutual affection, but to have a *right* to your child's trust is something I've always found absurd. It's a kind of exploitation of your motherhood.'

True happiness lives within you; you cannot lose it.

All the misery we suffer on account of what death takes from us has nothing to do with love but issues from our own egoism.

The life that has made the forms entrusted to us into things that are unutterably beloved and precious lives in all of us, in the entire creation, in ourselves. And what we are missing is only the happiness this brought us, what was revealed to us in that precious body.

We thought we possessed it, and because of that we will suffer unspeakably. For no man can ever possess another human being, or anything else in the world, since everything that was created comes from life, and life exists in all of creation.

Daring, daring to think, be it ever so ugly and harsh.

Doctors must have been state functionaries; living from the suffering of others strikes me as barbaric.

Death, which you still don't dare look straight in the eye, is very different from what you now think.

Death is good and kind and is just as much a form of the life we love as anything else. How can creation keep renewing herself if she herself does not destroy the old forms?

•

23 MARCH 1944

From the *Forsytes*, volume 3

How foolish the old were, thinking they could tell what the young felt!

Rea

Love, what is love? I don't think you can really put it into words.

Love is understanding someone, caring for them, sharing their joys and sorrows! This eventually includes physical love. You've shared something, given something away and received something in return, whether you're married or not, whether you have a baby or not. Losing your virtue doesn't matter, as long as you know that for as long as you live you'll have someone at your side who understands you, and who you don't have to share with anyone else!

Rea

What good does it do to be miserable and to even think about misery?

Think about beautiful things and think about the beauty you still have left!

Not showing trust is already being distrustful.

He who has nothing to say is saying a lot.

Who honours the hero if he avoids combat?

Only he who is held in very high or very low esteem is never contradicted.

True sorrow is silent.

Silence can be the fruit of despair as well as the fruit of conviction.

12 MAY 1944

Mama's birthday proclamation, 1944

Nineteen hundred forty-four  
Fifty-five.  
Endless war  
Not much hair.  
Not much money and  
Not much food  
Presents, they're all gone for good.  
A pack of syrup  
Is all we could find,  
Times are hard, but never mind,  
Pim's still cheerful, we can tell:  
'The war is really going well!'

Deep down, the young are lonelier than the old.

He who cannot listen has nothing to say.

•

12 MAY 1944

From: *The Star-Gazer* by Z. v. Harsányi

Whoever understands geometry understands everything in the world. Anyone who knows nothing of geometry should close his books, he can never know any other science! Geometry teaches us real learning because this science explains itself. Whoever contradicts geometry denies self-evident truth [. . .]

By geometry you can tell an ass when you see him. In other sciences anyone can defend stupidities; the most you can do with him is to argue. But there's no arguing here; only one truth exists. And whoever doesn't see

it is an ass. Respect geometry, the alert watchdog of the house of wisdom. Geometry is the only sure test of fools.

*O Anne, follow this advice!*

•

14 MAY 1944

From: *The Star-Gazer* by Z. v. Harsányi

*Conversation between Galileo and Cardinal Bellarmine. Galileo had been reported to the Inquisition by a number of priests because they said he declared things that contradicted Holy Scripture. That the earth revolves around the sun, for example, which is the opposite of what Aristotle taught. This passage is from that section:*

*Bellarmino: 'Well then, has it ever occurred to you what a wonderful organization our Church is? With what splendid skill she has managed to make use of everything which can bind and uplift the human soul? Think of our churches and their splendour, the very sight of which comforts the poor, since we make them feel that the shimmering gold of holy vestments, the pomp of the processions, is really theirs. Think of the works of art which the greatest genius of centuries has created in paintings and statues for the Church. Think of the deep and soothing beauty of our music, the lulling harmony of our plainchant – of the fumes of incense which chain the believer even through his senses to his religion. Think of the sacraments which sustain human beings from birth to maturity and still assist them until they die in the arms of the Church. Think of the confessional, that wise and glorious institution which has given millions of human beings peace of mind and the courage to go on living, and quiet sleep. No movement of the human soul can escape the loving vigilance of the Church in her battle with the weakness of sinful men. And yet the whole miraculous institution, whose wisdom cannot be praised enough, is grounded on the truth of Holy Writ. Every rite, every word of the Mass, has its origin there. Our Church, as it stands today, springs direct from God. Her holy orders, her governing bodies, her world-wide authority, are divine. Whoever doubts this is a heretic.'*

*Galileo:* ‘God forbid that I should ever doubt it, Monsignor.’

*Bellarmino:* ‘Well, listen. We priests who by God’s mercy have been raised to posts of command and authority have the sacred duty of defending and strengthening this wonderful institution. We must wisely adapt its government to any problems that arise. Long before the triumph of Christianity, Aristotle and, later, Ptolemy created their pictures of the universe. Christianity has endorsed their view, because it seemed to agree with its holy aims. God created Adam and Eve, and through them mankind; He redeemed us by His Only Begotten Son. The whole cosmos relates to humanity – to man’s struggle to save his soul. Nothing can be of more significance than the salvation of a single individual, of the poorest beggarly human being. Not even the sun means so much to the Church, our Mother, because the sun, the moon, the stars are only parts of this human universe in which was played the terrible tragedy of redemption. The soul of any beggar out of the multitude who has lived and grown in the hands of God’s Church, knowing that nothing else is essential to him save his personal relation to the sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ, is worth more to me than all your learning. This beggar trusts the God who came to earth and was nailed to the Cross. Can I permit the thought to enter his mind that the earth is only a tiny satellite and the sun the real centre of the cosmos? Can I let humanity form this terrible thought that the earth, with its men seeking salvation, is not the heart of all created life? Can I allow doubt to invade their minds? That would be a greater blow than the Reformation and all other heresies. It would be enough to undermine the civil authority of the Papacy, and hence the wise and merciful power of the Church. This first doubt would be followed by a hundred others. The whole structure would crumble. Instead of faith, capricious disputation would be supreme; men would lose even their earthly happiness. No, Galileo Galilei; as long as I remain here in authority, I will never permit you to do this thing.’

‘Monsignor, may I ask one question?’

‘Ask what you please.’

‘Is it inconceivable that these teachings can be true?’

‘I don’t know. They are alien to all my conceptions: my mind is lost in them. But they may be true for all that. I am not interested, however, in their truth. I am only concerned with teachings. What can I allow people to believe in the interests of the Church and their own salvation? Is truth in



science so important? It may be so, for the scientist, to enable him to dispute. For me the faith of millions of poor people is far more essential. But I'll go further. Even if your teachings were proved true, my faith could withstand them. It is strong enough. I can imagine the holy mystery of salvation even on an earth which moves around the sun. But I cannot measure the faith of those millions of small, undeveloped souls by my own.'

'This was the point I wanted to make, Monsignor. It's the same with me. I believe that mine is the true cosmology, yet I remain a faithful son of the Church. And I don't expect any chance member of the multitude to believe the opposite of what he sees. Why should he suppose as I do that it isn't the sun which really rises at daybreak? I ask that only of learned men whose faith is strong to withstand this trial. Human beings learn very slowly; they advance and develop by slow degrees. According to the Holy Bible: Be perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect. The time will come when the faith of hundreds of thousands is strong enough to bear the truth of Copernicus so that in the end even the multitude will accept him, and still believe. Why am I forbidden to reveal this truth to learned men?'

'Because there are many priests among them. And a priest mustn't think with his own mind, but with the Pope's. No priest can ever persuade his hearers with a sermon in which he doesn't believe.'

'And the learned laity?'

'How can you separate the two categories? I can't ask the Inquisition to prepare two different Indexes. You must resign yourself to the fact that I can never permit this system to be expounded as a truth. Listen. We like you here very much. I have no hesitation in letting you know it. We esteem your scientific work, and His Holiness, who has no time for science, respects in you the courtier of a prince who has done great service in furthering the foreign policy of the Church. We treat you with the utmost consideration. For instance, we haven't raised any objection to your book which describes the spots on the sun, although it's in the spirit of Copernicus. Nor have we the least objection to any proof that the sun is imperfect. In other words, we treat you with much more respect than we should, for instance, Foscarini. We might even consent to close our eyes, if you will promise to treat your system as a strange and curious *hypothesis*, without any possible bearing on reality. But I won't let you proclaim it and defend it, because I'm a good

priest, a good Catholic, and want to see all God's children happy. I leave it to your conscience as a Catholic to do whatever you think fit. For myself I have already decided.'

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18 MAY 1944

From: *The Star-Gazer* by Z. v. Harsányi

*Conversation between Galileo and his oldest daughter Suor Celeste (Virginia)*

*Celeste*: 'You can never be alone, Father. God, whom you can trust, will be always with you. And you won't be disappointed in me, ever. Perhaps you will in everybody else and yet, I say, love men and trust them. Because, you see, to love is a much greater happiness than the pain of disappointment can ever be. Love can be perfect, but not disillusionment, because there's always consolation in God. Therefore the trusting man is right, because, if he subtracts the sorrow of disappointment from the happiness of trust, a larger sum is left.'

*Excuse the poor handwriting, I just almost passed out! Anne*

From: *Hungarian Rhapsody* by Z. v. Harsányi

*[Abbé] Lamennais [to] Liszt*:

To study the world and acknowledge it as God's creation, that is science.  
To depict the world in all its parts as God's creation, that is art.

•

1 JULY 1944

From: *An Ideal Husband* by Oscar Wilde

*Robert Chiltern and Gertrude, his wife*:

*Gertrude*: Robert, men can love what is beneath them – things unworthy, stained, dishonoured. We women worship when we love; and when we lose our worship, we lose everything.

1 JULY 1944

*Lord Goring:* Well, she wore far too much rouge last night, and not quite enough clothes. That is always a sign of despair in a woman.

2 JULY 1944

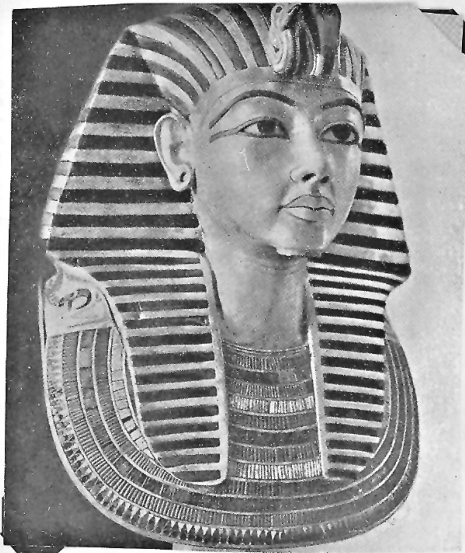
*Sir Robert Chiltern to his wife, Gertrude:*

All women commit a great error. Why can't you women love us, faults and all? Why do you place us on monstrous pedestals? We have all feet of clay, women as well as men; but when we men love women, we love them knowing their weaknesses, their follies, their imperfections, love them all the more, it may be, for that reason. It is not the perfect, but the imperfect, who have need of love. It is when we are wounded by our own hands, or by the hands of others, that love should come to cure us – else what use is love at all? All sins, except a sin against itself, Love should forgive. All lives, save loveless lives, true Love should pardon. A man's love is like that. It is wider, larger, more human than a woman's. Women think that they are making ideals of men. What they are making of us are false idols merely. You made your false idol of me, and I had not the courage to come down, show you my wounds, tell you my weaknesses. I was afraid that I might lose your love, as I have lost it now. And so, last night you ruined my life for me – yes, ruined it! What this woman asked of me was nothing compared to what she offered to me. She offered security, peace, stability. The sin of my youth, that I had thought was buried, rose up in front of me, hideous, horrible, with its hands at my throat. I could have killed it for ever, sent it back into his tomb, destroyed its record, burned the one witness against me.

You prevented me. No one but you, you know it. And now what is there before me but public disgrace, ruin, terrible shame, the mockery of the world, a lonely, dishonoured life, a lonely, dishonoured death, it may be, some day? Let women make no more ideals of men, let them not put them on altars and bow before them, or they may ruin other lives as completely as you – you whom I have so wildly loved – have ruined mine!

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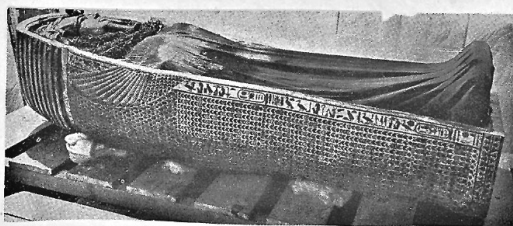
<sup>1</sup> Anne calls this work *Peter Paul Rubens*, but the Dutch title was *Dit was leven* (*This was Living*).



Gouden met emaille versierd masker van Tut-ankh-  
Amun, een bedekking van hoofd en schouders van  
de mummie.

Nu in het museum te Lairo.

Egypte. Nieuwe Rijk XVIII. Dynastie  $\pm$  1350 v. Christus.



Buitende mummie-  
kist geopend: onder  
het lijkbed de  
tweede kist.

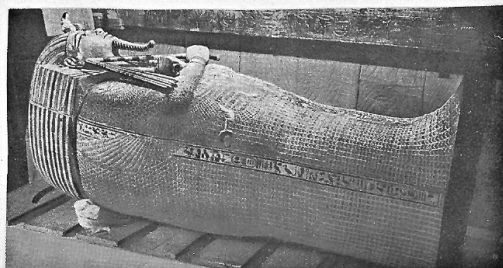
Nu in het museum  
te Lairo.

Egypte. Nieuwe Rijk.

XVII Dynastie  $\pm$  1350 v. Christus

Buitende mummiekist  
van Tut-ankh-Amun,  
hout, met goud overtrok-  
ken. Nu in Egyptisch  
museum te Lairo.

Archief: Kunst in beeld A 51



# *THE EGYPT BOOK*

## Introduction

It is still not known what prompted Anne to begin work on her so-called *Egypt Book*. She may have started it before the family went into hiding and then continued her project in the secret annexe. On 13 July 1943 (also see the story ‘The Best Little Table’, [here](#)) she writes about a row she had had with Mr Pfeffer/Dussel concerning the use of their writing table, and he shouts, ‘Mythology – what kind of work is that?’ He may have been referring to the work she was doing on her *Egypt Book*.

This text is being published here for the first time. As with the *Favourite Quotes Notebook*, only a small portion of the material was written by Anne herself. Almost all the texts are captions she copied out of the loose-leaf compilation *Kunst in Beeld* (*Art in Pictures*), cutting out the illustrations and pasting them in her notebook. In the text that follows, this is indicated by the word ‘[ILLUSTRATION]’ etc. There are a few somewhat longer fragments in this ‘scrapbook’ that were probably written by Anne herself, such as the general descriptions of Egypt, Mesopotamia and Greece, and of persons such as Champollion and Pericles. She reserved the left-hand pages of her notebook for this purpose; the pasted-in illustrations, along with their captions, are usually on the right-hand pages.

The *Egypt Book* is included in this anthology because the texts give us an insight into one of Anne’s main interests.

[ILLUSTRATION]

Above: The city of Tyre sends its tribute to Assyria by ship.

Below: Army camp within its circular enclosure, with departing army. Both scenic strips were applied as brass panelling to the doors of a palace near Nineveh, from the time of Salmanassar II. Mesopotamia. Assyrian. ±850 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld B95.

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[ILLUSTRATION]

Victory stela of city ruler Naram-Sin, son of Sargon of Akkad. Mesopotamia. Sumerian. ±2800 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld B84.

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[ILLUSTRATION]

Altamira cave drawings. Font de Gaume and Combarelles. The Altamira cave is located in the Pyrenees on the border between Spain and France.

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[ILLUSTRATION]

Reindeer.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Herd.

•



[ILLUSTRATION]

Bison.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld C1.

[MAP]

Map of Egypt.

Egypt is a country that was civilized very early on; this was mainly because of the Nile. The Nile floods its banks every year, so the people learned how to make dykes and bridges to protect themselves from the water. But sometimes they didn't make anything to hold the water back and it flooded the entire countryside. Because of this the land became very fertile and the people learned how to cultivate the soil. If the Nile hadn't been there Egypt would have been a desert, just like the Sahara. This is why Egypt is called a gift of the Nile. The people who lived around Egypt tried repeatedly to conquer it, but that only happened a few times.

Egypt was ruled by pharaohs, but they were just assumed names. The pharaoh was highly venerated. The priests had a lot of influence too.

There were very few cities in Egypt. Among the largest were Memphis and Thebes. Because the Nile flooded its banks every year, the people from the few cities often had to come and help the farmers. These people also traded a great deal with other nations and taught them how to work the land. Much later, in the time of Alexander the Great, Egypt was completely conquered and the great city of Alexandria was founded, which was named after Alexander the Great. Before Alexander the Great ruled the land Darius and Xerxes were there, who had all the rest of the land, except for Greece. That was a land they were never able to take. Under them Egypt rose up in revolt many times, but the powerful rulers managed to suppress every rebellion. Under Alexander the Egyptians were a little satisfied for the first time, because he introduced their customs to Macedonia and Macedonian customs to Macedonia [presumably she means Egypt here], so they actually became one big nation. Alexander was the son of Philip, king of Macedonia.

[ILLUSTRATION]

Mask of Tutankhamun decorated with gold and enamel, meant to cover the head and shoulders of the mummy. Now in the museum in Cairo. Egypt. New Kingdom. XVIIIth Dynasty.  $\pm 1350$  BC.  
Archive: Kunst in Beeld A53.

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[ILLUSTRATION]

Outermost mummy casket opened; beneath the shroud is the second casket. Now in the museum in Cairo. Egypt. New Kingdom. XVIIIth Dynasty.  $\pm 1350$  BC.

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[ILLUSTRATION]

Outermost mummy casket of Tutankhamun, wood, with gold overlay. Now in the Egyptian Museum in Cairo.  
Archive: Kunst in Beeld A51.

The mummy of Tutankhamun was found in a pyramid. There is hieroglyphic writing on the side. This was later deciphered by the French scholar Champollion using the Rosetta Stone. This stone was found near Rosetta and has writing on it in three languages, including hieroglyphics and Greek. This Mr Champollion knew Greek, so he could decipher the hieroglyphic writing.

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[ILLUSTRATION]

Pyramids of Khafra (Chephren) and Menkaure (Mycerinus) at Giza. Egypt. Old Kingdom. IVth Dynasty.  $\pm 2800$  and  $2750$  BC.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Pyramid of Khufu (Cheops). Egypt. Old Kingdom. IVth Dynasty. ±2850 BC.  
At Giza.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld A9.

The pyramids were very large, tower-like stones that were stacked on top of each other. Long before their death, the pharaohs would arrange for the construction of these huge mountains of stone. Inside such a pyramid there were lots of rooms as well as [a] treasury. When the king died, he was buried in the pyramid that had been built for him.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Tomb of Tutankhamun. Thebes. The antechamber with the sealed door to the burial chamber in the north wall. Egypt. New Kingdom. XVIIIth Dynasty. ±1350 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld A48.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Pyramid of Sneferu, at Meidum. Egypt. Old Kingdom. IIIrd Dynasty. 2900 BC.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Sphinx near the pyramid of Khafra. Giza. Egypt. Old Kingdom. [IVth] Dynasty. ±2700 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld A11.

King Xerxes was the successor to King Darius. King Darius died just as he was about to assemble another large army to wage war against Greece.

King Xerxes began building up the army as soon as his father died. But he was never able to conquer the Greeks.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

King Xerxes attended by servants, who carry the fan and the parasol. The parasol was a symbol of dignity. Relief from Persepolis.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld B120.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Palace of the ruins of the temple of Ur. In the background are the remains of a terraced structure (observation tower or ziggurat). The walls have a clay stone core with a brick covering. Mesopotamia. New Babylonian.  $\pm 550$  BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld A82.

•

[MAP]

## Mesopotamia

In the Euphrates and Tigris river basin around 3,000 years before Christ (5,000 years ago) there lived a people with a very advanced civilization: the Sumerians. Unlike Egypt, Mesopotamia was practically open on all sides, while Egypt was almost entirely cut off. Mesopotamia is the land of the two rivers. As a result of this situation, Mesopotamia suffered much more from war than Egypt did. Mesopotamia also waged many wars, not only to conquer territory but also to protect their trade routes. Because of their trade, the peoples of Mesopotamia were able to exercise a great deal of influence over other nations (peoples). The first great king of Mesopotamia was Hammurabi, whose laws were inscribed on a two-metre-high basalt column. The Code of Hammurabi was important because he introduced a new judicial system for his people. (No one could be his own judge any more.) The script used in Mesopotamia is called cuneiform. The religion of

the Babylonians was originally set up in such a way that every city had its own god. For example, Marduk was the god of the city of Babylon, while Shamash (sun) was the god of another city, but was also rather well known. Later on, the god of a city often became the god of the whole country, which is what happened with Marduk. For the Babylonians, the forces of nature were an important influence on religion. Think of Shamash (sun), for example. They also used the stars to make predictions, which is called astrology. Later on, this developed into the science of astronomy. Even in our own time there are remnants of this 'astrology': we speak of someone being born under a lucky star. There is even a trace of this in the Jewish [the Jewish religion?]. The Dutch, however, [borrowed?] some of the religion of the Germanic peoples as well as a number of words.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Babylon city gate. From the time of King Nabopolassar. Mesopotamia. New Babylonian. ±610 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld A81.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Vaulted graves, possibly family graves. Because every grave has room for several coffins. Mesopotamia. Babylonian.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld A91.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Stele bearing the Code of King Hammurabi. The king received the code from a sun god. Mesopotamia. Babylonian. ±2000 BC.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Two stelae: the king venerating the sun god Shamash. Mesopotamia. Babylonian. ±2000 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld B82.

•

[TWO ILLUSTRATIONS]

Statues of Sumerian city rulers (possibly priestesses as well) from the centuries before the founding of the Babylonian kingdom. Both statues from Tello, Lagash. Left: ±3000, right: (Queen Gudea) ±2500 BC. Mesopotamia.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld B80.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Head of a king. Assyria. ±800 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld B90.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

King Ashurnasirpal II on a lion hunt. Alabaster relief from the king's palace. At Nimrud-Calah. Mesopotamia. Assyrian. ±870 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld B93.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Storming an enemy fortress. On the right is King Ashurnasirpal II, who is leading the attack. In front of the king is a large siege machine, a movable turret with a battering ram. The enemy is attempting to pull up the battering ram by means of chains and to render it harmless. Assyrian soldiers are

hanging from the chains with hooks to keep the battering ram aimed at the enemy gate. Both sides are shooting at each other with bows and arrows; injured enemy soldiers are falling from the fortress walls. Alabaster relief from the palace of Ashurnasirpal II in Nimrud-Calah. Mesopotamia. Assyrian. ±870 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld B94.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Archers with armoured vehicle storming a fortress. The king is leading the attack from his throne.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Palace of King Sargon. The gatehouse near the large staircase.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Reconstruction. Mesopotamia. Assyria. ±720 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld A87.

## Persia

About fifty years after the fall of Nineveh, the Persians, who were also related to the Medes, succeeded in liberating themselves. At that time a king was reigning who was called Cyrus. The Persians had made Cyrus king of their country in about 550 BC. Persia conquered Lydia, Babylonia and a number of small countries, so that in the end it came to include all of Asia Minor. The subjugated nations were not treated badly. The Israelites and the Phoenicians in particular fared rather well under the Persians. Phoenician trade prospered once again. The son of Croesus [she probably means Cyrus II], a very rich king, was Cambyses. He also subjugated the Egyptians in 525, but the Egyptians were a very proud people and they repeatedly tried

to liberate themselves. Cambyses was not able to conquer them. When Cambyses died, the kingdom had a terrible [a word is missing here], but Darius quickly came to power, and he restored order. Darius reigned from 521 to 485. Darius made Persia the most powerful country in the world. It had a well-regulated administration, and it was divided up into provinces that were ruled over by governors (satraps). Unfortunately for Persia, Darius decided to expand his power westward, but this brought him into conflict with the Greeks. He was no more successful at conquering Greece than his son Xerxes was.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Tomb of Kyros (Cyrus). Near Pasargadae. Mesopotamia. ±530 BC.  
Archive: Kunst in Beeld A100.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Tomb of Dareios (Darius). Persepolis. Mesopotamia. Persian. ±500 BC.  
Archive: Kunst in Beeld A108.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

The Persian bodyguard of King Darius. Relief from the palace at Persepolis.  
Mesopotamia. Persian. ±500 BC.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

King Darius astride a dragon, symbol of the struggle between good and evil (Ormuzd against Ahriman).  
Archive: Kunst in Beeld B122.



Greece.

[MAP]

Map of Greece with settlements in Asia Minor and Italy.  
Archive: Kunst in Beeld A132.

The three orders of Greek capitals.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Ionic. Propylaea (Athens).

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Corinthian. Tholos (Epidauros).

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Doric. Propylaea (Athens).  
Archive: Kunst in Beeld A153.

Socrates and his pupil Plato were the most famous philosophers of these centuries. Socrates was a very good and considerate man who cared a lot for other people.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Theatre of Pergamon. Asia Minor. Like all Greek theatres, it was built into a hillside from which the seating was cut out. Between the seats and the stage is a semicircular area, the orchestra, which was intended for the

participating choruses. The tall back wall of the stage has disappeared.  
Greek. ±200 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld A155.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Head of a boxer. Bronze. Greek. ±325 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld B178.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Socrates. Original white [marble]. ±300 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld B176.

Hermes is one of the many Greek gods. His father is Zeus. Hermes is the god of oratory and the messenger of all the other gods. Hermes is required to travel with the dead souls to show them the way to Charon and the Styx. He has wings on his sandals so he can deliver the messages he is given as quickly as possible, and when that wasn't fast enough he got wings on his hat.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Head of an athlete. ±340 BC. Greek.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld B178.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

The Hermes of Praxiteles. After the 'elevated style' of the school of Phidias, Praxiteles and his school introduced the 'beautiful-form style'. Greek. ±350 BC. Archive: Kunst in Beeld B174.

In 461 Pericles became the ruler of Athens. Today it is said that he was one of the greatest statesmen in history. When Pericles assumed leadership, he tried to expand the power of Athens; the only way he could do that was by having more influence in the League. Many allies in the League, who previously had provided ships for the fleet, now chose to pay tribute, and the League's treasury was transferred to Athens. And everyone was obliged to pay the money to Athens. If citizens had fought in the war, they were also allowed to hold office and to hold seats in the courts of law. The Areopagus lost its right to reverse the decisions of the people's assembly. Pericles was also a great lover of art, he commissioned outstanding artists to build magnificent buildings and palaces and to decorate everything beautifully. The poor citizens could go to the theatres for free. He let them attend the lectures of Socrates and Plato. In this way he made sure that the people were a bit talented. And that they knew a little about a lot.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Herodotus. Roman copy of a Greek original. From the fourth century BC.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Pericles. Roman copy. After a Greek original. ±440 BC.  
Archive: Kunst in Beeld B176.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Small, probably not very successful marble copy of Phidias' Athena Parthenos. The copy is Roman. The original Greek. ±450 Bc.  
Archive: Kunst in Beeld B154.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

North-western side of the Parthenon on the Acropolis in Athens. An eight-column peripteros (octostyle). Built by Ictinus and Callicrates. The sculpture was made under the direction of Phidias, partly by his own hand. Greek. Doric order.  $\pm$  447–432 BC. Archive: Kunst in Beeld A138.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

South-eastern side of the Parthenon on the Acropolis in Athens. In the seventeenth century the middle section of the temple, along with the entire roof, was blown away in an explosion. The above image shows the building's condition before the restoration work was begun in 1929. Greek. Doric order. 447–432 BC. Archive: Kunst in Beeld A137.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Athena is the goddess of wisdom and of war. She stands on top of the Parthenon with a long staff in her hand on which there was a large and brilliantly glittering stone. When the soldiers returned to Athens from war, or when they left Athens, they saw that the goddess of war was with them and that therefore nothing could happen to them.

Delphi is mainly known for its famous oracle. This oracle was actually nothing but a crack in the ground that intoxicating vapours came out of; a tripod seat was placed above the ground, and seated on this was a priestess. She was completely intoxicated by the vapours, and if someone asked her something the answer would be very garbled. But the Greeks thought it was the god Apollo who made predictions for them by means of these proverbs, and they attached a great deal of value to it.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

The Discobolus of Myron. Modern bronze reconstruction, consisting of the head of the Lancelotti copy. With the body of the Vatican copy. The original was also made of bronze. Greek. Attic school. ±450 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld B150.

•

[TWO ILLUSTRATIONS]

Left: head of the goddess Athena (after Myron). Greek. ±450 BC.

Right: Classic marble copy based on the Athena of Phidias. ±450 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld B152.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Head of a goddess. A more sensitive rendering of form, a certain grace in the pose and elegance in the pleating of the garment are characteristic of Ionic work. Greek. Ionic. ±470 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld B142.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

The Delphi stadium, built for races. On one side the seats were cut into the mountain slope, on the other side they were constructed. There was room for seven thousand spectators. The starting line is still visible in the foreground. Greek. Probably 500 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld A157.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Head of a goddess. A certain rigidity of form. A stiff posture and somewhat frozen smile are characteristic of Doric work. Greek. Doric. 600 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld B142.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Beehive tomb (called the Treasury of Atreus) in Mycenae. Greek. Crete-Mycenaean period. ±1300 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld A130.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

City wall of ancient Troy. Cyclopean walls of hewn stone. The blocks fit together extremely well, even though they are very dissimilar in shape and size. ±1300 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld A125.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

The Lion Gate of Mycenae. Third style of cyclopean masonry; the stone blocks are cut into rectangular shapes, at least for the most part. Greek. Crete-Mycenaean period. ±1400 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld A129.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Vaulted passageway in the fortress of Tiryns. The building style is an example of the most primitive form of cyclopean masonry. Greek. Crete-Mycenaean period. 1500 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld A125.

•

[ILLUSTRATION]

Light hall and stairway in the Palace of Knossos on Crete. Greek. Crete-Mycenaean period. ±1500 BC.

Archive: Kunst in Beeld A121.

[in the back of the notebook]

Anne Frank

Merwedeplein 37<sup>II</sup>

Amsterdam (Z.)

tel. 90441

## II

# PHOTOS AND DOCUMENTS



## Editorial Note

Their father Otto Frank was a passionate photographer, so there are numerous photos of Anne Frank and her sister Margot. The decisive criteria for the following selection were that it should include both pictures from as many phases of Anne Frank's life as possible and depictions of people from Anne's closest circle of acquaintances, the other inhabitants of the secret annexe, and their helpers. In addition there are some facsimile pages from Anne's Frank's writings, her birth certificate and both of her death certificates.



Anne Frank, 1929, four weeks old



Anne being fed. From the left:  
Anne's sister Margot, Anne, Anne's cousin Stephan Elias,  
Anne's mother Edith (probably 1930)



Anne, about 1931



Anne in Sils-Maria, about 1935



Anne, about five years old



Margot (left) and Anne, in Aachen, October 1933



Anne (left) and Margot in Aachen, summer 1933





Anne, 11 September 1934



Margot Frank rollerskating on the Merwedeplein, 1934



Anne, 'Memento of My School Year 1935'



Anne, about 1937



Anne (*second from left*) with her friends on her tenth birthday, 1939



Anne, May 1935



Anne, May 1936



Anne, May 1937



Anne, May 1938



Anne, May 1939



Anne, May 1940



Anne, May 1941





Anne, May 1942



Anne on the roof terrace of the house at Merwedeplein, 1940



Anne, 1942



Wedding photo of Anne's parents, Otto Frank and Edith Holländer, 12 May 1925



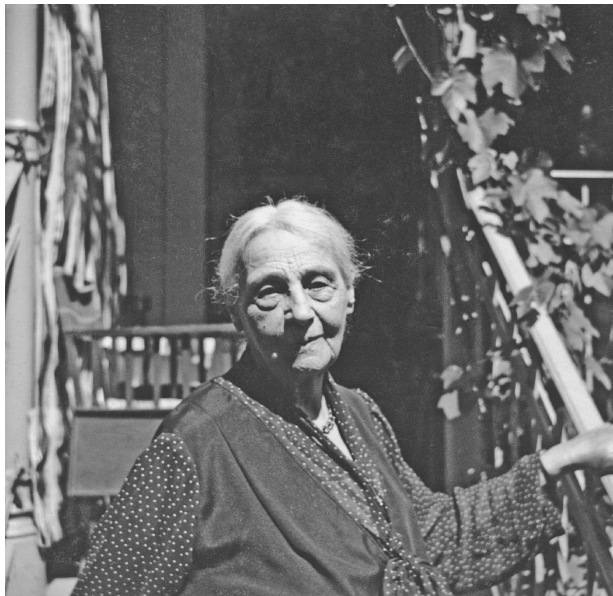
Edith Frank-Holländer, May 1935



Otto Frank, May 1936



Margot Frank, 1942



Alice Frank, Anne's paternal grandmother, about 1945



Rosa Holländer, Anne's maternal grandmother, in the 1920s



Hermann and Auguste van Pels, who lived in the secret annexe with the Franks and who are called van Daan in Anne's diary





Anne's cousins in Basle, Stephan (left) and Bernd (Buddy) Elias, about 1935



Employees of Otto Frank's company, Opekta, 1941. From the left: Victor Kugler, Esther, Bep Voskuijl, Pine, Miep Gies



Fritz Pfeffer, who also lived in the secret annexe with the Franks and who is called  
Albert Dussel (= Albert Dimwit) in Anne's diary



Peter van Pels (called Peter van Daan in Anne's diary), about seventeen years old



Miep and Jan Gies at their wedding on 16 July 1941



Miep Gies (*sitting*), Bep Voskuijl (*standing*), about 1940



Victor Kugler, about 1938



Johannes Kleiman





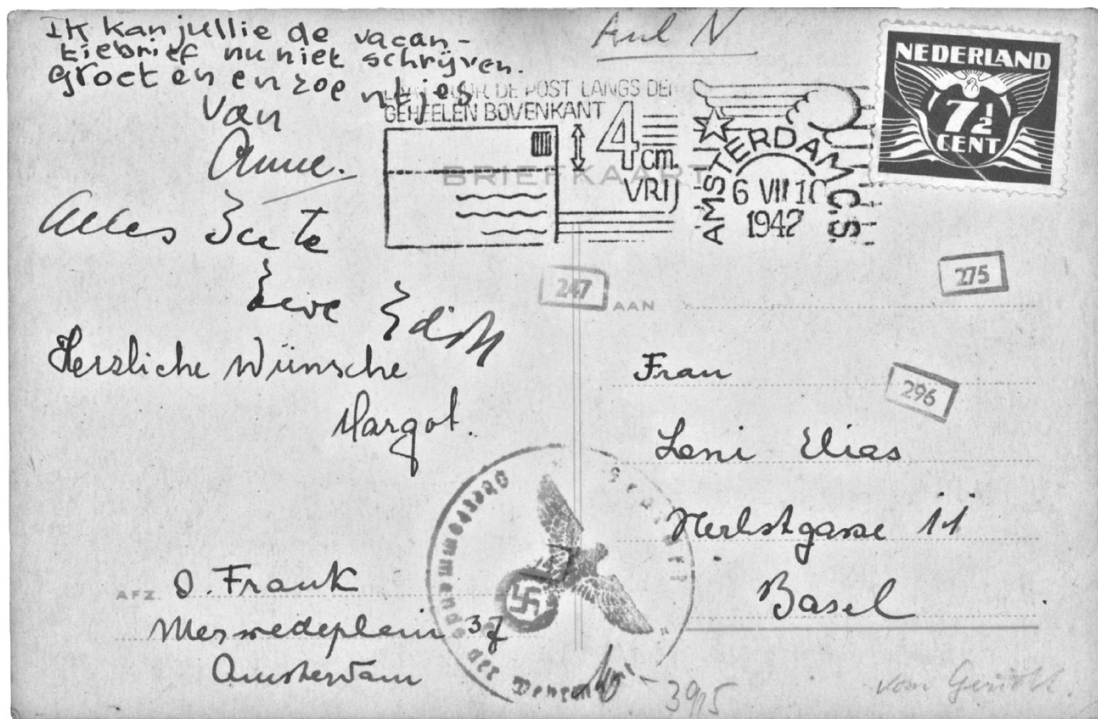
An embroidered nightdress bag, which Anne embroidered with the words *Goeden nacht* (good night) and Otto Frank gave to Anne's cousin Bernd (Buddy) Elias.



5. VII. 42

Liebste Lini,

Wir gratulieren Dir alle heute schon zu  
Deinem Geburtstag, da wir sicher sein wollen, dass  
Du unsere Grüsse rechtzeitig erhältst u. wir später  
keine Gelegenheit haben. Wir wünschen Dir von  
Herzen das Beste. Wir sind glänzend u. zusammen  
das ist die Hauptsache. Schmeichelt Dir alles für  
uns, aber man muss halt manches in Kauf  
nehmen. Hoffentlich mit in diesem Jahr noch Feste  
kommen so dass wir uns miteinander können. Dass  
wir mit der J. und den Thren nicht mehr corres-  
pondieren können ist bedauerlich, lässt sich aber  
nicht ändern. Das muss sie verstehen. Nochmals in  
guten Grüsse von



A postcard, signed by all the members of the family, that Otto Frank sent to his sister Leni Elias in Basle shortly before going into hiding on 5 July 1942. English translation of Anne's lines: 'I won't be able to write you a letter from our holidays now. Greetings and kisses from Anne.'

A/A Frank/I/2

original  
by not  
Lumtman  
AFS.



Freitag 18-12-'36

liebe omi, ich wünsche dir  
die herrlichsten wünsche  
zum geburtsstag. wie geht es  
stefan u. berd, ich danke  
tante leni für das schöne  
schimannchen hast du  
schöne geschenke bekommen?  
schreibe mir mal. kusschen  
Anne

Letter from Anne to her grandmother Alice Frank in Basle, December 1936

Ik zal hoop ik van jou alles kunnen  
 herovertrouwen, zoals ik het nog aan  
 niemand gekunt heb, en ik hoop dat  
 je een grote steun voor me kunt zijn.  
 Anne Frank. 12 Juni 1942.

Ik heb het nu een grote steun aan je gehad,  
 en ook aan onze lieve club die ik nu geregeld  
 schrijf, deze manier om in mijn dagboek te  
 schrijven vind ik veel  
 Annelies Marie Frank. 1941/1942. (winter)

Ik heb het nu heel  
 niet afwachten als  
 ik tijd heb om in je te  
 schrijven.  
 28 Sept. 1942.  
 Anne Frank.

Ik ben, o zo blij dat ik je meegenomen heb.

Flyleaf from Anne's first diary, 12 June 1942 and 28 September 1942

schijn, met heel weder de reden waarom ik  
mijzelf een gelukkige hinnenmaten noem en  
andere mensen met een gelukkige hinnenma-  
turen vinden. Van vinden heeft de rene hinnen  
me de weg, van vinden heet ik niet dan een  
van uitgelatenheid, niet losrullend geitje.

Maak ik al hei, ik wil alles anders aan dan  
ik het uitpreek en daardoor heb ik de naam  
van een jongensmallooper, flitsen, &  
hijnen in koninkrijksestet. Ghegeen. De  
hijne hinnen licht brown, geeft een bruch  
medekantwoord, heet haar schouder over  
schillig op, doet of het haar niet kan schelen,  
maar o mee, precies het omgekeerde regent  
de stille hinnen. Als ik helemaal leef ik ben,  
dan wil ik je wel bekenen dat het me wel  
deert, dat ik onmoedelijk veel moeite doe  
anders te worden, maar dat ik helemaal meer  
lezen sterker lezen recht.

Het tricht in me:.. Hei je wel, dat is er van  
je terechtgekomen, slechte meningen, spot-  
kende en verstoorde gezichten, mensen die  
je antipathiek vinden, ~~die~~ die ontmoet, en dat

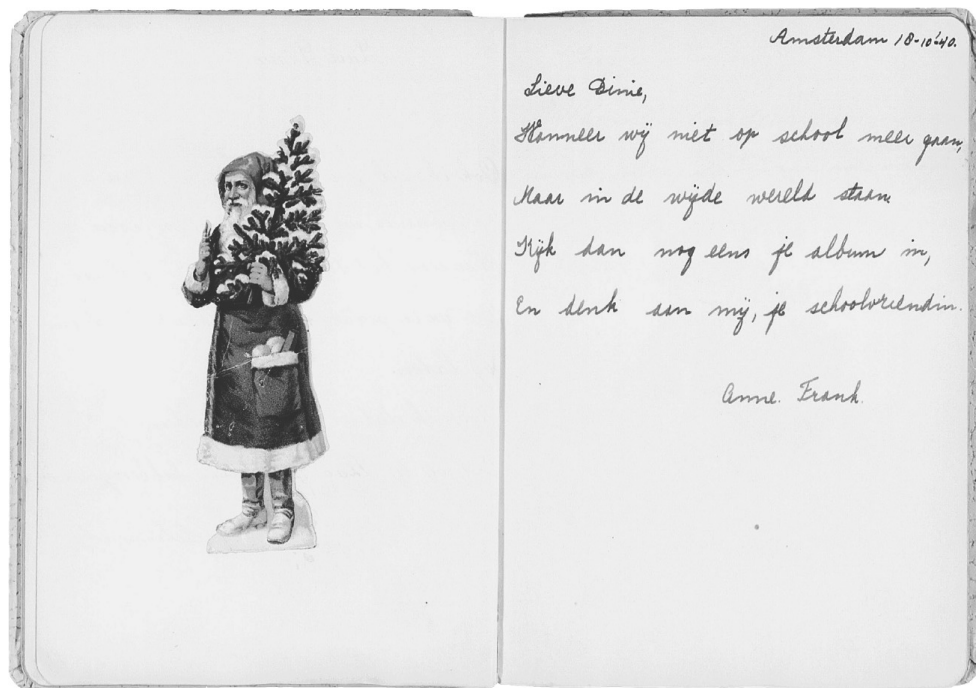
alles alleen omdat je niet naar de goede zaak  
 van je eigen goedheft bentent. Ach, ik kan wel  
 willen bruiden, maar het gaat niet, als ik stil  
 en ernstig ben denken alleen dat het een vrome  
 comedie is en dan moet ik me wel met een  
 grappig luit redden, nog niet eens van mijn  
 eigen familie gesproken, die besluit denkt dat  
 ik ziek ben, om hoofdpijn pillen en kalmeer-  
 tabletten laat slikken, me in hals en voorhoofd  
 voelt of ik koorts heb, maar mijn ontlasting  
 vraagt en mijn slechte lui bevestigert; dat  
 houd ik niet vol, als er ho of me geliet  
 wordt dan word ik eerst snibbig, dan verdrie-  
 tig en ten slotte draai ik mijn hart meer om,  
 draai het slechte naar buiten, het goede naar  
 binnen en haak aldus <sup>naar</sup> een middel om te  
 worden zoals ik ho erg graag kan willen zijn  
 en ho als ik kan binnen zijn, als ..... en geen  
 andere mensen in de wereld zouden waren.  
 je Anne M. Frank.



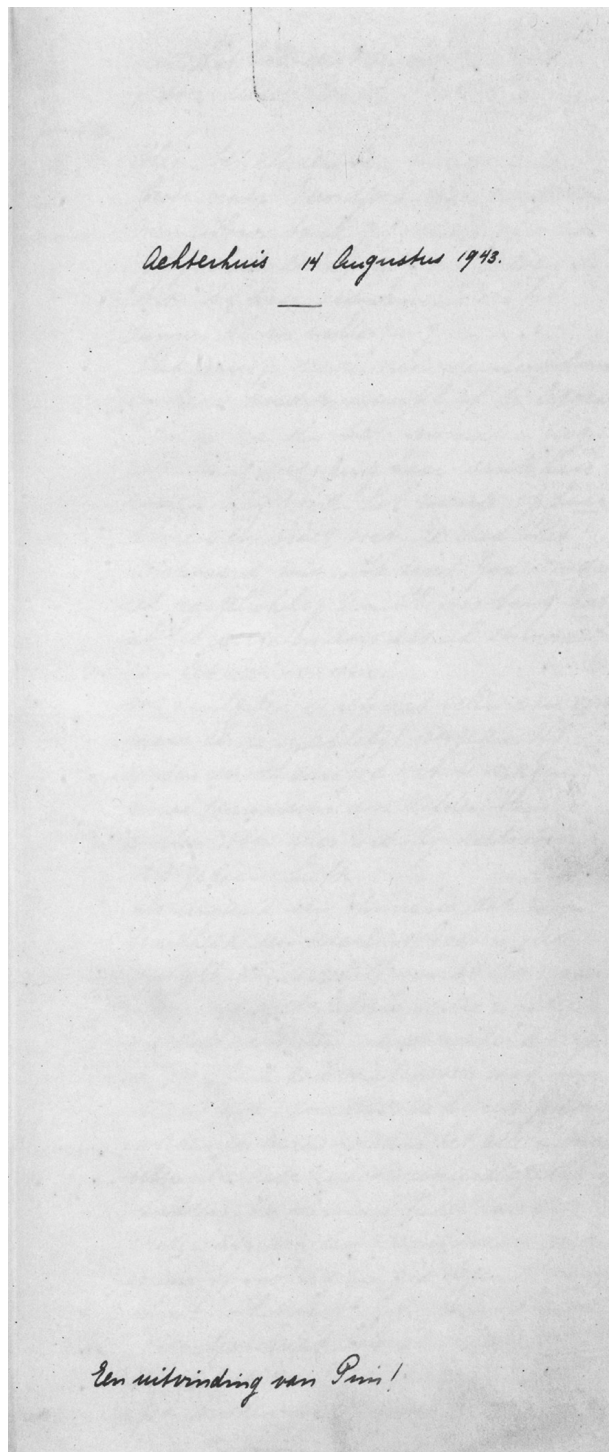
Lieve Bernd,  
Welgefelicitiseerd met je verjaardag, (zo be-  
gint een verjaardagsbrief altijd) en nog  
vele jaren. Hopelijk zijn jullie allemaal  
gerond, net als wij.  
Wij hebben 5 dagen Prinsenvacantie  
 gehad, het was erg fijn, en ik ben erg  
kerel met mijn dagen. 's Avonds kom ik  
niet voor to naar thuis, maar meestal  
wordt ik wel door een jongen thuisgebracht.  
Hoe gaat het met dat meisje? waarvan  
je die foto gestuurd hebt? Schrijf daar  
eens over, welke dingen interesseren  
mij wel. Margot heeft ook een vriend  
maar hij is nog jonger dan de mijne.  
Het epistel is niet erg lang uitgevallen  
maar ik heb ook geen tijd, daar ik met  
vader naar een filmvoorstelling bij  
kennissen ga. De groeten van allemaal.  
Schrijf eens aan mij terug Anne

Birthday letter from Anne to her cousin Bernd (Buddy) Elias in Basle, 1942





Entry by Anne in the friendship book of her classmate Dinie, 1940



Cover page of the 'Favourite Quotes Notebook': 'Secret Annexe. 14 August 1943.  
Pim's idea!'





rendier.

rotstekeningen uit de  
holen van Altamira,  
Font de Gaume en  
Combarelles.



kudde



bizon

De grot van Altamira  
ligt op de grens van  
Spanje en Frankrijk in  
de Pyrenëen.

Seite 184.

Nr. 484.

Frankfurt a/Main, am 17. Juni 1929.

Vor dem unterzeichneten Standesbeamten erschien heute,  
der Persönlichkeit nach Kunf Kunkel

ich Kunkel Kunf Kunkel Kunf Kunkel

wohnhaft in Frankfurt am Main, Mainberg  
100, 308 und zeigte an, daß von der  
Kunf Kunkel, geborenen Holländer, Kind  
frau,

wohnhaft bei ich,

zu Frankfurt am Main, Frankfurt am Main  
am 17. Juni des Jahres  
tausend neunhundert neunundzwanzig, um mittags  
um halb Uhr ein Kind  
geboren worden sei und daß das Kind den Vornamen  
Kunf Kunkel  
erhalten habe.

Vorgelesen, genehmigt und unterscriben  
Kunf Kunkel

Der Standesbeamte.

In Vertretung

Die Übereinstimmung mit dem Hauptregister beglaubigt  
Frankfurt a/Main, am 17. Juni 1929.

Der Standesbeamte.

In Vertretung

Anne Frank's birth certificate

INFORMATIEBUREAU VAN HET NEDERLANDSCHE ROODE KRUIS  
Jan Evertstraat 9, 's-Gravenhage  
Telefoon: 184200

Abt.: J.  
Dossier: 117266 's-Gravenhage, 5.Mai 1954  
Betr.: Uw schr.z.d.

B E S C H E I N I G U N G

Unterzeichneter, Direktor des "Informatiebureau van het Nederlandsche Rode Kruis", bestätigt hierdurch, dass laut der ihm zur Verfügung stehenden Angaben

Annelies Marie FRANK

geboren: 12.Juni 1929 in: Frankfurt/M.  
letzter Wohnsitz: Amsterdam, Merwedeplein 37  
aus rassischen Gründen und zwar wegen jüdischer Abstammung

am 8.August 1944 ins K.L.Westerbork (Holland) eingeliefert wurde.

Deportation erfolgte am 3.Sept. 1944 vom K.L.Westerbork aus nach Auschwitz.

Oben genannte Person ist nach den hier vorhandenen Unterlagen ~~verhaftet worden~~ ~~am~~ nach 1.März 1945, spätestens aber 31.März 1945 in Bergen-Belsen verstorben. Nach den hiesigen Unterlagen ist der Sterbefall in Holland noch nicht beurkundet.



*[Handwritten signature]*  
(J. van de Vosse)  
Direktor.



|                      |     |
|----------------------|-----|
| BURGERLIJKE<br>STAND |     |
| 10 11 54             | 100 |
| AMSTERDAM            |     |
| LEGES                |     |

Hierboven moet een legesstempel van f1.— staan.

Arrondissement  
AMSTERDAM

Gemeente  
AMSTERDAM

## BURGERLIJKE STAND

Reg. 4105 Fo. g

### Uittreksel

uit het register van *Overlijden*

Op *negenen twintig* October *negenienhonderd vijfen vijftig*  
is, in de gemeente Amsterdam *ingeschreven*. Op *eenen*der *big* Maart *negen* tien  
*honderd vijfen* veertig is in Bergen. *Belien* in Duitsland *geleden*.  
*Frank*, *Amelies* Maite, geboren *twaaft* Juni *negenien* honderd  
*negenen* *twintig* in *Frankfort* aan de *Rijn* in *Duitsland*,  
dochter van: *Frank*, *Wolfgang* en: *Hollander*, *Kath*.

Coll:

Voor gelijkkluidend uittreksel.

Zegel f 2.—  
Leges „ 1.—  
f 3.—



AMSTERDAM, *10 November* 1954.  
DE AMBTENAAR VAN DE BURGERLIJKE STAND,

Death certificate of 10 November 1954



The cover of the first edition of the diary of Anne Frank in the Netherlands, 1947





### III

## BACKGROUND AND CONTEXT

*ANNE FRANK'S LIFE*

Mirjam Pressler

How does one write the biography of a girl who reached only the age of fifteen? In the case of Anne Frank, it is not enough to say that she was born on 12 June 1929, spent the first four years of her life in Frankfurt am Main, then ten years in Amsterdam, and a short period of time in the Westerbork Jewish transit camp before being deported via Auschwitz to the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp on Lüneburg Heath, where she died. To tell her story, it is important to consider the political conditions in Europe which had a decisive impact on her life circumstances and were responsible for her premature death.

Anne's father, Otto Frank, the son of an upper-middle-class Jewish family from Frankfurt am Main, was already thirty-six years old when he married twenty-five-year-old Edith Holländer of Aachen, the daughter of a wealthy industrialist, who brought both her youth and a considerable dowry into the marriage. The young couple lived in Frankfurt, at first in the house of Otto Frank's mother, Alice, along with his siblings and their families. That was where their first daughter, Margot Betti, was born, on 16 February 1926; their second daughter, Annelies Marie, known as Anne, was born three years later, by which time Otto and Edith had moved to Marbachweg. The atmosphere on this street is described as liberal and progressive, with the mainly Protestant children playing with the few Catholics; Anne and her sister, Margot, grew up with this group of children. As a result of the continuing financial impact of the First World War (which at the time was still known as the Great War) and the world economic crisis, the Franks moved to Ganghoferstraße in 1931. The apartment, in what was known as the *Dichterviertel* (poets' quarter), was smaller and cheaper, and the middle-class surroundings may also have provided greater protection against the increasingly overt and brutal activities of the National Socialists. In early March 1933, the Franks moved out of this apartment, 'due to the economic situation', and moved back into Otto's mother's house.

The political situation escalated and, on 30 January 1933, Hindenburg, President of the Reich, appointed Adolf Hitler as Chancellor of the German Reich. In March, after the National Socialists won local elections all over Germany, including in Frankfurt am Main, the widespread National

Socialist boycott of Jewish establishments and shops began, on 1 April 1933. The Franks no longer saw a future for themselves in their home town of Frankfurt, or in their home country of Germany, and decided to emigrate. The political situation was crucial in this decision, but the difficult economic situation may also have played its part, with the family-owned bank increasingly struggling.

Robert, Otto's elder brother, emigrated to London with his wife, and Herbert, the younger brother, went to live with a cousin in Paris. Otto's sister, Leni, had already emigrated to Basle with her husband, Erich Elias, and their sons Stephan and Bernd (known as Buddy), where Erich established a branch of the German company Opekta. Alice Frank, Otto's mother, also moved to Basle, to be near her daughter. Otto Frank, for his part, decided on Amsterdam. There were several reasons for this. The Netherlands had remained neutral during the First World War – as neutral as Switzerland would be in the Second World War – and the country was deemed to be safe. In addition, some time previously, Otto had tried to establish a branch of the bank in Amsterdam. Although this had failed, he knew the town and had friends there. The main reason, however, was the fact that his brother-in-law Erich Elias had secured a branch of Opekta for him in the Netherlands, which Otto Frank hoped would enable him to support his family. In 1933, he moved his wife and his daughters Margot and Anne to his wife's mother's house in Aachen, before travelling to Amsterdam to start work at Opekta.

The staff he employed would later become the people who would help the Franks when they were forced to go into hiding. None of them was Jewish, yet they risked their lives to protect Jews. Without helpers, it was impossible to go into and remain in hiding. With their admirable willingness to help and their sacrificial faithfulness, these people deserve to be introduced individually.

Victor Kugler, born in Hohenelbe in 1900, was originally Austrian but took on Dutch nationality in 1938. He worked at the company almost from the very beginning and was Otto Frank's right-hand man.

Soon after Kugler joined, Miep Santrouschitz, born in Vienna in 1909, entered the company as an office worker. Miep was also originally Austrian. After the First World War, she had been brought to the Netherlands as part of an aid programme for children who needed to be nursed back to health,

and she had stayed there with her foster parents. In 1941, she married Jan Gies, who was also one of the helpers, and later became known as Miep Gies.

Elisabeth Voskuijl (known as Bep), born in Amsterdam in 1919, came into Otto Frank's company in 1937 as an office assistant.

The final helper was Johannes Kleiman, born in Koog aan de Zaan in 1896 and an old friend of Otto Frank from the time of his first stay in Amsterdam. He had already worked in bookkeeping before joining the company shortly after Hermann van Pels.

Hermann van Pels, a specialist in spice mixes, had fled from Osnabrück to the Netherlands with his wife, Auguste, and his son, Peter, to escape the Nazis. He was a partner in the company. The van Pels family later went into hiding with the Franks; Anne called them 'van Daan' in her diary.

Let us now return to Anne. She was the last member of the family to arrive at the apartment on Merwedeplein in Amsterdam in the spring of 1934. Many emigrants from Germany lived in this newly developed neighbourhood. Anne attended the Montessori kindergarten and then the Montessori school and, like her sister Margot, learned to speak Dutch very quickly. However, unlike Margot, Anne was not an outstanding student. She seems to have been an extrovert, more interested in playing and going out than in school. Her cousin Buddy Elias, whom she had seen regularly in Frankfurt and with whom she later often spent holidays in Switzerland, remembers her as a cheerful, lively and playful girl who liked playing tricks on people, while he describes Margot as somebody who was always sitting quietly and reading. A teacher who taught both Margot and Anne, when asked later if she would have expected Anne to write a diary of this kind, said she would have thought that Margot would have been more likely to do so. In any event, Anne seems to have had a carefree childhood, and it can be assumed that, at her age, she was not fully aware of the ominous developments in Germany – at least, not until 1939.

On 1 September 1939, the German army attacked Poland and war broke out. Nine months later the Germans crossed the border into the Netherlands and, after a short and intense period of resistance, occupied the whole country. This meant that the Nazis had caught up with the Frank family; and escape was impossible, as the frontiers had been closed. Otto Frank's

attempts to obtain a permit to enter the USA or somewhere in South America were not successful.

In the Netherlands, as in all occupied countries, the Germans issued anti-Jewish laws. After the dismissal of Jewish civil servants and the Aryanization, or 'de-Jewification', of the economy, social isolation and deprivation of rights of the Jewish population ensued. Otto Frank, a forward-looking man, aware of the situation of Jews in Germany, had – at least in official terms – signed over his company to his friend Johannes Kleiman and to Jan Gies, Miep's husband, to avoid confiscation. However, the anti-Jewish laws now affected the entire family. When Jewish children were no longer allowed to attend the same school as non-Jewish children, Anne Frank switched to the newly established Jewish Lyceum.

Anne's thirteenth birthday fell on 12 June 1942, and one of her gifts was a diary. In her very first entry she wrote that this was probably the best present she had received. In the few weeks of freedom she had left, the entries in her diary correspond to those expected of a girl of her age and describe her birthday gifts, the people who had come to visit her, a table-tennis club she had set up with friends, her first admirers, and going out for ice cream. Anne simply recorded everyday events. However, the entries from those weeks also include a description of her fellow students that shows her gift for detailed observation and her sharp pen.

That same summer saw the first 'summonses' for young Jews. These were notifications that they had to be at a certain place on a certain day for transport to a labour camp. The first summonses were addressed to young people aged between sixteen and twenty-six; a little later, these were extended to children and the elderly. Anne's sister, Margot, who had just turned sixteen, was one of the first to receive a summons. Otto Frank, as a man of progressive outlook, had predicted an escalation of the situation and had taken precautionary measures. After asking his employees if they were willing to become helpers, he had prepared a hiding place for his family in the building where his company was located. All the employees, including Miep's husband, Jan Gies, had agreed, showing a willingness to help and a human magnanimity that cannot be esteemed highly enough, given that the Germans had threatened anyone who helped Jews with harsh punishments. Several citizens of the Netherlands lost their lives as a consequence of their willingness to help others in this way.

Eighteen months previously Otto Frank's company had moved into a new building at 263 Prinsengracht, a tall, narrow canal house between other tall, narrow canal houses, and with an extension, known as the annexe. The first floor of the extension housed the company's private office and the second floor could be reached only through a door that was later concealed behind a filing cabinet, which, if one knew how the mechanism worked, could be hooked and unhooked to conceal or open the only means of access to the upper floors of the annexe. Otto Frank had prepared the hiding place for his wife, his daughters and the van Pels family on the second and third floors of this 'secret' annexe. With Kleiman, he had taken furniture, bedding and provisions up there. In addition to a toilet with a sink, there were two small rooms on the second floor; one was assigned to Mr and Mrs Frank, the other to Margot and Anne. On the floor above, which was reached via a steep staircase, there was a spacious kitchen, which was to serve as a bedroom for Mr and Mrs van Pels and as a kitchen and living room for everyone. From the kitchen, a door led to a landing with stairs leading up to the attic. This landing was to be Peter's bedroom. The whole hiding place did not cover much more than fifty or sixty square metres.

On the day after Margot received her summons, the Franks moved into the secret annexe, and the van Pels family soon followed. The employees of the company assumed responsibility for providing the seven people in hiding with food and news. Miep Gies and Bep Voskuyl, in particular, were unstinting in their efforts to bring food, despite it becoming increasingly difficult to get hold of adequate supplies. After all, there was a war on, and food was regulated by means of ration cards. Sometimes it was possible for people in hiding, who were not officially given ration cards, to obtain them on the black market, but this was difficult and complicated and it was important that the helpers did not raise any suspicions. Miep Gies must have possessed extraordinary organizational skills to have managed this task so well for two years.

However, in addition to issues with provisions, there was also the problem of seven different people living together at such close quarters. The inhabitants of the secret annexe had to come to terms with a new form of everyday life, whether they liked it or not, and this was far from easy. On the one hand, there was the limited space, which made it impossible to remove oneself from the inevitable disagreements that arise when so many



different people live together. On the other, there were numerous precautions that had to be taken to ensure that they would not give their hiding place, and themselves, away. Although the company's employees, the helpers, knew that Jews were hidden above the private office, the warehouse workers had no idea. For this reason and because, sometimes, other people, for example, customers, the cleaning lady or the tax adviser, would be in the office, those in hiding had to remain absolutely silent during office hours. They could move about only on tiptoe and were not allowed to flush the toilet. It was only over lunch, when the warehouse workers would go home to eat, that they could move around freely. This meant that they had to occupy themselves quietly for hours on end, which was no mean feat, considering there were three young people in hiding – Margot, sixteen; Peter, fifteen; and Anne, thirteen – who now had to spend their days deprived of physical activity, without variety, without commitments such as school and homework, and with no end to the situation in sight. This made it essential to structure time in a new way. There was not much to do apart from reading and learning. Otto Frank had also proved to be forward-thinking in this regard, and had told Margot, Anne and Peter to bring all their schoolbooks and supplies of exercise books and writing materials with them. He requested that they continue to work on all their school subjects, even those they did not like. Anne, for example, hated mathematics. He also ordered a shorthand correspondence course via Bep Voskuijl to keep them busy.

After a few weeks, the seven had grown used to living in the secret annexe, to some degree, but the news from outside was becoming worse and worse. They heard about frequent raids by the Germans, when whole roads were blocked off and the houses searched for Jews, who were then deported, or 'relocated', as it was called at the time. The inhabitants of the secret annexe, who felt safe, started to feel guilty. They said that eight people could live where seven people now lived, that eight people could eat their fill on provisions for seven and that the risk to the helpers would be the same whether they were protecting seven or eight people. After deciding to take in another person, they selected Dr Fritz Pfeffer, a Jewish dentist who had fled the Nazis and come to Amsterdam from Gießen and with whom they all had a nodding acquaintance. As there was no other space, Margot, who, at sixteen, was already a young woman, moved on to a camp bed in

her parents' room and Pfeffer shared a room with Anne, who was still considered to be a child. She wrote repeatedly about disagreements and arguments with Pfeffer, whom she called *Dussel* (Dimwit) in her diary, which can only be described as an intentional unkindness.

It was obviously very difficult for Anne to accept the limitations on her activities due to being confined in such a small space, and the reduction of her contacts to so few people. She must have felt very lonely, misunderstood and neglected; there were frequent arguments with her mother. She was also often the cause of disagreements between the adults, especially between her mother and Mrs van Pels, who was constantly attacking Edith Frank because of her 'modern methods of upbringing'. However, Anne spent increasing amounts of time writing her diary, which was her only form of distraction and became her substitute for friends and social contact to such an extent that she personified it and even gave this 'friend' a name: Kitty. This was not a name Anne had thought up herself: Kitty was a literary figure from *Joop ter Heul*, a popular series of books for girls at the time by Cissy van Marxveldt. Anne loved these books, which tell the story of a group of friends from their school days until the first of them is married and has children. At first Anne wrote to all the members of the group, but soon Kitty was the only one left. In addition to the diary, in 1943, Anne also started to write stories and fairy tales, which were later published under the title *Tales from the Secret Annexe*.

For Anne, writing became indispensable to her life and to her survival. Writing gave her the possibility of representing herself, of using words to paint a picture of herself and her position in the world. Her growing passion for writing, which later became an obsession, can be explained in particular by her sense of loneliness and by having to spend time alone. While life for the eight people in the secret annexe seemed to be degenerating into demoralizing and exhausting quarrels, Anne embarked on the biggest adventure of her life and became the writer who would conquer the whole world after her death. She quickly stopped being a child, not only growing up physically but also undergoing an intellectual development that took place at breathtaking speed. And she experienced a love story with Peter van Pels. It really was a love story, although the question can be raised whether Anne was truly in love with the real Peter van Pels or whether she was projecting her desire to feel emotions on to an image. The latter is

supported by the fact that, after weeks of exuberance, she dropped back into loneliness. However, in the description of her love story, she has left us unique documentation of the development of a girl into a woman, and one that was never influenced and changed by later experiences and insights; it was not romanticized or overshadowed but spoke openly and directly of her wishes and desires. This may be one of the reasons why the diary of Anne Frank still captivates and touches young readers today.

In early 1944, something happened that was of great significance for Anne as a writer. A minister of the Dutch government in exile in London, Gerrit Bolkestein, made a speech via the Oranje radio station in which he said that, after the war, an institute should be founded with the aim of collecting, archiving and publishing as much information on and documentation of the suffering of the population during the German occupation as could be found. He used diaries as an example. Anne heard this speech while in the secret annexe and, having long confided in her diary that, after the war, she wanted to be a journalist and a writer, she was inspired to edit her diary with a view to future publication. The fact that she did this shows not only that she was aware of the difference between a private diary and the diary as a literary form but also how much she had developed from a diary-writing teenage girl into a writer. She was not satisfied simply by making changes to the style of her entries, she also made selections, omitted things she considered unimportant and added a lot of new material. At the same time, she continued writing her original diary, which was later designated version a to distinguish it from the amended and supplemented, transcribed and rewritten version, which is known as version b.

For just over two years, eight people lived in the secret annexe, sustained by the helpers' unequalled willingness to support them; for just over two years, the diary was the main focus of Anne Frank's life. The date of the last entry is 1 August 1944. After this, there is just a single editorial comment: 'Anne's diary ends here.' But this is not where her life ended.

The people in hiding were arrested on 4 August. It is known that they were betrayed, but there is only speculation about who betrayed them. After the war, an investigation was opened into one of the warehouse workers: there was evidence that he knew of the hidden Jews, but none that he had betrayed them. A Dutch Nazi who had had previous dealings with Otto

Frank also fell under suspicion, but again there is no proof. Whatever happened, they were arrested and deported to Westerbork a few days later.

Westerbork was originally established as a reception camp for Jewish refugees from Germany and funded by Israeli communities in the Netherlands, but the Germans had turned it into a transit camp for Jews. From there, trains full of prisoners headed east, mainly to Auschwitz and Sobibor. However, when the eight people from the secret annexe arrived, there had not been any deportations from Westerbork for some time. Indeed, the prisoners may have felt fairly safe at this point in the war, as liberation seemed imminent. In the west, the Allies had landed in France, and the Red Army had made great progress in the east. It seemed clear that the Germans were going to lose the war, and nobody believed that they would still be able to deport Jewish prisoners to Poland. Yet, as the Allies reached the southern border of the Netherlands, one final transport left Westerbork for Auschwitz, on 3 September 1944.

All eight Jews from the secret annexe were on this transport, which took the form of cattle wagons, in which people were jammed without food, water or toilet facilities. Selection took place immediately upon arrival in Auschwitz. Of the 1,019 people in the transport, 549 were gassed straight away, including all children under the age of fifteen. Families were separated, and men and women were put into different parts of the camp.

Otto Frank, Hermann van Pels, Fritz Pfeffer and Peter van Pels remained together. Hermann van Pels was the first to be murdered, after falling victim to a selection. The second was Fritz Pfeffer, who died in the Neuengamme concentration camp, where he was taken from Auschwitz, on 20 December. In mid-January, when Auschwitz was evacuated because the Red Army was approaching and the Nazis did not want any living witnesses to fall into the hands of the Russians, Peter was sent on one of the so-called 'death marches'. He was still alive when he reached the Mauthausen concentration camp in Austria, but died there, a few days before the camp was liberated by the Americans. Otto Frank, who was too weak for a death march, remained in Auschwitz and was liberated by the Red Army on 27 January 1945. Auguste van Pels, Peter's mother, was moved on from Auschwitz, and all we know about her is that she was in Bergen-Belsen, then Buchenwald, then Theresienstadt. The Netherlands Red Cross estimates that

she died between 9 April and 8 May 1945, somewhere in Germany or Czechoslovakia.

Edith, Margot and Anne Frank were in Auschwitz-Birkenau together. Edith Frank died there, of hunger and exhaustion, on 6 January 1945. By that time, Margot and Anne had long been moved to Bergen-Belsen. According to reports from women who knew Anne and who survived the Holocaust, Margot and Anne spent most of their two months in Auschwitz in the scabies block. They were then transferred to Bergen-Belsen, the concentration camp on Lüneburg Heath, which was originally considered to be a 'better' camp. This was where the Nazis detained Jews who had foreign passports or certificates that would allow them to emigrate to Palestine. These prisoners were kept as bargaining chips, to be exchanged for Germans outside the National Socialist sphere of control. One instance of this took place in 1943, when 222 Jews were exchanged for German Templars who had settled in Palestine in the previous century and were now brought back to Germany.

However, when Margot and Anne arrived in Bergen-Belsen, conditions were wretched. It was hopelessly overcrowded and the SS guards were unable to maintain order in the growing chaos; in the end, they concentrated their efforts entirely on guarding the camp to prevent escape attempts. Due to the catastrophic hygiene situation – there were no toilets or washing facilities – disease broke out and easily claimed the lives of the prisoners who were suffering from malnutrition and in poor physical condition.

The typhus epidemic that erupted in early 1945 resulted in the death of almost half the 125,000 Jews in Bergen-Belsen, the vast majority dying in the last months before and the first weeks after the liberation. There are many witness statements from women who survived the Holocaust and knew Margot and Anne from earlier, in Amsterdam or Auschwitz.<sup>1</sup> According to these statements, Margot and Anne contracted typhus, with Margot probably becoming ill first. Exhausted from lack of food, their bodies were unable to withstand the disease, and both Margot and Anne died. The dates of their deaths are not known but it must be assumed that they died in March 1945, just a few weeks before the British liberated the camp. On 17 April, when the British entered the camp, in which typhus and spotted fever were rife, they found approximately 60,000 emaciated

survivors and mountains of corpses for which mass graves had been dug. The camp had to be burnt down because of the risk of contamination.

Today, next to the mass graves at Bergen-Belsen, there is a memorial site to the victims of the Holocaust. One of the memorial stones is for Margot and Anne Frank. Anne Frank did not live for much longer than fifteen and a half years.

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<sup>1</sup> Willy Lindwer, *The Last Seven Months of Anne Frank: The Stories of Six Women Who Knew Anne Frank*, translated from the Dutch by Alison Meersschaert, Young Picador, 2004.

# *THE HISTORY OF ANNE FRANK'S FAMILY*

Mirjam Pressler

The best way to tell the story of the Frank family is to start with the Judengasse in Frankfurt, the ghetto of the city. The lane was only 330 metres long and too narrow for carriages to turn around in. From 1462 onwards, all Frankfurt Jews who had previously lived in the city centre had to move to newly built houses along the Staufenmauer, part of the old city walls. There were gates at either end of the lane, which were closed on Christian holidays. At first there were sufficient houses for the 110 people who lived there at the time but, in the sixteenth century in particular, the number of inhabitants expanded dramatically and, although conditions in the Judengasse became increasingly cramped, the town council refused to agree to extending the area. Living conditions were intolerable, and by around 1800, there were 3,000 people living in the Judengasse. Every open area, including all the courtyards, every patch of garden and the town moat, were built over and new buildings erected wherever possible. Additional houses were even built on rooftops. The open drain, where inhabitants had to relieve themselves, was constantly blocked, and the lane was so narrow there was hardly any air to breathe. It was, therefore, hardly surprising that the children living there were pale and thin and many of them suffered from scabies, impetigo and similar diseases.

Guild laws prohibited Jews from practising skilled crafts and trades; instead, they became money-lenders, because the Church did not allow Christians to lend money for interest. In many places, settlement permits for Jews were directly linked to their provision of pawnshops and money-lending services. While wealthier Jews made their living in business, a trade that often sprang from loan transactions, or from dealing in gold and silver coins, or from working in the horse trade, less prosperous Jews lived by trading salvaged and second-hand items. Many worked as hawkers in the surrounding areas, and opportunities to improve their pitiful living conditions were few and far between. However, in contrast to the situation in most German cities, Frankfurt Jews were never expelled and maintained a continuous presence in the city. The only exception was the infamous Fettmilch Rising, which targeted both Jews and the town council. The consequence was that Jews were forced to live outside the town for two



years, until the rebels were defeated in 1616 and the Jews were brought back into the city.

Demands for liberty, equality and fraternity spread in the wake of the French Revolution. In 1796 French troops shelled Frankfurt and captured the city. Fires broke out in several locations and flames engulfed the northern part of the Judengasse. This was the beginning of the end of the area, even though Jews had not yet been granted civil liberties; this did not occur until the establishment of the German empire (*Deutsches Kaiserreich*) in 1871.

The Stern and Cahn families, direct ancestors of Anne Frank, were among the inhabitants of the Judengasse. Anne Frank's great-great-grandfather, Elkan Juda Cahn (1796–1884), had spent his childhood and some of his youth there. He later acquired great wealth as a merchant. There is an oval, colourized photograph of Elkan Juda Cahn and his wife, Betty, which shows a distinguished gentleman, with mutton chop whiskers and a watch chain, sitting on a chair, an elegantly dressed lady standing by his side in a festive dark dress with a tightly laced waist, lace collar and lace cuffs. The background consists of a romantic landscape with the edge of a classical column on one side.

Elkan Juda Cahn arranged the marriage of his daughter Cornelia (1840–1921), Anne Frank's great-grandmother, to August Heinrich Stern (1838–78). Stern's family, which included academics and booksellers, also originated in the Frankfurt Judengasse. There is a colourized photograph of Cornelia, too, showing a chubby-faced, extremely serious-looking and very stylishly dressed girl of about three standing in front of a mountain landscape. In 1865, the couple had a daughter, Alice Betty, Anne Frank's grandmother, and she was to play an extremely important role in the family. An oil painting of Alice aged about four shows her in a transparent white lace dress over a pink petticoat and little boots and white ankle socks, standing in front of a brown-and-green background.

Alice was thirteen years old when, following the sudden death of her father, she moved into the house of her grandfather, Elkan Juda Cahn, with her mother. However, her relationship with her father's family seems to have been closer than that she had with the Cahns. Bernhard Stern, her father's brother, was, as she herself said later, a well-respected doctor; his children, especially her cousin Klärchen (three years older than Alice),

Richard (the same age) and Karl (six years younger), probably took the place of the siblings she never had. Her close relationship with Klärchen continued throughout their lives.

At the age of twenty, Alice married the Jewish merchant Michael Frank, then thirty-five, who had moved to Frankfurt from Landau in the Palatinate region of south-western Germany. Michael Frank was the sixth of Zacharias and Babette Frank's nine children. Zacharias, whose father, Abraham, had moved from Fürth to Niederhochstadt as a private teacher, had moved on to the nearby town of Landau in 1841 after obtaining a permit for an ironmongery business. Later, he moved into money-lending, and his business must have been successful because, in 1870, he bought the Zur Blum house, a former coaching inn, for his family. Today, the splendidly renovated building, now known as the Frank-Loebisches Haus, houses a museum and a scientific institute.

Michael Frank was a smart businessman and earned enough money as a merchant to be able to offer his wife a secure life. He worked as an independent stockbroker and invested his profits in other sectors. However, he sold these interests and kept his shares only in one of them, Sodener Mineral-Pastillen. In 1896–7, he founded the Michael Frank banking business as an open trading company dedicated predominantly to securities, bills and foreign currencies. Given that he came from the Palatinate, the extent to which Michael Frank became a citizen of Frankfurt is striking. It almost seems as if the Frankfurt line of the family was so strong that 'married-in members' did not give rise to alienation but rather had the effect of fostering the family tree as if through a graft.

Right on time in 1886, nine months after the wedding, the couple's first son, Robert Hermann, was born; Otto Heinrich, Anne Frank's father, was born three years later; and their third son, Herbert, was born in 1891. It was only in 1893 that a much-longed-for daughter, Helene (known as Leni) arrived. There is a pastel drawing of Leni: the half-length portrait shows a lovely girl of about five years old with dark hair and slightly protruding ears wearing a white lace dress with an opaque collar decorated with a pink bow. The family had pictures of this kind painted only of Leni, demonstrating how proud the parents were to have a daughter.

The Franks had first lived in Leerbachstraße and then, after the birth of their second son in 1889, moved to nearby Gärtnerweg. In 1901, Michael

Frank bought a large house in Jordanstraße (later known as Mertonstraße and today as Dantestraße), not far from the Palmengarten (botanical garden). Alice's mother, Cornelia Stern, moved into the second floor and only the attic was rented out. The Franks placed great value on a good education: their children took music lessons – Otto, for example, played the cello – and it went without saying that they learned English, French and Italian. From a young age, when their parents were travelling, which seems to have been an extremely frequent occurrence, the children were encouraged to write them letters. At these times, the children were left in Frankfurt in the care of their grandmother Cornelia; the household naturally also included staff, such as a cook and a nanny. In their letters, the children told their parents about what was happening at home. Many of the letters from Robert, the eldest child, have been preserved. He was artistically talented and adorned his letters with magnificent drawings. Whereas Otto's letters frequently included information about the marks he was getting at school, Herbert's letters were often about food. Very few letters from the youngest child, Leni, survive. Alice loved to write poetry, and it was not surprising that the children also wrote poems; they knew doing so would please their mother. The relationship between the parents and their children seems to have been loving and friendly, and is undoubtedly the foundation of their remarkably strong family cohesion.

Although Alice and Michael Frank led the life of wealthy, cultivated people, attending concerts, plays and operas, inviting guests to their house and being invited to the homes of others, they were not fully integrated members of the upper echelons of Wilhelmine society (Wilhelminism refers to the social climate during the reign of Wilhelm II). Those who could not rely on a sophisticated network of ancestry and relationships were denied access to the upper class and came up against an invisible sign blocking their way to the top: no access for Jews. The Franks were liberal Jews. Although the family was by no means religious, they still had a strong sense of their Jewish origins. None of them had been baptized and, up until this point in time, they had, for generations, selected spouses only from among German Jews.

It can be said that fortune had smiled upon the family. However, on 17 September 1909, Michael, at the age of only fifty-eight, died suddenly and without warning, just as Alice's father had when she was a child. At this

time, the two eldest sons were no longer living at home. After studying art history, Robert had become the authorized representative of an antiques shop and Otto, after dropping out of his art history studies, had travelled to America following an invitation from a friend. When he heard of his father's death, he wrote an impressively sensitive letter to his mother, which revealed how he had changed. While his childhood letters were written out of a sense of obligation, he now displayed – despite being only twenty – great maturity, incredible empathy and a profound understanding of his mother's situation. It is almost as if he had stepped out of the shadow of his elder brother and taken on responsibility for the family. He returned to Frankfurt from America and, after completing a commercial apprenticeship, started working in the bank run by the family, like his younger brother, Herbert; his elder brother, Robert, showed no interest in banking.

War broke out in 1914. It can be assumed that, because of their social status, the Franks were more conservative than socialist. Like other German citizens, Alice Frank subscribed to war bonds from her private wealth and her sons did not hesitate to volunteer for military service. Otto was sent to the Western Front, and from there wrote frequently, particularly to his sister, having taken on a quasi-paternal role towards her. As soon as the war started, Alice Frank had registered for service as an auxiliary nurse in a military hospital. Leni worked as an assistant in a military hospital.

All three of the Frank sons survived the First World War. Otto was promoted to lieutenant in 1918, and he and Robert were both awarded the Iron Cross. The capitulation of Germany and the end of the empire had a significant impact on the life of the Frank family. They had lost a great deal of money, and the bank, which specialized in foreign currency, had been able to do little business during the war. Although the economic situation was not good, there were, however, days of celebration for the family. In 1921, Leni married Erich Elias, a Jew from Zweibrücken, who had also fought in the war and received the Iron Cross for bravery. However, the young couple's joy was mingled with sadness. In the same year that Alice saw her daughter marry, she lost her mother, Cornelia Stern, in July.

One year later, Herbert, the third son, married the American Hortense Rah Schott. The marriage, which produced no children, did not, however, last: Hortense left Herbert after a few years and divorce ensued. In the same

year as Herbert's wedding to Hortense, Robert married Charlotte Witt. He was the first member of his family to marry a Christian woman.

The next wedding took place in 1925. Otto Frank married Edith Holländer, the daughter of Abraham Holländer, an industrialist from Aachen, and his wife Rosa, née Stern. As Otto was already thirty-five, it was time for him to get married, and Edith Holländer came from a good Jewish and, more importantly, wealthy family. Edith's dowry may have played its part in maintaining the family, as the bank was doing increasingly badly financially. Not much is known about Edith's childhood and youth. She was born in Aachen on 16 January 1900. As her surname indicates, her ancestors had come to Germany from Amsterdam, in around 1800. Benjamin Holländer, Edith's grandfather, had started out trading in scrap iron but had quickly acquired wealth and later became the owner of metal-processing factories. Edith's father, Abraham, one of nine children, was born in 1860. He and his wife, Rosa, had four children. Julius was born in 1894, Walter three years later, Bettina (known as Betti) a year after that and, finally, Edith. Abraham had taken over the management of the family business and proved to be a successful businessman.

Although the Holländers were not orthodox, Abraham was a prominent member of the Jewish community in Aachen. Compared to the Franks, they were religious. They ran a kosher household and attended synagogue regularly. Edith attended the Evangelische Viktoriaschule, a Protestant high school for girls which also accepted pupils of different faiths. She is described as a shy girl but at the same time is said to have had many friends and acquaintances. She grew into a good-looking woman who played tennis and was interested in fashion, which can be seen in several photos.

In 1914, Edith's life took a critical turn when her sister, Betti, died at the age of sixteen from complications following appendicitis. To honour her memory, Edith was later to name her first-born daughter Margot Betti. During the war, Edith completed her *Abitur* (school-leaving examinations) and helped her father in the office. Her brother Julius was disabled in the war by a shot to his arm.

Edith's parents were aware of Otto Frank's financial difficulties but were probably pleased that their daughter was marrying into one of the most respected Frankfurt families, even if the Franks were known to be assimilated Jews. The wedding took place in Aachen on 12 May 1925, on

Otto's thirty-sixth birthday. After their honeymoon in San Remo, Italy, the newly-weds moved into the house of Otto's mother, Alice, at 4 Mertonstraße, where Leni and Erich were already living with their sons Stephan (born in 1921) and Bernd, known as Buddy (born in 1925). The year after the birth of their first daughter, Margot Betti, in 1926, Otto and Edith moved into a semi-detached house at 307 Marbachweg. Otto and Edith may have moved because they wanted to avoid interference from the family in the way they brought up their children. Otto expressly emphasized that he wanted his children to grow up 'free', which probably meant that he wanted them to enjoy a liberal environment free from social constraints. His humanistic ideas about child-rearing were consistent with Edith's, and this intelligent and open woman was later repeatedly to rub others up the wrong way in the secret annexe with her 'modern methods of upbringing'.

In June 1929 the couple's second, much-wanted child was born: Annalies Marie, who, as Anne Frank, was to make the name Frank world famous with her diary. The child was welcomed by all her relatives; Otto's mother, Alice, and his sister, Leni, were particularly delighted with the new member of the family. There was no conflict between the families: Margot and Anne visited their grandmother regularly and Buddy remembers playing with his cousins frequently. Family relationships were close and were to remain that way.

In the meantime, in addition to Herbert and Otto, Leni's husband, Erich Elias, was also working in the Michael Frank banking business. This may have occurred out of necessity: the financial situation was not becoming any easier, because of the incipient world economic crisis and the reparations Germany had to pay after losing the war. Social circumstances were also deteriorating, due to growing anti-Semitism. The NSDAP (National Socialist German Workers' Party, more commonly known as the Nazi Party) was becoming stronger in Frankfurt. Erich Elias was the first to react to the changed economic and political circumstances, accepting, in 1929, an offer to establish a branch of Opekta-Werke, a company that mainly produced pectin for jam-making, in Switzerland. His family followed him two years later. In 1931, Otto and Edith Frank had moved to a smaller and cheaper apartment in Ganghoferstraße with their children, and in December 1933 they returned to Alice's house in Mertonstraße.

On 30 January 1933, President Hindenburg appointed Hitler Chancellor of the Reich. On 12 March, one day after the Jewish mayor of Frankfurt, Ludwig Landmann, had announced his resignation, local elections were held across Germany and, in Frankfurt, the NSDAP gained forty-two of the eighty-five seats in the city council assembly.

The first of April 1933 saw the infamous National Socialist boycott of Jewish establishments, shops, medical practices, law firms, and so on. At the time, many believed that the 'brown horror' would soon pass, and the head of the Israeli community had even written an open letter advising against emigration, using the argument that no German Jew should become a deserter. However, fuelled by the fact that the family-run bank was in considerable financial difficulties and the situation looked unlikely to improve, the Frank family decided they would emigrate. Robert went to England with his wife, Lotti. Herbert was already living in Paris, and Erich and Leni Elias were in Basle, where they were joined by Alice, who wanted to be close to her daughter and her grandsons Stephan and Buddy.

Otto Frank decided to emigrate to the Netherlands and moved to Amsterdam in 1933 to set up his branch of Opekta-Werke. He had been able to establish a business relationship with this company thanks to his brother-in-law, Erich Elias. Edith Frank, Margot and Anne lived with Edith's mother in Aachen until Otto sent for them, in early 1934. That marked the end of the story of the Frank and Elias families in Frankfurt am Main. The Frank family settled well in the Netherlands and their daughters Margot and Anne, in particular, quickly learned to speak Dutch. Anne attended a Montessori kindergarten and later a Montessori school. It can be assumed that her childhood was relatively untroubled, until 1940.

In May 1940, the German army invaded the Netherlands and occupied the country after a short and intense period of resistance. As in all occupied countries, the Germans issued anti-Jewish laws. Jews were increasingly limited in their professional and social lives, until they lost virtually all their civil rights. When Jewish children were no longer permitted to attend the same school as non-Jewish children, Anne Frank switched to the newly founded Jewish Lyceum, where she appears to have been very happy. The greatest tragedy in her personal life up to this point was probably the death of her grandmother, Edith's widowed mother, who had come from Aachen

to live with her daughter's family. She died in Amsterdam in 1942, shortly before everything changed for the Franks.

In 1942, after Margot had received a summons to report for transport to a forced labour camp, the Franks went into hiding. The hiding place was in an extension – known as the secret annexe – to the building at 263 Prinsengracht where Otto Frank had established his company eighteen months earlier. Along with the Frank family, Hermann van Pels, a Jewish partner in Otto Frank's business, went into hiding with his wife and son, Peter, who had also fled from the Nazis, from Osnabrück in Germany, to Amsterdam. Later, the seven inhabitants of the secret annexe took in an eighth person, the dentist Dr Fritz Pfeffer, who had emigrated to the Netherlands from Gießen.

These eight people lived in their hiding place for two years, sustained and protected by their helpers Miep and Jan Gies, Johannes Kleiman, Victor Kugler and Bep Voskuijl. It was during these years in hiding that Anne Frank wrote her diary, which later became world famous.

On 4 August 1944, the eight were arrested and deported to Auschwitz via the Westerbork concentration camp. Edith Frank died on 6 January 1945 in Auschwitz-Birkenau concentration camp. At this time, Margot and Anne were already in Bergen-Belsen concentration camp, to which they had been deported after a few weeks in Auschwitz. The typhus epidemic that broke out in the concentration camp in the spring of 1945 claimed their lives and they were buried in one of the mass graves there.

Otto Frank was the only member of his family to survive the Holocaust and was liberated by the Red Army on 27 January 1945. He returned to Amsterdam that summer. He already knew that his wife had become a victim of the genocide, but it took some time before he found out, through witness statements, about the death of his daughters. He was alone, destitute, without documents, and without anywhere to live. Miep and Jan Gies took him in. When it was certain that Margot and Anne were not coming back, Miep Gies gave Otto Anne's diary, which she had saved from the secret annexe after the family had been arrested. Reading the diary, it must have been extremely difficult for Otto, desperate and broken, to deal with the painful memories of his wife and his two daughters. However, here again he showed the same great inner resolve he had demonstrated earlier, and accepted his destiny, dedicating every ounce of his strength to



remembering them. He did not want anybody to forget what had happened to Margot and Anne, or indeed the fate of the one and a half million Jewish children who had lost their lives in the Holocaust.

In 1947, a reader's edition of the diary of Anne Frank was published in the Netherlands; in 1950, it was published in Germany. After the diary had been made into a play and later into a film, it started its triumphal procession around the world. In 1953 Otto Frank married Elfriede (Fritzi) Geiringer, another survivor of the Auschwitz concentration camp. She had lost her husband and son there; her daughter had survived. Otto left the company and moved to Basle with his new wife, into the house that Leni and Erich Elias had bought. Leni and Erich Elias had lived in this house with their sons Stephan and Buddy during the war, along with Alice Frank and Erich's mother, Ida Elias, whom they had sent for from Germany just in time, and Herbert Frank, who had come from Paris, plus an Italian housekeeper. Alice Frank, née Stern, died in 1953 and, just two months later, her eldest son, Robert, died in London.

Otto remained in his sister's house for a few years, before moving to Birsfelden with Fritzi. Until his death in 1980 he dedicated all his energy to his daughter's diary. He gave presentations and, actively supported by his wife, answered the numerous letters he received from young people telling him how much the diary had changed their lives. Otto established the Anne Frank Fonds in Basle, which to this day manages the rights to the diary and uses the resulting income for humanitarian purposes. Otto Frank said repeatedly that it was not his money but his daughter's and that it was to be spent in the spirit of Anne to spread her human and compassionate ideals. When he died in 1980 at the age of ninety-one, the rights to the diary remained with the Anne Frank Fonds, while Anne's original drawings, diaries and other writings were sent to the Netherlands State Institute for War Documentation in Amsterdam.

After Otto's death, his wife Fritzi moved to London to live with her daughter and died there in 1998. Most surviving members of the family lived to an extremely old age, with the exception of Stephan Elias, who died at the age of just fifty-nine, a few days after his uncle, Otto Frank. His father, Erich Elias, lived to the age of ninety-four; Leni Elias, née Frank, died in 1986 at the age of ninety-three, and one year later, her brother Herbert died at the age of ninety-five.

Buddy Elias, who after training as an actor spent many years working as a comedian for *Holiday on Ice*, returned to Basle in 1961 and dedicated himself to acting. In 1965, he married Gerti Wiedner, a fellow actor who was born in Austria in 1933 and whom he had met while working at the theatre in Tübingen. They had two sons, Patrick (born in 1966) and Oliver (born in 1971), both of whom live in Germany with their families today. After a long and successful career as a theatre and television actor, mainly in Germany, he returned to Basle with his wife. From 1986, he became increasingly committed to the foundation and later became the president of the Anne Frank Fonds; his wife, Gerti, was on the Board of Trustees. The diary that Anne Frank wrote during her two years in the secret annexe in Amsterdam became the focal point of this new chapter of their lives. As Otto Frank had done before him, Buddy kept the memory of Anne Frank alive: he answered letters, gave presentations, supported people who needed help and ensured that Anne Frank's humane ideals and basic humanist attitude were not forgotten.

Buddy Elias died on 16 March 2015.

*THE CONTEMPORARY HISTORICAL  
CONTEXT*

Gerhard Hirschfeld

On 10 May 1940, one month before Anne Frank celebrated her eleventh birthday in Amsterdam, Nazi Germany invaded the small neutral kingdom of the Netherlands. The superiority of the technology of the German army's weapons and heavy Dutch losses, particularly among civilians, led to the capitulation by the Dutch army after just five days. Prior to this, the Luftwaffe had reduced the centre of Rotterdam to rubble and ashes, killing 800 and leaving several tens of thousands homeless. The German invasion came as a great shock to the population, whose reactions ranged from panic and hysteria to quiet resignation and despair. Hundreds of people, including many Jewish citizens, committed suicide. Only very few managed to flee over the North Sea to England. These lucky ones included a group of seventy-five Jewish children from Germany and Austria who had come to Amsterdam in 1938 in a 'children's transport' and were placed in an orphanage.

As early as the third day of the German invasion, Queen Wilhelmina left the Netherlands on board a British warship. A few hours later the prime minister and all the members of the Cabinet followed suit, however, not before tasking the state secretaries, as the highest-ranking officials in the ministries, with the provisional continuation of official business. On the day of her arrival in London, the queen announced via BBC Radio that she would continue to fight against Germany from there. Although the Dutch constitution made no provisions for the relocation of the seat of government to outside the country, Wilhelmina proclaimed London as the provisional seat of her government. With this ruling she hoped to secure the continued legal existence of a kingdom of the Netherlands in order to carry on the war on the side of the Allies, irrespective of the capitulation. The Dutch population initially reacted to the flight of the queen and the Cabinet with outrage and disappointment. It took time for them to understand that the monarch's decision had been necessary. For many citizens of the Netherlands, the House of Orange was very soon reinstated as a symbol of national sovereignty and unity, and Queen Wilhelmina ultimately became a guarantor of Dutch resistance against National Socialist Germany.

Hitler took rapid advantage of the power vacuum created at the top of the Dutch government on 13 May to establish a German civil administration, the Reichskommissariat of the Netherlands, which was based on the model in Norway, which had been subjugated in April. Hitler placed Arthur Seyss-Inquart, a National Socialist from Austria initially considered to be politically moderate, in control of this occupation regime. Three of the four general commissioners immediately subordinate to the Reichskommissar were also from Austria. The role of these leaders, known as the 'Danube Club' on the streets in the Netherlands, was not only to ensure German control of the country but also to create as large a base as possible among the Dutch population for the concept of 'self-Nazification', which had been endorsed by Hitler. Its purpose was to link the Netherlands closely with National Socialist Germany by means of 'harmonized', or collaborative, institutions, but not to annex the country formally. At first nobody thought of transferring power to the small local Nationaal-Socialistische Beweging (NSB) fascist party, also known as the Mussert Movement (after its leader, Anton Adriaan Mussert). This party, which was rejected and despised by the majority of Dutch people, was justifiably considered to be politically corrupt and thus unacceptable.

Initially, prospects of a close link between the Netherlands and Germany were not bad: the largely exemplary behaviour of the German soldiers, the initial lack of arrests of Jews and 'political opponents' and the amicable cooperation between the Dutch administration and the occupying authorities had the desired effect. During the first months of the occupation most of the Dutch population, influenced by the Blitzkrieg successes of the German army, seemed prepared to come to an arrangement with the victors. This intention was based on the widespread opinion in almost all the countries occupied by Germany at the time that German victory was now 'final and total' and that the predominant position of the National Socialist empire was now irrevocable. Dutch historians later coined the term *accommodatie* ('accommodation') for this political mood: people gave in to the Germans wherever this appeared to be necessary and, at the same time, attempted to maintain as much national autonomy as possible.

However, after the failed invasion of England and particularly after the German army failed in its advance to the east in the winter of 1941–2, the appeal of 'accommodation' started to dissipate. The awful day-to-day

reality of life under the policies of the occupying power was the straw that broke the camel's back. Instead of the trust-based cooperation the Dutch population had expected, German orders and requirements had an increasing impact on people's lives. There were only very isolated protests and initial signs of resistance, which were nipped in the bud by the German 'Green Police' (named after the colour of their uniforms) and the other security services of the occupying power (the Gestapo, the SS and the SD, the intelligence-gathering agency). This changed only in February 1941, when employees of the Amsterdam transport company and metal industry and shipyard workers went on strike for three days in reaction to the deportation of 400 Jewish men. The strike in the largest city in the Netherlands was brutally suppressed: seven deaths were reported and numerous strikers arrested. The strike was later criticized for having taken place too early, and hence having discouraged further larger-scale protests.

Instead, in most areas of the national administration, economy and society, more or less close collaboration with the German officials and authorities developed very quickly. Its scope and significance were, however, without exception, determined by the interests of the occupying power. The reasons for this cooperation at all levels (administrative, economic, cultural, and so on) and in all parts of the occupied country were multi-layered and affected not only by politics. Domestic industry, for example, was at first directing about one third and, from 1944 onwards, more than half its capacity exclusively to German customers, in particular the German army. The entrepreneurs and responsible state secretaries were hoping under any circumstances to maintain the economy and trade at a production-ready and effective level in order to guarantee work for the population. However, this pragmatic collaboration was not limited to the economy and state administration. The police and judiciary of the Netherlands saw themselves reallocated to providing 'administrative assistance' to the German security services – with disastrous consequences.

A further disastrous aspect of this was the example set by the Dutch elite in the state, in the economy and in society. Given that the general climate of cooperation with the Germans was as amicable as possible, the willingness to cooperate on the part of high-ranking officials, judges and even mayors who remained in their positions during the occupation had a far-reaching effect on the middle and lower levels of administrative departments, courts

and other institutions. This behaviour had little to do with the particular receptiveness of state employees in the Netherlands to National Socialist propaganda and German efforts to 'harmonize' public services. The percentage of staunch National Socialists from the ranks of the fascist Mussert Movement was limited and only increased with the nomination of so-called NSB mayors in larger communities from 1943 onwards.

Supporters of the pragmatic cooperation with the Germans did not grow tired of pointing out the conciliatory effect they believed it to have. They claimed that the decisions of their administration had saved the population from even more extreme measures that may have been taken by the occupying power. Historical facts, however, tell a different story: the two most drastic events of the Nazi reign in the Netherlands – the deportation and murder of the Jews, and the enforced deportation of men and women (including many male students) for labour duty in Germany – do not indicate that the domestic authorities had a mitigating influence. On the contrary, the administrative subordination of the authorities and the 'official help' provided by the police and the judiciary contributed considerably to the smooth running of the deportations of Jews and the organization of 'duty for the Reich' for civilian workers and prisoners of war.

The persecution of Jews in the Netherlands started in terms of administration; here again, Dutch ministries and authorities, for example, the Central Registry Office in The Hague, played their part. In January 1941, in response to a German demand, this office carried out a statistical survey of the precise number of Jews living in the Netherlands at the time: there were exactly 140,245. The majority of them (about 118,000) were Dutch citizens; in addition, there were about 15,000 German refugees and approximately 7,000 citizens of other nationalities. Many German emigrants had been living in the Netherlands for many years and most of them had, in the meantime, lost their German citizenship. As well as these 'full Jews' (in the racial jargon of the Nazi regime), there were about 20,000 'mixed Jews', or *Mischlinge* (individuals who had fewer than two Jewish grandparents or who were living in a German-Jewish 'mixed marriage'). Initially, the anti-Jewish measures taken by the occupying power affected only the large group of about 140,000 'full Jews'. These included the Frank family from Frankfurt am Main, who had relocated to Amsterdam in February 1934 to join their father, Otto Frank, who had been working there

as the General Manager of the Dutch branch of Opekta since September 1933.

After a short period of noticeable restraint on the part of the occupying power, signs of incipient marginalization and discrimination became apparent by the close of the summer of 1940. At the end of August all civil servants were required to submit written evidence that they did not follow the Jewish faith; this was known as the 'Aryan declaration'. The state secretaries who had remained in their posts protested quietly but then declared themselves willing to implement the German order via administrative channels. A few months later all Jewish officials and employees were suspended and, ultimately, dismissed. In parallel with 'Aryan declarations' in the public sector, in October the registration of 'Jewish companies' was a first step in the forced dispossession ('Aryanization') planned by the occupying power. The chambers of commerce of the Netherlands sent the appropriate forms to business managers. And this marginalization was not limited to the professional and economic spheres: in January 1941 Jews were prohibited from going to the cinema, and posters and other announcements forbidding them from entering public museums and other cultural establishments began to appear.

These acts of administrative and social repression were soon followed by the first examples of physical violence against Jews. In reaction to violent street brawls in Amsterdam in February 1941, during which a member of the Mussert Movement was fatally wounded, the German Ordnungspolizei (uniformed police force) ran amok in raids and arrested about 400 young Jewish men, who were then deported to Buchenwald and Mauthausen concentration camps. None of these Amsterdam Jews survived the 'special treatment' in the quarries of Mauthausen. In the course of the following months, another three transports, carrying a total of 850 Jews, were sent to Mauthausen concentration camp, which was located near the Austrian town of Linz. None of these deportees survived the inhumane conditions in the camp.

The deportation of the 400 Jewish men from Amsterdam not only triggered the February strike there, which brought traffic and industry to a standstill for three days, but also resulted in the provisional ghettoization of a part of town mainly inhabited by Jews. At the same time, a Jewish Council (Joodse Raad) was established in the city. This council was



conceived as a vehicle for communicating the problems of the approximately 80,000 Jews living there to the German authorities; however, for the occupiers, it was an instrument for maintaining peace and order, as its members could be called to account collectively and individually at any time. The Jewish Council was led by Abraham Asscher, a businessman, and David Cohen, a university professor of ancient history. Its other members were Amsterdam business people and representatives of the educated classes; workers and foreign Jews were not represented. The leaders consistently responded to critical reservations and doubts about the role allocated to them by the occupying power (transmitting orders to the Jewish community) by saying that there was no alternative to their 'realistic' policies of cooperation with the Germans. Given the general willingness to cooperate, this attitude was unsurprising.

The responsibilities and functions of the Amsterdam Jewish Council expanded, and it became responsible for issues relating to everyday life (looking for work, moving home, social care) and for passing on and carrying out German orders and decrees. The social and cultural services on offer were soon so comprehensive, and training for internal responsibilities so carefully regulated, it was almost possible to speak of a 'state within the state' – even if it was completely defenceless and helpless. The isolation of the Jewish population from the non-Jewish population, which was the aim of the occupying power, had to all intents and purposes become irreversible; the ghettoization of the Jews was now a fait accompli.

In addition to the increasing legal and social marginalization and isolation of the Jewish population, economic exploitation also became more extreme. All Jews – no longer just a few wealthy business people and entrepreneurs – were forced to transfer all their wealth to a (formerly Jewish) banking establishment that was now under German supervision and working for the benefit of Germany; individuals were allowed access to only 250 guilders. At the same time, the occupying power limited the Jewish population's freedom of movement almost completely. Jews had to surrender their bicycles to municipal offices, they were no longer allowed to use public transport, they could shop only in certain shops at particular times, and there was a curfew from eight in the evening until six in the morning. This tight restriction on any kind of mobility directly provided the preconditions for the start of the planned deportations.

In early July 1942, about 4,000 Jews, most of whom were living in Amsterdam, and including many German refugees, received a written summons from the 'Central Office for Jewish Emigration', a Gestapo department. Those who received this summons had to make their way immediately 'to attend a health examination in the Westerbork transit camp/Hooghalen station, where their personal details would be recorded with a view to possible participation in labour duty under police supervision in Germany'. The summons included the travel permit that had in the meantime become compulsory for Jews and a (free!) carriage voucher to Hooghalen railway station. Despite the camouflaged language used – 'participation in labour duty . . . in Germany', 'health examination' – only a few people followed the request from the central office. The latter tried to make those who had received a summons comply by means of raids, arbitrary arrests and a threat from the Gestapo – communicated by the Jewish Council – that all detained Jews would be immediately deported to a German concentration camp. Anne Frank's sixteen-year-old sister, Margot, was one of those who had received a written summons, in her case on 5 July, telling her to get ready to be transported to a German labour camp. At this point, her father, Otto, decided that the time had come to move into the hiding place that had been ready for a year in the secret annexe of the Opekta branch at number 263 Prinsengracht, Amsterdam. On 6 July 1942, the Frank family went into hiding with three of their Jewish friends.

On the night of 14–15 July 1942, the first train, carrying 962 Jews, left Amsterdam central station for Hooghalen/Westerbork. However, the Westerbork police transit camp in the Drente province, close to the border with Germany, was just a temporary stop. The final destination of the two goods trains, which were processed in Hooghalen the following day and then connected to each other on German Reich territory, was the Auschwitz concentration and extermination camp. The final phase of the National Socialist persecution of Jews in the occupied Netherlands had begun.

That month, a total of nine transports left the Netherlands capital. More followed, along with further raids and arrests, in the now-established pattern. From mid-October onwards, the Hollandse Schouwburg, previously an extremely well-known theatre, became the infamous 'waiting room' for deportations. Soon, special trains of the Dutch national railways were arriving in Hooghalen from all the major cities in the country; the transport

costs were charged to the SS administration and paid punctually. The arrival at the point of departure and the journey itself were always carried out in the same way: from Hooghalen station, the deportees had to walk about five kilometres on foot to the camp complex. Once they had arrived, they were registered again and subjected to a further check; jewellery and money were confiscated. People who had been declared 'free for transport' would generally stay there only a short time – often less than twenty-four hours. By late February 1943, a total of 49 transports carrying 46,455 Jews of all ages had left the Westerbork transit camp for Auschwitz. The only interruption to the pattern of deportations was a four-week Christmas break when the German national railway needed all available railway carriages to take German soldiers home for the holiday.

From March until the end of July 1943 transports from the Netherlands were to the Sobibor extermination camp in the south-east of Poland. In contradistinction to Auschwitz, Sobibor made no further selection: its sole function was to kill every Jew within a few hours of arrival. Of the 33,208 people transported there from Westerbork, only 19 survived. The transport with the largest number of people was a 'children's transport' of 3,017 people, almost exclusively children and their mothers. They were the relatives of Jewish 'arms workers' employed in production essential to the war effort, for example at the Philips group in Eindhoven. The mothers and children had been promised a stay at a 'special children's camp'.

The 'arms industry Jews' and their relatives were not the only ones to lose their previous special status. Further exemption categories – for example, Amsterdam diamond grinders, Jews with dual and foreign nationality (who were considered 'exchange Jews') and the numerous employees of the Jewish Council and their families – were annulled. With three nationwide raids in May and June 1943, thousands of Jews who had so far been spared were picked up and transported to Westerbork. The two leaders of the Jewish Council, Abraham Asscher and David Cohen, and their families were also taken there, in the autumn of 1943.

The transports continued: by 1 October 1943, 86,000 Jewish men, women and children had been deported from Westerbork and from the Herzogenbusch concentration camp (Kamp Vught) in the south of the Netherlands to Auschwitz and Sobibor, and a further 2,000 to Mauthausen, Buchenwald and Ravensbrück. In this last phase of deportations, two

further concentration camps gained in significance: Theresienstadt and Bergen-Belsen. Eight transports from the Netherlands arrived at Bergen-Belsen and seven went to Theresienstadt. Whereas the 'old-age ghetto' Theresienstadt in North Bohemia was seen as a 'propaganda camp', its intention the concealment of the gruesome reality of the Holocaust, Bergen-Belsen, at the edge of Lüneburg Heath, was planned as an 'exchange camp' for those Jews with direct relationships with so-called enemy states; it was hoped that this would allow the release of citizens of the Reich imprisoned in those countries because of the war. When this plan failed, the function of Bergen-Belsen was changed and in a short while it became a completely neglected reception camp for prisoners from other concentration camps who had been sent on death marches to the west in the last months of the war.

With the very last transport from the Netherlands to Auschwitz, which left Westerbork on 3 September 1944, Anne Frank, now fifteen years old, her parents and her sister, Margot, were moved to the Auschwitz-Birkenau concentration camp. The Franks and their friends, who had been in hiding since July 1942, were betrayed to the Gestapo in early August 1944 and then transported to Westerbork. At Auschwitz, Anne, her mother and Margot were housed in the women's camp, where they initially managed to survive selection at the ramp, daily roll calls, rampant epidemics and constant hunger. In late October/early November, the two girls were moved in one of the infamous 'evacuation transports' from Auschwitz-Birkenau to the Bergen-Belsen camp, which, with about 200,000 inmates, was utterly overcrowded. Anne and Margot Frank died there in March 1945 – the exact date is not known – in the typhus epidemic; the disease had been rife for weeks. Their mother, Edith, who had remained in Auschwitz, died in early January, of hunger and exhaustion; their father, Otto, was one of the few Jewish prisoners liberated by Soviet troops on 27 January 1945.

Of the 107,000 Jews deported from the Netherlands, only about 5,000 survived the German concentration and extermination camps. A further 20,000–25,000 Jews, predominantly younger people, went into hiding in the Netherlands and were able, with the support of courageous non-Jewish helpers, to survive the period of persecution. In contrast to the detailed records of deported Jews kept by the perpetrators, the exact numbers of Jews who went into hiding (*onderduikers*) can no longer be established, as people were constantly going into hiding and others discovered by chance

or through betrayal. However, a surprising number of people did manage to live in hiding – particularly after 1943 – at first in the large towns and later also in the countryside. This shows that there was a temporal connection between the resistance movement becoming more active against the occupying power after the 1942–3 turning point in the war, and an increase in committed support for persecuted Jews.

The more Nazi Germany's military situation deteriorated, the more merciless and draconian the occupation in the Netherlands became: arrests, detentions, hostage takings and shootings were now everyday occurrences and continued until the last days of the Nazi regime, for example in the village of Putten, in the province of Gelderland, where the German army reacted to an attack by resistance fighters in September 1944 by destroying the whole village, carrying out executions of those involved in the attack, and deporting inhabitants who were not members of the resistance movement to a concentration camp.

The German economy almost came to a standstill in the winter months of 1944–5. The effects of the war and the collapse of the public transport system resulted in catastrophic supply bottlenecks, which culminated in the last year of the war being a winter of hunger. More than 20,000 people in the densely populated Randstad Holland (Amsterdam, Utrecht, Rotterdam, The Hague) died, of starvation or as a result of vitamin and mineral deficiencies in this period.

Economic and social impoverishment had a considerable impact on the willingness of many of the inhabitants of the Netherlands to participate in some form of resistance. Resistance organization campaigns, often initiated and supported by the government in exile in London, against the German occupiers and their Dutch collaborators became increasingly effective. In return, the police and the security services, and also the German army, reacted with brutal retribution, terror being their ultimate goal. In late April/early May 1943, when almost one million Dutch people went on strike in protest at the deportation of former prisoners of war for 'labour duty' in Germany, German courts imposed more than eighty death sentences in the occupied Netherlands. A further sixty Dutch citizens were shot under martial law. This strike was the largest demonstration against a German occupation regime of the Second World War.

The large number of victims of the Holocaust in the Netherlands – more than 75 per cent of the Jewish pre-war population died – later gave rise to intense debates and controversy. As is so often the case in history, there is not just a single reason but many reasons for such a high number of victims, comparable to that in Eastern Europe. One important reason was the high level of criminal energy and efficiency with which the German occupying power initiated the marginalization and deportation of Jews. A further factor was undoubtedly the extremely strong presence of the SS and its apparatus and other agencies of persecution in the occupied Netherlands. In addition, there was the willingness to adapt and to enter into pragmatic collaboration, which was also the standpoint of the Amsterdam Jewish Council (even if it is extremely difficult to draw a comparison between the existential conditions and consequences for the two groups).

However, a further aspect was probably also decisive: Dutch Jews were integrated into the population to a much greater degree than in any other European society at the time. The experience of such assimilation fostered a sense of safety in many Jews, which is easy to understand in psychological terms but fatal in a situation of persecution – something which had previously been neither experienced nor even imagined. This explains why, even after the deportations had started, only a few Jews went into hiding, like the Frank family and their friends, and why the majority of Jews preferred to obtain a period of grace by means of ‘exemptions’ from the transports, which were acquired at great cost and effort by the Jewish Council of Amsterdam. To sum up, one reason for the tragedy of Judaism in the Netherlands was the fact that the successful integration of Jews into Dutch society gave them a mistaken sense of safety, which ultimately led to catastrophe for most of them.

*THE PUBLICATION HISTORY OF ANNE  
FRANK'S DIARY*

Francine Prose

In the summer of 1945, after Otto Frank had returned to Amsterdam from Auschwitz, and *only* after it became certain that both of Otto's daughters had died in Bergen-Belsen, Miep Gies gave Anne Frank's diary to the girl's grieving father.

The previous August, the Franks had been arrested by the Nazis after more than two years in hiding in the 'secret annexe' above the Opekta warehouse at 263 Prinsengracht. Together with several of the other Dutch 'helpers' who had sheltered and helped sustain their former employer and his family, Miep had salvaged the diary from the wreckage left behind in the aftermath of the Franks' arrest. She put the diary – the little checked cloth-bound book in which Anne had begun writing in June 1942, two black ledgers in which she had continued her journal and more than 200 sheets of coloured paper on which she had rewritten and revised these early versions of her life in the attic – into a desk drawer for safekeeping until the day when Anne would come back to reclaim it.

But Anne did not come back. And so Miep entrusted the diary to Otto, who retreated to his former office to read, as he would later say, the work of a daughter he had never really known. Among the surprising things he discovered was that Anne had very much wanted her diary to be published.

On 29 March 1944, the residents of the secret annexe had listened to a radio broadcast in which Gerrit Bolkestein, the Minister for Education, Art and Science in the exiled Dutch government, suggested that ordinary citizens preserve their private papers so that their descendants would be able to understand what the Dutch had endured during the war. Anne decided that her diary was precisely what Minister Bolkestein had in mind. What she imagined creating from the raw material of her journal was a 'romance' entitled *Het Achterhuis* – literally, 'the house behind' or 'the annexe' – presumably modelled after the girls' detective stories that she especially loved.

Anne went back to the opening pages and began revising them – cutting, explaining, adding new entries to augment and clarify her account of daily existence at 263 Prinsengracht. Having outgrown her infatuation with Peter van Pels, she removed the more impassioned sections about their tentative



romance. Convinced that her book might be read by strangers, she edited out the intimate reflections on her changing body and her sexuality. Matured by the two years in hiding, she softened the childish and bitter outbursts against her mother. And most importantly, she adopted the literary device of framing the diary entries as letters to Kitty, her imaginary friend and beloved confidante, a device that would allow the diary's readers to feel a more personal and intense connection with its author. Writing rapidly in a fluent cursive rather than the girlish printing with which she had filled the cloth-bound book, she covered page after page of loose coloured paper. By the time of her arrest, she was writing as many as eleven pages a day.

This, then, was the complex manuscript with which Otto Frank was confronted as he began to read his daughter's diary. Only when he reached the sections in which Anne talked about her hopes of being published did he begin to consider showing her book to others.

First, he typed up brief sections and sent them to his mother, who was living in Switzerland. Then he set to work combining Anne's first and second drafts (the so-called 'a' and 'b' versions) into a longer and more complete typescript – the 'c' version that was published in Dutch, French and German in the years following the war, and in English in the United States in 1952, the one most readers recognize as the essential text of Anne Frank's diary.

In selecting and interweaving passages from Anne's first and second versions, Otto chose to restore quite a large number of diary entries that Anne had omitted in her revisions. Among these was her description of her joy in receiving the diary for her thirteenth birthday, her account of the last birthday she celebrated before going into hiding and, perhaps most importantly, the section about her relationship with young Peter van Pels. Otto's instinct, which would prove to be a wise one, was that the story of two innocent teenage lovers would add to the book's appeal. He respected Anne's wish that the names of the people with whom they had shared the secret annexe (the van Pelses and the dentist Fritz Pfeffer) be changed. But though Anne had specified that the Franks should appear in print as the Robins – Anne Robin, her parents and sister – Otto decided to retain his family's real names.

After he had finished a preliminary edit, Otto began showing the diary to a few members of Amsterdam's literary community. With his eyes

perpetually red from weeping, he carried the manuscript everywhere, crying as he read a few pages aloud and urged friends and strangers to read it, too.

Among these early readers were Jan and Annie Romein, two Dutch intellectuals who admired Anne's book but were unable to convince publishers to take it on; they hesitated to publish a book that, it was feared, would remind the Dutch people of painful experiences they were eager to forget. Only after Jan Romein had praised the diary in an enthusiastic essay in the daily newspaper *Het Parool* did an editor from Contact, an Amsterdam firm, agree to bring out the book – that is, if Otto was willing to delete the entries in which Anne wrote (too freely, in the publisher's opinion) about her body and her awakening sexuality.

*Het Achterhuis* was first published in the Netherlands in 1947. Subtitled *Diary Letters of 14 June 1942–1 August 1944*, it featured an introduction by Annie Romein that was positive but rather measured, compared to her husband's rave in *Het Parool*. Fifteen hundred copies of the diary were printed; the book received favourable reviews but was only a modest success.

Even so, it managed to capture the attention of other European publishers. *Das Tagebuch der Anne Frank* appeared in Germany in 1950, somewhat altered – negative references to the Germans were cut to avoid alienating or offending its German readers. Despite these changes, the book still failed to attract a wide audience. It was somewhat more popular in France, where it was published around the same time as it was in Germany. Only after the book's success in the US, and after early productions of the play based on the diary began to appear worldwide, did European publishers and readers come to understand the diary's importance, and its commercial potential.

In the United States, Anne Frank's diary was initially rejected by nearly every major publishing house. As in Europe, the book was considered to be too narrowly focused, too domestic, too Jewish, too boring and, above all, too likely to remind readers of the war they desperately wished to forget. Knopf rejected the manuscript as 'very dull', a 'dreary record of typical family bickering, petty annoyances and adolescent emotions'. While recognizing that 'so few contemporary books or documents [are] as genuine or spontaneous as this one', Viking decided that it was an unfortunate

moment for the diary to appear. 'If times were normal, I would do an edition and a translation,' wrote an editor, 'but times are not normal.'

In Great Britain, the reaction was similar. The editors at Secker & Warburg felt that 'the English reading public would avert their eyes from so painful a story, which would bring back to them all the evil events that occurred during the war'. In one of her 'Letters from Paris' which appeared in the *New Yorker*, Janet Flanner referred to the current popularity of a book by 'a precocious, talented little Frankfurt Jewess'.

Yet despite the *New Yorker* mention, and its 'current popularity' in France, Anne's diary was sitting in the reject pile in the Paris office of Frank Price, the director of Doubleday's foreign bureau, when a young assistant named Judith Jones – who would go on to become a legendary editor at Knopf – found it. In her memoir, *The Tenth Muse*, Jones recalls reading the diary without stopping, all afternoon and into the evening – and persuading Doubleday to publish it.

Doubleday's hopes for the book were modest, at best. They offered Otto Frank a \$500 advance and ordered a limited print run. The diary's American editor was a young woman named Barbara Zimmerman, later Barbara Epstein, later still a founder of the *New York Review of Books*.

Zimmerman worked closely with Otto Frank, with whom she rapidly developed a personally warm and professionally effective relationship. It was decided that the book would be entitled *The Diary of a Young Girl*, that it would be published on what would have been Anne's twenty-third birthday, and that it would have, on its cover, a photo that Otto Frank – a passionate amateur photographer who documented his family life with scores of formal portraits and casual snapshots – had taken of his daughter.

Barbara Zimmerman persuaded Eleanor Roosevelt, former US President Franklin Roosevelt's widow, to contribute a preface to the book. In fact, according to Barbara Zimmerman Epstein's daughter Helen, Zimmerman wrote the essay herself and received permission from the former First Lady to publish it under her name. The introduction begins, 'This is a remarkable book. Written by a young girl – and the young are not afraid of telling the truth – it is one of the wisest and most moving commentaries on war and its impact on human beings that I have ever read.'

The book's official American publication date was 12 June 1952. Three days later, it received a glowing review on the front page of the *New York*

*Times Book Review*. The essay was written by an American novelist named Meyer Levin, who had requested the review assignment.

Only later would the editors at *The New York Times* discover, to their displeasure, that Levin was hardly an impartial critic. Not only was he a close friend of Otto Frank's but he had taken it upon himself to sell the rights to adapt the diary for the stage or screen. In the process, Levin had become convinced that he was the ideal person to write the adaptation – a conviction that would result in enormous complication, trouble and grief for everyone concerned.

However, for the moment, Levin's relationship with Otto Frank and Barbara Zimmerman could not have been more positive, and his enthusiastic championing of the book was an important – an *all-important* – factor in its success. Anne Frank's diary, Levin wrote in the *New York Times Book Review*, 'is too tenderly intimate a book to be frozen with the label "classic", and yet no lesser designation serves. For little Anne Frank, spirited, moody, witty, self-doubting, succeeded in communicating in virtually perfect, or classic, form the drama of puberty. But her book is not a classic to be left on the library shelf. It is a warm and stirring confession, to be read over and over for insight and enjoyment . . . [it] simply bubbles with amusement, love, discovery . . . it contains the trembling life of every moment.'

Other critics were equally impressed. *Time* magazine called Anne's book 'one of the most moving stories that anyone, anywhere, has managed to tell about World War II'. The respected Catholic journal *Commonweal* praised the diary as 'extraordinary for its writer's candour and sensitivity, both to her environment and her interior development'.

On 23 June, Barbara Zimmerman wrote to Otto Frank to say that the first edition had sold out; a second and third printing, each of 10,000 copies, had been ordered. Doubleday had decided to go all out on adverts and promotion. Zimmerman was certain that the book would be a huge bestseller, and the enthusiastic public response had renewed her faith in the American people. 'ANNE FRANK is a tremendous success . . .' she wrote. 'It is one of the biggest books that has been published in America for a long while. Simply working on this book has been a most wonderful experience for me because I am, quite frankly, in love with it! And it is so nice to find so many hundreds of others who agree!'

Within days, Doubleday's office was receiving calls from producers interested in bringing the diary to the stage. And so began the convoluted saga of the Broadway production of *The Diary of Anne Frank* – a story so rife with betrayal and bad behaviour, so mired in complexity and misunderstanding, that at least four books have attempted to explain what happened and why.

A few months after Anne Frank's death at Bergen-Belsen, Meyer Levin had travelled there for work. Too old for military service in the war, Levin, the author of several well-received novels, was contributing to the war effort by working as a correspondent for the Overseas News Agency and the Jewish Telegraphic Agency. Levin considered writing about the destruction of the European Jews but subsequently decided that 'from amongst themselves, a teller must arise'.

By 1950, Levin, his wife and their two children were living in the south of France. And when his wife, Tereska Torrès, gave him a copy of the diary, which had recently appeared in France, Levin was instantly convinced that he had discovered that 'teller' in the voice of the young girl who had so movingly described her life in an Amsterdam attic.

Levin promptly wrote to Otto Frank, offering to translate the book and to help find it an American publisher. Although he was not instrumental in arranging its sale, he did manage to persuade Otto that the book would naturally lend itself to a theatrical adaptation. By the time he entered into negotiations with Doubleday, Otto felt strongly about retaining control over the dramatic rights because 'I couldn't bear the thought of some actress playing my Annie.'

Ironically, Levin's piece in the *New York Times Book Review* brought the diary instant attention and popularity – and led to his own downfall. As soon as it became clear that the diary was a commercial success, and that a theatrical adaptation might attract a Broadway audience, authors far more famous than Levin were being considered to write the play. All the most celebrated American dramatists of the period – Arthur Miller, Maxwell Anderson, Lillian Hellman, Carson McCullers, Thornton Wilder – were mentioned as potential adapters. Three weeks after the book appeared, *Variety*, the influential entertainment newspaper, ran a list of possible producers.

Meanwhile, Levin began to write his own draft of the play, which was rejected by Cheryl Crawford, an experienced producer whom Doubleday had hired to oversee the book's journey to Broadway. And as it began to seem less likely that Levin would be chosen to write the play, his relationship with Otto Frank and with Doubleday deteriorated. The correspondence between the former friends became increasingly cool and, ultimately, corrosive. Both Otto Frank and Meyer Levin hired lawyers to represent them; eventually, Levin would bring a suit charging that his work had been plagiarized – an accusation that proved hard to substantiate, given that both Levin's version and the one that finally appeared on the stage were both based on the same source: Anne's diary.

One of the most influential and persuasive figures involved in these early conversations was the playwright Lillian Hellman. Initially approached to write the theatrical treatment of the diary, Hellman had refused. Though she was flattered, she said, to have been asked to adapt a book of such obvious literary importance, she feared that anything she wrote would be too serious – too grim – to satisfy the tastes of a Broadway audience who had come to the theatre for an evening's entertainment. Hellman suggested that what was needed was someone who could bring a 'lighter touch' to the dark and disturbing subject of eight Jews hiding, in fear for their lives, in an Amsterdam attic.

In the spring of 1953, Kermit Bloomgarten, another seasoned Broadway veteran, replaced Cheryl Crawford as producer. In search of that 'lighter touch', Bloomgarten (acting on Hellman's recommendation) contacted the husband-and-wife screenwriting team of Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett. They'd already had bright careers in Hollywood, with hits including *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* and *Easter Parade*. Their screenplay for *Father of the Bride* persuaded Bloomgarten that they could write about domestic family life and adolescents; their work doctoring the script for *It's a Wonderful Life*, a film in which an angel dissuades the character played by James Stewart from committing suicide, showed that they could handle disturbing material in a way that left the audience feeling uplifted and optimistic.

After some hesitation, Goodrich and Hackett accepted the commission. They were attracted by the chance to discover and dramatize 'moments of lovely comedy which heighten the desperate, tragic situation of the people'.

They viewed it as a ‘tremendous responsibility’, and were flattered to be associated with a book that Lillian Hellman considered an important literary work. They wrote to Otto Frank, saying they felt honoured to have been chosen to bring his daughter’s spirit to the stage, and Otto replied, offering his help and pleased they had been so affected by Anne’s words.

But Otto’s enthusiasm waned when he read an early draft of the play. He wrote a letter saying he could not approve a drama that ignored Anne’s moral vision, her idealism and her desire to help mankind. Gradually, Otto reconciled himself to the fact that many of his ideas would be ignored, including the suggestion that the programme contain a note explaining that the drama was based on actual events. Later, Otto would hear from a Dutch acquaintance that she’d sat next to an American woman who said she’d seen the play three times and was unaware that it was based on real life. In 1954, after four drafts of the play had been rejected and with Goodrich and Hackett struggling to complete yet another draft, Garson Kanin, a playwright and director whose stage and film credits included *Born Yesterday* and two popular Spencer Tracy–Katharine Hepburn comedies, was hired to direct. It was Kanin’s idea to end the play with Anne’s statement about people being good at heart and to ramp up the tension by adding threatening noises – footsteps, sirens – from outside the attic.

Kanin advised Goodrich and Hackett to eliminate a conversation in which Peter expresses his outrage at the fact they are suffering because they are Jews, to which Anne replies that, throughout history, Jews have always had to suffer. Kanin reminded the playwrights that every minority has experienced its share of persecution, and that for Anne to single out the Jews ‘reduces her magnificent stature’. Without such ‘embarrassing . . . special pleading . . . the play has an opportunity to spread its wings into the infinite.’

Goodrich and Hackett continued to produce drafts that disappointed Bloomgarten; he told them that the romance with Peter was not intense enough, that Anne’s relationship with her father needed to be more loving, and that they were turning Anne into a sour, pessimistic young woman.

In the autumn of 1954, they met Garson Kanin in London, where they collaborated on yet another draft. That December, they visited Otto Frank in Amsterdam for a week, which Frances Goodrich described as ‘very harrowing’. Sent to do research at the secret annexe, photographers

documented the appearance of the attic and sound technicians recorded the Westertoren church bells and ambient street noise.

Meanwhile, in New York, the play was being cast. Joseph Schildkraut was chosen to play Otto; Frances Goodrich, in her *New York Times* piece about the production, described him as having an ‘uncanny’ resemblance to Otto. Susan Strasberg was picked for Anne, while Mrs Frank would be played by Gusti Huber, an Austrian actress alleged to have acted in Nazi propaganda films. Lou Jacobi was brought in to play Mr van Daan, and Jack Gilford was cast as the dentist, Dussel.

Rehearsals began in late August and, at the first run-through, Kanin gave his actors an inspirational talk. ‘This is not a play in which you are going to make individual hits. You are real people, living a thing that really happened.’

A few days before *The Diary of Anne Frank* opened on Broadway, *New York Times* reporter Bernard Kalb helped theatre-goers understand what they were about to see. The play, he wrote, is ‘partly’ an account of eight Jews in hiding. ‘Mostly, though, it is the story of one of them – a young girl who refused to be robbed of the adventure of adolescence.’

The play opened at the Cort Theater on 5 October 1955. Otto Frank declined to attend the premiere because he feared that it would be too painful.

In *The New York Times*, Brooks Atkinson wrote that ‘they have made a lovely, tender drama out of “The Diary of Anne Frank” . . . they have treated it with admiration and respect . . . Out of the truth of a human being has come a delicate, rueful, moving drama.’

Ten days later, again in *The New York Times*, Atkinson rethought – and built up – the praise he’d already given the play. ‘There is only one way to account for the soft radiance of “The Diary of Anne Frank”. The play and the performance are inspired. At rare intervals along Broadway, something happens that puts the theater on its mettle and animates everyone into doing a little more than he is capable of doing. A dream of impossible perfection drives everyone into lifting himself up by his bootstraps. Something in “The Diary of Anne Frank” has had that happy effect.’ *Newsweek* praised ‘the punch of plain, poignant truth’, while the *New Yorker* wrote, ‘I think the play on the whole is magnificent.’



The drama was not only a critical but also a popular success. It ran for 717 performances over nearly two years and went on to win the Pulitzer Prize and the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award.

A year after its Broadway debut, the play opened in Germany, where critic Kenneth Tynan observed this response at the end of the performance: 'The house lights went up on an audience that sat drained and ashen, some staring straight ahead, others staring at the ground, for a full half-minute. Then as if awakening from a nightmare they rose and filed out in total silence, not looking at each other, avoiding even the customary blinks of recognition with which friend greets friend. There was no applause, and there were no curtain calls.'

Though the diary had been only moderately popular until the play appeared, sales of the book spiked in Germany and throughout Europe in the wake of the play's popularity. Anne Frank quickly became an object of almost religious devotion. A memorial plaque now marks the house in Frankfurt where she lived as a small child and, in 1957, 2,000 young Germans made a pilgrimage to leave flowers on the mass grave at Bergen-Belsen where Anne is believed to be buried.

In 1956, Samuel Goldwyn expressed interest in producing a film of Anne's diary, to be directed by William Wyler. But when Otto Frank insisted on retaining script approval, Goldwyn withdrew, a decision he later regretted. Otto signed a contract with 20th Century Fox to turn *The Diary of Anne Frank* into a film with a three-million-dollar budget. It would be adapted from the Broadway play and would again be written by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett.

George Stevens, whose previous films included *I Remember Mama* and *Gunga Din*, was chosen to direct. As a lieutenant-colonel in the Army Signal Corps, Stevens had headed the combat motion-picture unit. The so-called 'Stevens irregulars' not only filmed the Normandy invasion (which provides a dramatic moment in the movie of the diary) but also the liberation of Dachau.

Stevens hoped that the original Broadway cast could be reassembled for the film, but when Susan Strasberg, who'd played Anne on stage, was unavailable, a casting call went out, and young women (both amateur and professional actresses) in the United States and Europe were auditioned.

Ultimately, a model named Millie Perkins, who had a striking resemblance to Audrey Hepburn, was cast in the role. And Shelley Winters was chosen to play Mrs van Daan, a performance that won her the Oscar which, in fulfilment of a promise she made to Otto Frank when he visited the film set, is a permanent exhibit at the Anne Frank House in Amsterdam.

The trailer for the 1959 film proclaimed that ‘no greater suspense story has ever been told than . . . 20th Century Fox’s masterful production of *The Diary of Anne Frank*! Here is the thrill of her first kiss! Here is the wonder of her youth! The excitement of her first love! The miracle of her laughter!’ These promises are delivered on by the film itself, a psychological thriller in which the tension leading to a first kiss races against the heroine’s capture by the Gestapo. Presumably, the final cut incorporated the audience responses from test screenings of the film; comment cards (preserved in the Anne Frank House archive) asked viewers which scenes they liked most, if any elements of the story were confusing, if they would recommend the picture to friends. A San Francisco audience objected to an ending in which Anne was shown in a concentration camp, and the end was recut so that Anne could again proclaim her faith in human goodness.

In 1997, *Anne Frank* returned to Broadway, in a new adaptation by Wendy Kesselman. Approached by producers Amy Nederlander and David Stone and by director James Lapine, Kesselman undertook the commission because ‘I wanted to restore the truth’ to the way that Anne had been portrayed on stage. Kesselman’s initial idea was that her version would closely follow Goodrich and Hackett’s, with only the ‘frame’ – the prologue and epilogue in which Otto revisits the attic – eliminated. But as she reread the diary, she decided that more needed to be done. This decision was complicated by the fact that the copyright specified that no more than 10 per cent of the original 1955 play could be altered.

In fact, Kesselman’s adaptation is more faithful to the diary than was its predecessor. Anne’s voice, her intelligence and her spirit come through more clearly, and there are longer passages read verbatim from her journal. Anne’s references to her physicality – and to her memory of touching another girl’s breasts – have been restored. This time, we hear the radio speech by Minister Bolkestein that inspired Anne to think that her diary might be published and to hope that she might grow up to become a writer. The historical and religious contexts have been clarified, as has the threat of

what being arrested will mean to the annexe residents. And the audience learns about the ultimate fate of Anne and her fellow inhabitants of the secret annexe.

In the spring of 2007, a staging of Kesselman's version directed by Tina Landau at Chicago's Steppenwolf Theater seems to have maximized its potential. Responses to the 1997 Broadway production were more mixed. *New York Times* theatre critic Ben Brantley was quite taken by the leading actress, Natalie Portman, but others were less convinced. Also in *The New York Times*, Vincent Canby called Portman's performance 'earnestly artificial, having been directed to behave in a fashion that might have embarrassed even Sandra Dee's Gidget. Ms. Portman seems never to walk if she could skip; when she lies on the floor, tummy down, heels up, writing in her beloved diary, her little feet are forever kicking back and forth like a 4-year-old girl's. The girl we see has no relation to the thoughts she speaks, either in person or as prerecorded narration.'

Portman's statement in an interview that the play 'is funny, it's hopeful, and she's a happy person' seems to have been at least partly what raised Cynthia Ozick's psychic temperature to the boiling point at which she wrote the controversial essay, published in the *New Yorker*, 'Who Owns Anne Frank?', in which she claimed that the diary was so bowdlerized and Anne's experience so woefully misrepresented that it would have been better if the diary had never been made public. For Ozick, Otto Frank is to blame for being 'complicit in this shallowly upbeat view', for emphasizing Anne's idealism and her spirit and 'almost never calling attention to how and why that idealism and spirit were smothered, and unfailingly generalizing the sources of hatred'.

Once more, Anne's diary, and the circumstances surrounding it, had given rise to a paradox. Perhaps Otto Frank was right to doubt the wisdom of dramatizing his daughter's work. Perhaps he should have listened to his instincts and resisted the lure of money, fame, and – more importantly from Otto's point of view – a greatly expanded audience for Anne's book. And yet that audience was, to some extent, generated by the play and the film. We cannot estimate how many readers the play has created for the diary, how many people would never have sought out the book had they not seen the drama first, how many students would never have heard of the diary had the theatrical versions not brought it wider acclaim. In fact, only after the

play and film appeared did the diary begin to be widely adopted as a classroom text.

In the 1960s and '70s, a movement formed, and spread with alarming rapidity, dedicated to proving that the Holocaust never occurred, that the Nazis had never built or used gas chambers and crematoria, and that the number of Jewish Second World War dead had been exaggerated. Aided by neo-Nazis, organized into groups such as the Institute for Historical Review and the Committee for Open Debate on the Holocaust, these so-called 'Holocaust revisionists' have challenged the so-called 'exterminationist theorists' by placing adverts in newspapers and setting up websites. Despite the fact that Holocaust denial is illegal in many countries, this revisionism has proliferated, drawing some of its most active supporters from the former Soviet Union. It has also gained currency in the Muslim world, where its most visible proponent is former Iranian president Mahmoud Ahmadinejad (2005–13), who stated that the Holocaust is a Zionist myth.

If the Holocaust is a myth, then, according to the mad logic of 'historical revisionism', Anne Frank's diary must be a fraud. The first to say so in print was Harald Nielsen, a Danish critic who, in 1957, wrote in a Swedish newspaper that the diary was partly the work of Meyer Levin. Nielsen's charges were echoed the following year by a Norwegian journalist who suggested that the diary was a fake.

In 1958, Lothar Stielau, a high-school English teacher in Germany and a former Hitler Youth leader, wrote an essay equating Anne's journal with the counterfeit diary of Hitler's mistress, Eva Braun. During an official investigation, Stielau admitted that instead of the German word for 'fake' he should probably have said 'seriously *altered*'. He was defended by a right-wing German political leader, Heinrich Buddeberg, who repeated the accusation that Meyer Levin was involved in the forgery. Stielau was fired from his job, and both Stielau and Buddeberg were sued by Otto Frank for libel and defamation.

Arguing that the diary needed to be authenticated, since so many vengeful factions were trying to make the Germans look bad, the lawyers mentioned an article in *Der Spiegel* asserting that Anne's work had been heavily edited by Albert Cauvern, one of the friends to whom Otto had first shown the manuscript. Miep and Jan Gies and Bep Voskuijl were brought

into court to swear that Anne actually did keep a diary, and that this was the one they gave Otto. Forensic handwriting experts convinced the judge that the diary was authentic.

Still, the case dragged on until 1961, when the lawyers settled. The defendants admitted that the diary was genuine; they apologized and stated that they hadn't meant to offend Otto Frank or the memory of his daughter. Nearly all of Stielau's fine was paid by the German state.

However, from then on, books and tracts challenging the authenticity of Anne Frank's diary proliferated. Their writers cited the 'fact' that the incompetent forgers had written Anne's diary in the ink of a ballpoint pen, something not in use before 1944. In reality, only six pages in the entire diary are numbered in ballpoint ink and, apparently, these are in Otto Frank's hand. The rest had been written with a fountain pen, and all of it was written by Anne Frank.

In 1967, the *American Mercury* ran an essay by Teressa Hendry, reviving the charges that Meyer Levin wrote the diary. The most chilling aspect of Hendry's essay is its reasonable, quasi-academic tone. Beginning with a nod to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, it cites the question that Abraham Lincoln is said to have asked Harriet Beecher Stowe: 'So you are the little woman who wrote the book that made this great war?' Hendry ends her article with a plea for truth. 'If Mr. Frank used the work of Meyer Levin to present to the world what we have been led to believe is the literary work of his daughter, wholly or in part, then the truth should be exposed . . . To label fiction as fact is never justified nor should it be condoned.'

The claim that the diary is a forgery has since been echoed by prominent Holocaust deniers, among them Richard Harwood, author of *Did Six Million Really Die? – The Truth at Last*, and David Irving, who also cited the Levin court case as evidence of Otto Frank's complicity in perpetrating the fraud of his daughter's work. When Otto Frank protested, Irving's publishers removed the accusation from his book, *Hitler and His Generals*, and Irving was ordered to pay damages to the Anne Frank Foundation.

Still more pamphlets were published by a German named Heinz Roth, denouncing the diary as a swindle. The leaflets he distributed at a 1976 Hamburg performance of *The Diary of Anne Frank* aroused the interest of a German prosecutor, who issued an injunction prohibiting Roth from handing out his broadsides. In his defence, Roth's lawyers cited a book

entitled *The Diary of Anne Frank – Is It Authentic?* by Robert Faurisson, an early proponent of the idea that the lies about gas chambers and crematoria had been perpetrated by the Allies and Jews to slander the Nazi Party.

Subsequent cases against later pamphleteers were dismissed on technicalities or on the grounds of free speech. Only one journalist, Edgar Geiss, arrested for distributing pamphlets in the courtroom where a colleague's case was being tried, received a criminal sentence. He was given a year in prison for defamation, a judgment he appealed.

Ditlieb Felderer's 1979 *Anne Frank's Diary – A Hoax* is still among the most repellent attacks on the diary. It is at once tedious and terrifying to attempt to follow the lunatic convictions that keep Felderer (an Austrian Jew who became a Jehovah's Witness, emigrated to Sweden and was won over to the 'revisionist' cause while investigating the Nazi persecution of his fellow Jehovah's Witnesses) raving for page after page, spinning a seamless web of poisonous hate.

Only the like-minded, or those with strong stomachs, could read more than a few lines of his rant, supposedly all in the name of history, truth, science, common sense and inside information. One learns from Felderer's book that the wearing of the six-pointed star was the Jews' own idea, a 'fact' proven by a slogan, allegedly coined by a Zionist weekly, exhorting fellow Jews to wear the badge proudly. Apparently, the star was something like a professional or guild badge, or like the lapel pin worn by those awarded the order of the Légion d'honneur. We read about Otto's Frankfurt family, 'wallowing in wealth', Jews – characteristically – unsatisfied to own a little piece of Germany and wanting to possess the whole country. Felderer goes on to establish the 'fact' that the windows of the secret annexe could not have been covered with paper, as the diary claims, that the adult males could not have been heavy smokers without alerting the warehouse staff, that the annexe residents ate well, though (paradoxically) they could not have cooked without their presence being detected.

The idea of the helpers spending the night in the annexe strikes Felderer as so reckless that he asserts that the diary entries describing these overnights *prove* that the book is a lie. No sensible Dutch person would save a journal full of anti-German insults in a desk drawer where any German could discover it. And why would Anne have kept her diary in her father's briefcase, where he could have found it and read her filthy secrets?

– a question that, among other things, betrays a failure to understand the respect for privacy, even on the part of the children, that kept the annexe residents civilized and sane.

These accusations against the diary were, in part, what prompted the Netherlands State Institute for War Documentation to engage the State Forensic Science Laboratory to undertake an investigation that produced more than 250 pages of findings proving the diary's authenticity. Experts examined and dated the physical materials from which the diary is made – paper, glue, ink, fibres from the cover – to prove that they were in use before 1944. The pictures and postcards Anne pasted into her journal were also examined and dated, but most of the study was taken up with an analysis of her handwriting.

One positive effect of this investigation was the publication of *The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition*. This massive volume, which appeared in Dutch in 1986 and in English three years later, features an exhaustive account of the results arrived at by the forensic investigators, a description of the characteristics and micro-characteristics of the handwriting in the diary, of the spacing arrangements and interaction points, 'the movement component vertical to the writing plan' and of the changes in pen pressure. Its conclusions are clear. Both the block printing of the early pages, and the cursive of the later entries and of the revisions, are those of the same girl. Anne Frank's handwriting changed in ways that fell well within the predictable parameters for a period of two years. The corrections added by other hands at a later date are as minor as they are rare.

Though the attacks on Anne Frank's diary were loathsome, the publication of *The Critical Edition* – which also contains numerous reproductions of pages from the diary that illustrate and confirm the committee's findings – is a reason for gratitude. For the first time, readers could, if they wished, compare the three versions of the diary: Anne's original draft, her revisions and the manuscript that Otto Frank compiled from the two earlier drafts. And also for the first time, it was possible for readers to get a sense of how Anne Frank's style developed over time and what she herself meant to include in *Het Achterhuis*.

*The Critical Edition* enables readers to follow Anne's revision process, to chart the maturation in her psychological make-up and her literary style that occurred during her time in hiding and, most importantly, to fully appreciate

her gifts as a writer. These gifts are also in evidence in Anne's occasional writings – stories, reminiscences, essays, and even the fragment of a novel, *Cady's Life* – which were first published in the 1980s, in a collection entitled *Tales from the Secret Annexe*. But though these pieces (some of which Otto incorporated into his version of the diary) reveal the charm and gifts of a budding writer, it's clear that Anne's diary was the central focus of her energies and the greatest expression of her prodigious literary talent.

In 1991, a 'definitive edition' of Anne Frank's diary was published, in a new (and excellent) German translation by Mirjam Pressler. Roughly a third longer than the edition that appeared in the 1950s, this version – which included passages about Anne's sexuality, her rage at her mother and her speculations about the chilliness of her parents' marriage – was hailed as a corrective, as a restoration that undid Otto's efforts to censor his daughter's work. But in fact, if one studies *The Critical Edition*, it's clear that Anne herself edited out many of the passages that were omitted from the original *Diary of a Young Girl*. Anne was unwilling to share her more intimate reflections with what she imagined as a larger public, moved by maturity and experience to reconsider her more childish outbursts at Edith, and so her own version of the diary was somewhat closer to Otto's edit than to the 1995 version.

It is interesting to study both versions together – and to work one's way through the 800-page *Critical Edition*. But for the average reader – and especially for the student – the book that was published first in Europe after the war and in the United States in 1952 still remains the most concise and useful version of Anne Frank's work.

According to a 1996 survey published on the Anne Frank House website, 50 per cent of American high-school students had read Anne Frank's diary as a classroom assignment. And yet, in a list compiled by the Online Computer Library Center in 2005, *The Diary of a Young Girl* was number thirteen on a list of censored books. For some years, these attacks on the book – and on those who taught it – were mostly censorious responses to Anne's reflections on her changing body and her infatuation with Peter.

Later, as the mood at district school boards in the US shifted further towards the right, charges against the diary would expand to include Anne's rebelliousness, which was seen as an implicit encouragement of its



adolescent readers' assumed lack of respect for authority. More recently still, the list of parental and community objections has widened to include the very same moral and spiritual values which the diary is regularly used to foster.

In December 1983, seven fundamentalist families sued the state school district of Hawkins County, Tennessee, claiming that a textbook taught in their children's classrooms exposed students to values and ideas – secular humanism, liberalism, religious diversity, tolerance – that violated the families' beliefs. In the case *Mozert v. Hawkins County Board of Education* they charged that 'the use of certain texts violated their right of free exercise of religion and the fundamental right of parents to control the religious and moral instruction of their children'.

The case began when one mother, Vicki Frost, was incensed by an excerpt from Anne Frank's diary suggesting that it doesn't matter which god you believe in so long as you believe in a god. According to the court documents in the *Mozert v. Hawkins County Board of Education* case, 'It is this underlying philosophy that offends the plaintiffs who believe that Jesus Christ is the only means of salvation.' During the trial, the plaintiffs further charged that the readings fostered rebellion and anarchy, and that both parents and children could face eternal damnation as a result of merely coming into contact with the 'evil', 'polluted' and 'heathen' texts.

The court failed to find that either the textbooks or the cited selections were in violation of the plaintiffs' constitutional rights. Three years later, when the case was appealed, a federal judge ruled that children could be permitted to skip the reading classes; the school board was ordered to pay the families over \$50,000 in damages.

In 1987, this ruling was reversed by Appellate Judge Pierce Lively, who made a distinction between reading about other people's beliefs and being forced to adopt them. While the case lingered in the courts, a theatre director asked for permission to stage *The Diary of Anne Frank* at a Hawkins County high school. The school superintendent refused out of concern that the production might further offend fundamentalist parents.

And yet, despite cases such as these, despite the charges of the Holocaust deniers and of those who have criticized Otto Frank for having censored and distorted his daughter's work, Anne Frank's diary remains one of the

world's most widely read books. It has been translated into dozens of languages; tens of millions of copies are in print.

A further measure of the book's currency is the excitement generated by each new revelation about Anne's life or about her diary. On 10 September 1998, *The New York Times* ran a 2,000-word essay, beginning on the front page, headlined 'Five Precious Pages Renew Wrangling over Anne Frank' and subtitled 'A long-withheld page from Anne Frank's diary reveals difficulties with her mother: "I am unable to talk with her. I cannot look lovingly into those cold eyes. I cannot, never!"' Yet another major news story broke in 2005, when a cache of correspondence documenting Otto Frank's desperate attempts to find asylum for his family in the United States or Cuba was discovered at New York's YIVO Institute. These letters inspired a Long Island congressman to campaign – in vain – to have Anne Frank granted honorary US citizenship as partial atonement for the US government's refusal to save the Franks.

A range of films and plays have attempted to tell Anne's story, with varying degrees of success. Jon Blair's *Anne Frank Remembered* won an Academy Award for Best Documentary Feature in 1996. Films and docudramas have included 're-creations' in which actors play the Franks and their neighbours, and one made-for-television film, *Who Betrayed Anne Frank?*, frames the story as a police procedural. The 2003 hip-hop film *Anne B. Real* centres on a female rapper who finds inspiration in Anne Frank's story. The story has even been made into a Japanese anime film, *Anne no Nikko*.

In 1998, the indie band Neutral Milk Hotel released *In the Aeroplane, Over the Sea*, an album of songs partly inspired by Anne Frank's life and death. Ten years later, a musical adapted from the diary – *The Diary of Anne Frank: A Song to Life* – opened in Madrid. A puppet show of the diary has appeared to sell-out crowds in Atlanta, while an episode of the American TV show *60 Minutes* reported that North Korean schoolchildren were being assigned to read Anne's journal with instructions to think of George W. Bush as Hitler and of the Americans as the Nazis who wished to exterminate the North Koreans.

Books of non-fiction and fiction have expanded upon, and been inspired by, what Anne confided to her journal. Periodically, the publishing industry discovers the war diary of some hapless young person and promotes its

author as the Anne Frank of Serbia, or Poland, or Vietnam, or the latest place where children are the victims of their elders. Philip Roth's 1979 novel, *The Ghost Writer*, includes a sustained meditation about Anne and her diary occasioned by the character Nathan Zuckerman's fantasy that the beautiful mistress of his literary idol is Anne Frank, who has not only survived the camps but has come to America, where she is living under a pseudonym and has landed a job archiving manuscripts for her lover. Roth's Anne Frank character, Amy Bellette, reappears, older and infirm, in his 2007 novel, *Exit, Ghost*.

That same year, newspapers around the world reported that, weakened by age and disease, the chestnut tree outside the secret annexe was in danger of being cut down. Emotions ran high during the debate about whether the leafy messenger that had brought Anne news about the changing seasons could be saved. In August 2010, the tree was felled by a storm, but saplings from the chestnut have been distributed to distant sites, where they will continue to live on, much like the book created by the young girl who gazed at the tree from the attic where she wrote her astonishing, beautiful – and immortal – diary.

# IV APPENDIX

## *DIARY VERSIONS A AND B*

## Editorial Note

Version A is used to designate the first Diary of Anne Frank, which she wrote directly without any previous drafts. It consists of three volumes and several sheets that were loose or stuck in. Diary 1 was a gift for her thirteenth birthday and covers the period from 12 June 1942 to 5 December of the same year. In 1943 and 1944, Anne Frank included several additions and wrote on pages that had previously remained empty. This means that the entries are not always in a strict chronological order. Diary 2 starts with an entry dated 22 December 1943 and ends with 17 April 1944. It must be assumed that Anne also wrote at least one diary in the intervening twelve months and that this was lost. The last diary, Diary 3, starts on 17 April 1944; the last entry was written on 1 August 1944 – three days before the arrest on 4 August.

After Anne had heard the radio broadcast from London by the Dutch Minister for Education appealing for people to document, in diaries, for example, the suffering of the Dutch population during the German occupation, she started, with a view to possible later publication, to work on a version of her diary, which was written on separate sheets, mainly on carbon copy paper: the so-called ‘loose sheets’. This version, which was rewritten and revised in part, expanded in some places, and shortened in others, has also been preserved and is known as version B today. Its first entry is dated 20 June 1942, and the last 29 March 1944 – work on it ceased with the arrest.

Both versions are printed continuously and are true to the original in order to make clear to the reader the way the different versions developed all the way to today’s globally binding version D. (Previously, versions A and B were only accessible in the ‘Critical Edition’ of the diaries where they are printed in parallel in a form that is difficult to read).

## DIARY VERSION A

### Diary 1: 12 June 1942 to 5 December 1942

Gorgeous photograph isn't it!!!!<sup>1</sup>

I hope I shall be able to confide in you completely, as I have never been able to do in anyone before, and I hope that you will be a great support and comfort to me.

Anne Frank. 12 June 1942.

I have had a lot of support from you so far, and also from our beloved club to whom I now write regularly, I think this way of keeping my diary is much nicer and now I can hardly wait for when I have time to write in you

28 Sept. 1942.

AnneFrank.

*I am, Oh, so glad that I took you along.*

— —

The 7 or 12 beautiful features (not mine mind you!) should come here, then I can fill in which ones I have, and which ones I don't!

28 Sept. 1942. (*drawn up by myself.*)

1. *blue eyes, black hair. (no.)*
2. *dimples in cheeks (yes.)*
3. *dimple in chin (yes.)*
4. *widow's peak (no.)*
5. *white skin (yes.)*
6. *straight teeth (no.)*
7. *small mouth (no.)*
8. *curly eyelashes (no.)*
9. *straight nose (yes.) {at least so far.}*
10. *nice clothes (sometimes.) {not nearly enough in my opinion.}*
11. *nice fingernails (sometimes.)*
12. *intelligent (sometimes.)*

Sunday 14 June 1942.

I think the next few pages will all have the same (page) date, because I still have a lot to tell you.

I'll start with the moment I got you, or rather saw you lying on my birthday table, (because the buying, when I was there as well, doesn't count).

On Friday, June 12th, I woke up at six o'clock, and no wonder; it was my birthday.

But I was not allowed to get up at that hour, and so I still had to control my curiosity until a quarter to seven. Then I could bear it no longer, and went to the dining room, where I received a warm welcome from Moortje (the cat).

I closed the communicating doors of course. Soon after seven I went to Mummy and Daddy and then to the sitting room to undo my presents, the first to greet me was you, possibly the nicest of all. Then on the table there were a bunch of roses, a plant, and some peonies, and more arrived during the day.

From Mummy and Daddy I got a blue blouse, Variety, which is the latest party game for adults, something like Monopoly, a bottle of grape juice, which to my mind tasted a bit like wine, and which has now begun to ferment so that I can't drink it any more and I may have been right, since wine is made from grapes after all; then a puzzle; a bottle of peek-aroma<sup>2</sup> 'with acorns' (I got that later, I mean 'the acorns'); a jar of ointment; a 2½ guilder banknote; a token for 2 books; a book from Katze, the Camera Obscura, but Margot has got that already, so I swapped it; a plate of home-made biscuits (baked by me, of course, for I'm very keen on baking biscuits at the moment); a little dish of molasses candy, but it is horribly sticky; a bowl of 'truffles', from Daddy; a little plate of Marie biscuits; a letter from Grandma, right on time, but that was an accident, of course; and a home-made strawberry tart from Mummy.

Then Hanneli called for me and we went to school. During recess, I treated everyone to sweet biscuits; and then back to our lessons. Then I came home at five o'clock, because I had gone to gymnastics, (although I am not allowed to do it because my arms and legs go out of joint) and I chose volleyball for my classmates as my birthday game. Later they all danced in a circle around me and sang 'happy birthday to you'. When I got home Sanne Ledermann was already there, and I'd brought Ilse Wagner, Hanneli Goslar and Jacqueline van Maarsen along with me from gymnastics, because they are in my class. Hanneli and Sanne used to be my two best friends, and people who saw us together always said there they go Anne, Hanne and Sanne. I only got to know Jacqueline van Maarsen at the Jewish Secondary School and she is now my best friend. Ilse is Hanneli's best friend, and Sanne goes to a different school, where she has her friends.

Five of us have formed a club called 'the little Bear, minus 2' or t.l. B- 2 for short. That was because we thought the little Bear had 5 stars, but we were wrong there, because it has seven stars, just like the great Bear; minus 2 therefore means that Sanne



is the leader and Jacque is the secretary and that we (Ilse Hanneli and I) are left to make up the club. It's a ping-pong club.

I was given a lovely book on the occasion namely Tales and Legends of the Netherlands by Joseph Cohen, but unfortunately they gave me the second part, and so I swapped the Camera Obscura for Tales and Legends of the Netherlands part 1, including a book from Mummy, for it is very expensive. I got 6 beautiful carnations from Hello. Hello is a second cousin or a first cousin once removed of Wilma de Jonge, and Wilma de Jonge is a girl who takes our tram and who seemed very nice at first and actually is quite nice, but she talks all day long about nothing but boys and that gets a bit tiresome.

Hello has a girl friend, Ursula or Ursul for short.

But I am his real girl friend odd isn't it!

Everyone thinks I'm in love with Hello, but that is absolutely untrue. Aunt Helene brought me a puzzle; aunt Stephanie a lovely little brooch; aunt Leny a marvellous book, Daisy's mountain holiday, and a bracelet from Anneke with a kiss; Mr Wronker a box of Droste and a game; Mrs Ledermann a roll of acid drops; Mrs Pfeffer a roll of acid drops; Mr van Maarsen a bunch of sweet peas; Peter van Pels a bar of milk chocolate, Mrs Pfeffer and Mr Wronker flowers as well and so I was thoroughly spoiled. This afternoon I also got something from the children in my class. Yesterday evening we showed a film 'The lighthouse keeper', with Rin-tin-tin, and we're going to have it this afternoon again, lovely !!!!

I shall still get the Myths of Greece and Rome with my own money. Another book from Mr Kohnke and at Blankevoort's a box for storing Variety. Now I must stop next time I'll have so much to write in you again, that is to tell you, bye-bye, we're going to be great pals.

Daisy's mountain holiday is really a very beautiful book; I was deeply moved by the story about the girl who was so rich and yet so good and who died at the end, but that was inevitable and precisely what makes it so beautiful.

This morning in my bath I was thinking how wonderful it would be if I had a dog like Rin-tin-tin. I would call him Rin-tin-tin too and he'd be at school all the time with the caretaker or if the weather was good in the bicycle shed. I have made a rough sketch of my underground palace, as I call it to myself. I hope that this wish of mine will be fulfilled one day, but there would have to be a miracle then, since it doesn't usually happen that food and money and things like that are supplied all the time and that you can set sail even to America or that you can just disappear under the ground and then live there, it's too beautiful to be true. Mummy always wants to know who I'm going to marry, but I don't think she'll ever guess that it's Peter, because I managed without blushing or flickering an eyelid, to get that idea right out of their minds. I am fonder of Peter than I have ever been of anyone else, and I keep telling myself that it's only to hide his feelings that Peter goes round with all those girls; he

also probably thinks that Hello and I are in love, which is quite untrue, because he is just a friend or as Mummy puts it one of my beaux.

Monday 15 June 1942.

I had my party on Sunday afternoon, my school friends thoroughly enjoyed Rin-tin-tin, I was given a little brooch by Miep; Leny also gave me a brooch; Nannie Blitz a bookmark; Danka, Nanny van Praag and Eefje, a book called 'good morning milkman'; Henny and Betty also gave me a book 'Lydia's troubles'. I shall now say a few things about our class and our school, beginning with the pupils. The pupils in class 1L II.

1.) Betty Bloemendaal, looks rather poor, but that's what she is I think, she lives in Jan Klasenstraat in West [Amsterdam] and none of us knows where that is. She is very clever at school, but that's because she works so hard, since her cleverness isn't all it seems.

She is a fairly quiet girl.

2.) Jacqueline van Maarsen, considered to be my best friend, but I've never had a real friend, I thought at first that Jacque would be one, but it turned out badly.

She's always having little secrets and going off with other girls such as Danka Zajde.

3.) Lenij Duijzend, is a very nervous girl, who always forgets things and gets one detention after another. She is very kind-hearted particularly towards Miep Lobatto.

4.) Nannie Blitz, is a girl whose dreadful tittle-tattle is beyond a joke. When she asks you something she's always fingering your hair or fiddling with your buttons.

They say that Nannie can't stand me, but I can manage to put up with that all right since I don't think she's all that likeable either.

5.) Henny Mets, is a nice, cheerful girl, except that she talks much too loudly, and is very babyish when she plays in the street. It's a great pity about Henny's friend Beppy, who has a really poisonous effect on her, since she's a horribly mean and dirty-minded girl.

6.) Danka Zajde, you could write whole chapters about her. Danka is a swanky, whispery, nasty, boastful, underhand, hypocritical girl. She has got right round Jacque which is a real pity.

Danka cries at the slightest little thing, is really petty, and on top of everything else horribly affected.

Miss Danka always has to be right. She is very rich and has a wardrobe full of gorgeous dresses, but they're much too old for her. She thinks she's very beautiful, but she is just the opposite. She has a perky but cheeky (chutzpahish) expression. Danka and I can't stand each other.

7.) Ilse Wagner is a nice, cheerful girl, but she is very fussy and can go on and on about something for hours e.g. when she has wet feet, first she decides to come back to my place and then she wants to go home. Then instead of going home and putting on

dry stockings, she comes with me but never stops going on about it. Ilse is very fond of me, she is very clever but lazy.

8.) Hanneli Goslar is a bit of a strange girl, she is shy on the whole and very cheeky at home, but quite unassuming with other people.

She blabs everything you tell her to her mother.

But she has an open mind and I respect her a lot particularly recently. continued next time.

Tuesday 16 June 1942.

Hanneli or Lies as she is called at school, did something silly again to Ilse and Jacque, I don't really know what to think of it.

9.) Nannie v. Praag-Sigaar, is a funny little, sensible girl, I think she is very nice. She is fairly clever as well, there isn't much one can say about Nannie van Praag-Sigaar.

10.) Eefje de Jong, is a wonderful girl I think. She is only just twelve years old, but is quite a lady. She acts as if I am a baby.

Eefje is also very helpful, and so I like her a lot.

11.) Miep Lobatto is probably the most beautiful girl in our class, she has a darling face, but is pretty stupid at school, so that I really think that she'll be kept down, which is something I don't tell her of course. To my great astonishment Miep wasn't kept down after all.

12.) And finally of our 12 girls there is me, sitting next to Miep Lobatto.

There is a lot, as well as very little to say about the boys.

Maurice Coster is one of my many admirers, but is rather boring. Sallie Springer is terribly mean, and rumour has it that he's gone all the way with a girl. Still, I think he's great because he's very funny.

Emiel Bonewit is Miep Lobatto's admirer but that doesn't mean much to Miep. He is a bit dull.

Rob Cohen was also in love with me, but now I can't stand him any more he is a hypocritical, lying, whining, crazy, boring little boy, who thinks he's the cat's whiskers.

Max van de Velde is a country boy from Medemblik, but very eligible as Margot would put it.

Herman Koopman has also got a filthy mind just like Jopie de Beer who is a terrible flirt and mad about girls. Leo Blom is Jopie de Beer's bosom friend but is also infected with dirty-mindedness.

Albert de Mesquita comes from the 6th grade of the Montessori School and has skipped a class, he is very clever.

Leo Slager, comes from the same school but is not so clever.

Ru Stoppelmon is a small, funny little boy from Almelo, who joined the school later.

Pim Pimentel does everything he's not allowed ?????????????????????? What I meant was he spoke German but I didn't want to write that down in case somebody found the book. 1943 the 'Secret Annexe'

Jacques Kocernoot sits behind us with Pim and we laugh ourselves sick (Miep and I.)

Harry Schaap, is the decentest boy in our class, he is really nice.

Werner Joseph (ditto, ditto) but too quiet because of the times we live in so he appears dull.

Sam Salomon is just a brat from the slums, a bit of riffraff (Admirer!)

Appie Riem is slightly orthodox but she's a nasty piece of work too.

how idiotic My own story you don't forget that sort of thing

I was born on 12 June 1929 in Frankfurt a/M. I lived in Frankfurt until I was 4, then my father Otto, Heinrich Frank went to Holland to look for a post, that was in June. He found something, and his wife Edith Frank-Holländer moved to Holland in September. Margot and I went to Aachen, to our grandmother Rosa Holländer-Stern, Margot went on to Holland in December, and I followed in February,<sup>3</sup> and was put on Margot's table as a birthday present.

Soon afterwards I joined the 6th grade of the Kindergarten of the Montessori School. I stayed there until I was 6, then I went up into the first form. I found myself in 1B with Mr van Gelder, I stayed with him into the 4th form, then Mr van Gelder left and Miss Gadron took over, after one year in the 5th with Miss Gadron, I ended up in 6C under Mrs Kuperus the headmistress, at the end of the school year we had to say good-bye, we both wept, it was very sad. But after the vacation I was back with Mrs Kuperus, I was supposed to stay with her into the 7th year, but it didn't turn out that way since I was accepted at the Jewish Secondary School where Margot was going too. My reports surprised everyone, but perhaps they are not yet good enough to go up. In the summer of 1941 Granny Hollaender fell very ill, (she was staying with us by then) she had to have an operation and my birthday didn't mean much. It didn't in the summer of 1940 either, for the fighting in the Netherlands was just over then.

Granny died this winter 1941-1942. And no one will ever know how much she is in my thoughts and how much I love her still.

The celebration of this 1942 birthday was to make up for everything then, and granny's little light shone over it.

Friday 19 June 1942.

This morning I was at home, I slept a long, long time, then Hanneli came and we had a bit of a gossip. Jacque has suddenly become very taken with Ilse and behaves very childishly and stupidly towards me, the more I know her the less I like her.

Anne



*This is June 1939.*

*It is the only photograph of Granny Holländer. I still think of her so often and wish she still kept the peace at home.*

*Margot and I had just got out of the water and I still remember how terribly cold I was, that's why I put on my bathrobe, Granny sitting there at the back so sweetly and peacefully. Just as she was wont to do.*

*Anne Frank.  
28 Sept. 1942.*

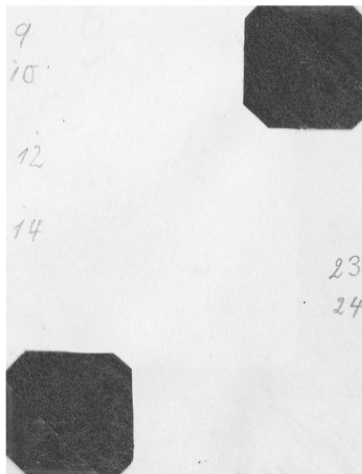


*This is in 1940, Margot and I again. I console myself with the thought that on the photograph above taken in 1939 Margot was not all that well-developed either. She was 13 at the time, the same age I am now or even a little older. So she's got no cause to look down on me.*

*Anne Frank.  
28 Sept. 1942.*



*I started with Margot's photograph and finish with my own. This is January 1942. This photograph is horrible, and I look absolutely nothing like it.*



*Grandma is in Switzerland she is a very dear and clever woman, who gets on well with all her acquaintances friends and relatives and would do anything for them. She now lives with Daddy's sister, aunt Leni and Stephan and Bernd. Grandma has always been very kind to me too. She is now in 1942 76 years old and we hope that we shall find her in good health again after the war.*

*AnneFrank.*

*On 11 May 1939 I got this marvellous letter from Daddy, it will be a support to me all my life, unless like Margot I leave it lying about somewhere, just as Margot has done at home.*

12.v.39<sup>4</sup>

My dear little Anne,

When you were still very small, Grandma used to call you:

‘Little woman’. And that you have remained, you flattering little kitten.

You know we often have secrets from each other. It's true, things haven't always gone as smoothly for you as they did for your sister, though in general your sense of humour and your amiability allow you to sail through so much so easily. I have often told you that you must educate yourself. We have agreed the ‘controls’ with each other and you yourself are doing a great deal to swallow the ‘buts’. And yet you like to spoil yourself and like even more to be spoiled by others.

All that isn't bad, if deep in your little heart you remain as lovable as you always have been. I have told you that as a child I, too, often rushed into things without thinking twice and made many mistakes. But the main thing is to reflect a little bit and then to find one's way back to the right path.

You are not obstinate and so, after a few tears, the laughter is soon back again.

‘Enjoy what there is’ – as Mummy says.



May this happy laughter stay with you, the laughter with which you enhance your, our and other people's lives.

Your  
Pim

AnneFrank. 28 Sept. 1942.

I got this letter from Daddy in 1939, and I think it is very beautiful, and it really is, but Daddy isn't always like that. I used to think he was but I've been proved wrong.

Jacque thought this was a declaration of love by some boy and I didn't try to enlighten her. I have never had any declarations of love in writing, but tomorrow is another day, as the saying is, and anyway I've had them verbally, and often too.

*28 Sept. 1942. Daddy is being such a darling now, he understands me so completely, and I would love to have a heart-to-heart talk with him one day without my immediately bursting into tears, but that seems to be because of my age. I'd love to be able to go on writing all the time, but it becomes much too tedious AnneFrank.*

*This is the only letter I had from Jacqueline van Maarsen, I asked her often enough for a photograph and she said she would look one out for me, but now on 28 Sept. 1942 it is too late, as anyone who reads this will know, for we've been in hiding now for quite some time. Anne Frank.*

(This is the only written token of Jacque's friendship, apart from my poor autograph album. She is being very nice again at the moment, and I hope things will stay like that.) I now think quite differently about the things I wrote down earlier but I can't rip pages out of my diary and I hope I shan't be told off later for what an ugly handwriting I had then, since it isn't true. It was only because I didn't feel like it, and found it so hard to write in my diary.

All I want to do is to apologize and to explain things.

28 Sept. 1942.  
Anne Frank

— —

If I have added anything, or shall add anything, to what I have written, it is only to change it for the better or to look at things from my new standpoint.

28 Sept. 1942.  
Anne Frank.

This is the printed notice of little Ruth Cauvern's birth.

Tuesday 30 June 1942.

I still have to give an account of the whole week.

x On Friday 26 June, Jacque and G. came over in the afternoon, it was very nice and we made some biscuits.

x On Saturday 27 June I went to synagogue in the morning and in the afternoon I was invited to Hello Silberberg's at half past three; there was another boy called Freddie Weiss there and it was quite pleasant. We went to oasis and bought an ice cream for 12 cents, then Wilma came, and they wanted to stand us another ice cream but Wilma and I didn't want to, but they bought us each one for 12 [cents] anyway, but we didn't accept it, so Freddie and Hello had 2 more 12-cent ice creams.

x On Sunday 28 June, Jacque and I wanted to go to Alfred Bloch's in the afternoon to see a film, but it didn't come off because Hanneli and Sanne had gone there first. Jacque slept here on Saturday night.

x Monday 29 June was a fairly quiet day. In the morning I went as usual to Hanneli's and we did some shopping together; in the afternoon Jacque went to Hanneli's and I was bored stiff. Hello was to have come in the evening, but he rang up at six p.m., I went to the telephone, and he said:

'Helmuth Silberberg here please may I speak to Anne.'

'Yes, Hello, Anne speaking.'

'Hullo Anne, how are you?'

'Very well, thank you!'

'I'm terribly sorry I can't come this evening, but I would like to just speak to you, is it all right if I come in ten minutes?'

'Yes, that's fine, good-bye!!!!'

'good-bye, I'll be with you soon'

Receiver down, I quickly changed into another frock, and tidied up my hair a bit. Then I stood nervously at the window watching for him. At last I saw him coming. It was a wonder I didn't dash down at once, instead I waited patiently until he rang. Then I went down, and as soon as I opened the door he burst out talking. 'Anne, my grandmother thinks you are too young to go out regularly with me, and that I should go to the Löwenbachs, but perhaps you know that I'm not going out with Ursul any more!'

'No, I don't, have you quarrelled?'

'No, not at all I told Ursul that we didn't get on well together, so it was better for us not to go out together any more, but she was always welcome in our home, and I hoped I should be in hers. You see, I thought Ursul had been going out with another boy and treated her accordingly. But that was quite untrue. And now my uncle says I should apologize to Ursul, but of course I didn't want to do that so I finished the whole affair, that was just one of the many reasons.'

'My grandmother would rather I went with Ursul than you, but that's not what I think or what I plan to do, old people have such terribly old-fashioned ideas at times,

but I just can't fall into line. I need my grandparents, but in a sense they need me too. From now on I shall be free on Wednesday evenings. Officially I go to wood-carving lessons to please my grandparents, in actual fact I go to a meeting of the Zionist party. I'm not supposed to because my grandparents are very much against Zionism, I am by no means a fanatic, but I have a leaning that way and find it interesting.

'But lately it has become such a mess there that I am going to quit, so next Wednesday will be my last time. Then I shall be able to see you on Wednesday evening, Saturday evening, Saturday afternoon, Sunday afternoon and perhaps more.'

'But your grandparents are against it, you can't do it behind their backs.'

'Love finds a way.'

Then we passed Blankevoort's bookshop,<sup>5</sup> and there stood Peter Schiff with two other boys; it's the first time he has greeted me for ages, I was really pleased. Hello and I walked on and on and suddenly we were walking behind Daddy and Mummy, by pure chance since they were coming back from the Katses' at this odd hour.

And then I stopped outside the house a little while talking to Hello then the Sulmans came by with Jantje, who was tagging along again of course, and the end of it all was that I should meet Hello at 5 minutes past eight in front of his house on Thursday evening.

On Monday night I also met Mr van Pels, who treated Jacque, Lies, Ilse and me to an ice cream, then we went to oasis where we met Mr Bernhardt, also bought me an ice cream. Hello went to see Wilma one evening and she told me that she asked him, who do you like best Ursul or Anne, he said; 'it's nothing to do with you.' But when he left (they hadn't chatted together any more the whole evening) he said: 'now listen it's Anne, so long, and don't tell a soul.' And like a flash he was gone. It's easy to see that Hello is in love with me, rather fun for a change.

Margot would say Hello is a decent lad, and I agree, but he is more than that. Mummy is full of praise, a good-looking boy, a well-behaved, nice boy; I'm glad that the whole family approve of him, except for my girl friends, whom he thinks very childish, *and there he is right, except for Ilse whom I consider not only childish, but no longer very nice either!!!! Anne Frank.*

Wednesday 8 July 1942.

I still have a whole lot to write in my diary, on Sunday Hello came over to our place, on Saturday we went out with Freddie Weiss, and over to oasis of course. On Sunday morning Hello and I lay on our balcony in the sun, on Sunday afternoon he was going to come back, but at about 3 o'clock a policeman arrived and called from the door downstairs, Miss Margot Frank, Mummy went down and the policeman gave her a card which said that Margot Frank has to report to the S.S.<sup>6</sup>

Mummy was terribly upset and went straight to Mr van Pels he came straight back to us and I was told that Daddy had been called up. The door was locked and no one

was allowed to come into our house any more. Daddy and Mummy had long ago taken measures, and Mummy assured me that Margot would not have to go and that all of us would be leaving next day. Of course I started to cry terribly and there was an awful to-do in our house. Daddy and Mummy had taken a whole lot of things out of the house already, but when it comes to the point one is bound to miss so much. Miep Gies and her husband Jan arrived at about 11 o'clock in the evening to take some more things away. Next day we left the house by a quarter to eight I had a (combinashion) on then two vests and two pairs of pants then a dress and a skirt then a wool cardigan and a coat, it was pouring and so I put on a headscarf, and Mummy and I each carried a satchel under our arm. Margot went too with a satchel on her bicycle, and we all made for the office.

Daddy and Mummy now told me lots of things. We would be going to Daddy's office and over it a floor had been made ready for us. The van Pels family would also be coming, so that there would be seven of us, the van Pels cat would be coming along too, which meant we'd have a bit of variety.

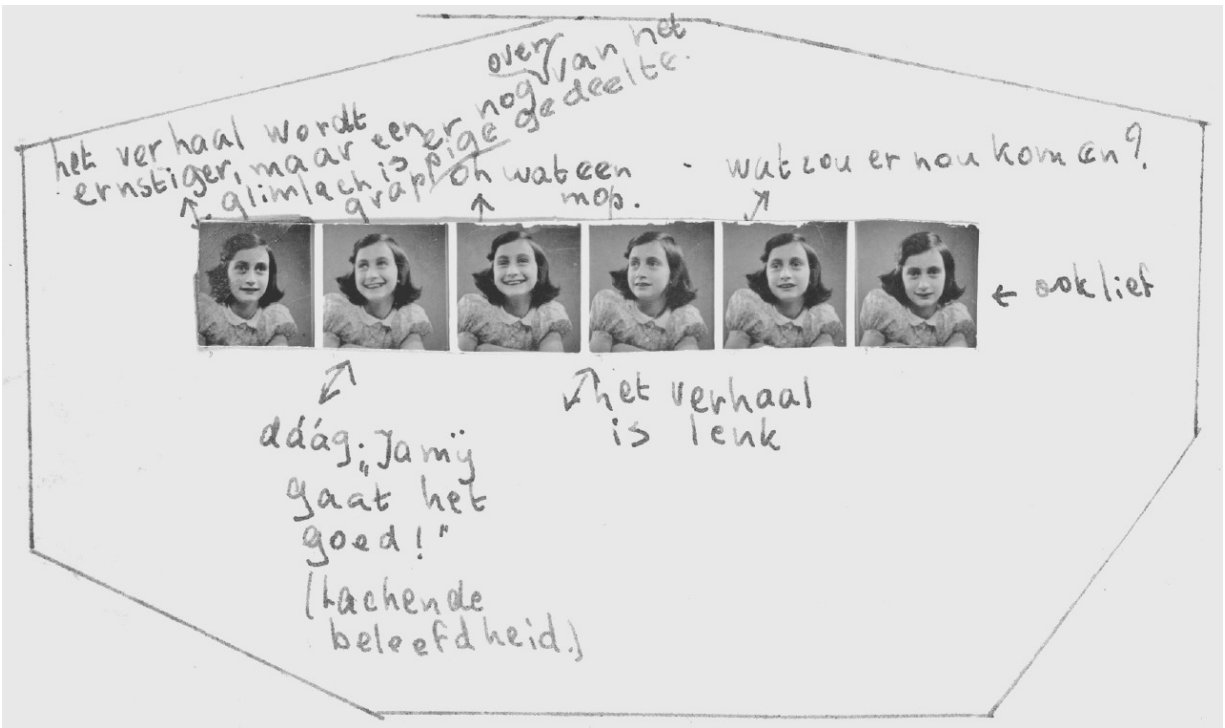
We arrived safely at the office and went straight upstairs there was first a WC and then a small bathroom with a new basin, next door to that was a small room with two divans, that was Margot's and my room. It had three built-in cupboards, next door to it was another room, Daddy's and Mummy's, there were two divans there as well and two small tables and a smoker's table, and a small set of bookshelves and another built-in cupboard, there were 150 cans of vegetables and all sorts of other supplies, then we came to a small corridor with another two doors, one went to the passage that led downstairs to Daddy's office. And the other led to our small bathroom, then a very steep staircase led upstairs to the large kitchen-living room for the van Pels family and a little room for Peter and then there was an attic with a loft. It's not really all that bad here, for we can cook for ourselves, and downstairs in Daddy's office we can listen to the radio.

I can write all the names and everything openly in my diary now. Mr Kleiman and Miep and also Bep Voskuyl have helped us so much, we have already had rhubarb, strawberries and cherries, and I don't think we'll be bored here just yet.

Mr van Pels repeated the story about Daddy being friends with an army captain who had helped him to get away to Belgium, the story is now on everyone's lips and we are greatly amused. We have things to read as well and we are going to buy all sorts of games.

Of course we are not allowed to look out of the window at all or to go outside. Also we have to do everything softly in case they hear us below.

Now I shall stop because I still have a lot to do.



Captions (clockwise from top left):

*Things are getting more serious, but there's still a smile left over from the funny bits.*

*Oh, what a joke.*

*Whatever next?*

*Nice one, as well.*

*That's a funny story.*

*Hello. 'Yes I'm fine!' (smiling politely.)*

28 Sept. 1942.

*To the whole club<sup>7</sup> in general.*

*Dearest Kitty,*

*When I am frightened at night, I get into Daddy's bed, he doesn't mind at all. One night the shooting went on so long that I bundled together all the bedthings and lay down on the floor next to his bed like a dog.' Bye, Kitty Franken and friend François from*

Anne Frank.

*Dearest Pop,*

*When there is a storm or if I can't sleep, I can get in with Pim, he doesn't mind. Greetings to Kees ter Heul, 'bye, Pop, or Emilie ter Heul-Helmer, from*

Anne Frank.

*Dearest Phien,*

*If I have to go to the w.c. at night, I wait till Daddy has to go too we often meet in the bathroom at night, Greetings to Bobbel Breed-Philippiene Breed-Greve, from Anne Frank.*

*Dearest Marjan,*

*Daddy is a treasure!!!! Marjan van Hoven and Jaap ter Duin from Anne Frank*

*Dearest Conny,*

*Most of the time Mummy is not nice, I'm much fonder of pim, greetings to Ru Duyff-Connie*

*Duyff-Ralandt, from Anne Frank.*

*Dearest Lou,*

*Greetings to Kaki Kruivers-Lou Kruivers, de Poll from Anne Frank.*

*Dearest Jetje and Emmy,*

*I only write to you once a month and Jacqueline isn't included.*

Sunday 12 July 1942

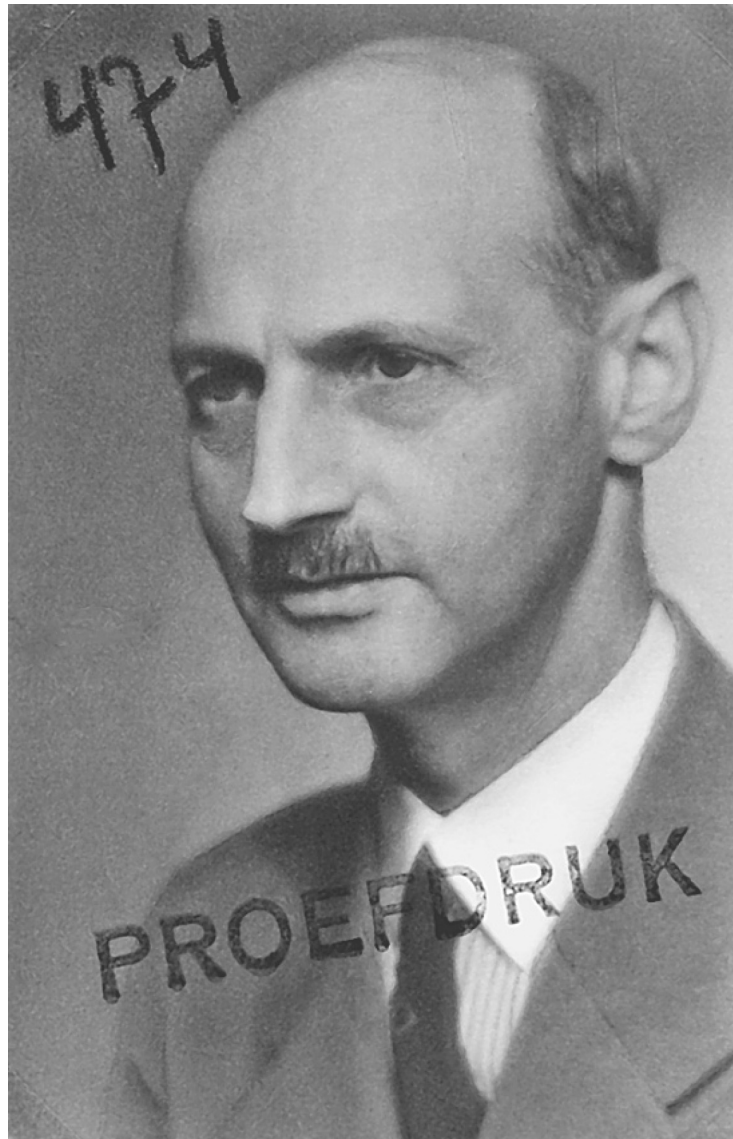
A month ago today they were all being so nice to me because it was my birthday, but I have the feeling that I'm getting more estranged from Mummy and Margot, I worked very hard today, and everyone praised me to the skies but 5 minutes later they were getting at me again.

You can easily see the difference in how she treats Margot and how she treats me, for instance Margot has broken the vacuum cleaner which has meant we've had no light the whole day. Mummy said: 'But Margot, it's easy to see you aren't used to work, or else you'd have known you don't jerk a vacuum cleaner out at the socket.'<sup>8</sup>

Margot said something or other and that was the end of the matter.

But this afternoon when I wanted to copy something out from Mummy's shopping list, because Mummy's writing is so illegible, she didn't want me to and I got another stiff dressing down on the spot, with the whole family joining in.

I don't fit in with them and that's something I've been feeling very much, especially lately. They get so soppy with each other that I would rather be on my own. And then they say how nice it is for the four of us to be together, and that we get on so well, but it never occurs to them for one moment that I mightn't feel like that at all.



Daddy's nicest photograph.

1939.

Daddy's the only one who understands me occasionally, but generally he sides with Mummy and Margot. And I can't stand it when strangers are there and they tell them how much I cried or how sensible I am, it's awful, and then they sometimes speak about Moortje and I can't bear that, for that's my softest and weakest point. I miss Moortje every moment of the day and no one knows how often I think of her; whenever I think of her I get tears in my eyes. Moortje is such a darling and I love her so much, I dream up all sorts of plans in which she comes back again because she's such a darling and I can trust her with everything.

Daddy says you could fill a whole diary just saying how fantastic the Dutch are, he means a book of course, but I'll stop now, good-bye.

Anne.

Thursday July 1942.

I may have already written, but I'm not sure, that we are now in hiding at 263, Prinsengracht with the van Pels family lots of things are happening in the city right now, but let me start from the beginning. On 9 May 1940 war broke out here in the Netherlands, the Germans marched their army in and within 5 days they had conquered the Netherlands. They have been at war with England since September 1939. *Now they have the Netherlands, Belgium, France (almost the whole of it) Poland, Norway, Denmark, Jugo-Slavia, Greece, Rumania, Bulgaria, Hungary is an ally of Germany.*

*Now that the Germans rule the roost here we are in real trouble, first there was rationing and everything had to be bought with coupons, then during the two years they have been here, there have been all sorts of Jewish laws. Jews must wear a yellow star; Jews must hand in their bicycles; Jews are banned from trams and are forbidden to use any car, even a private one; Jews are only allowed to do their shopping between three and five o'clock, and then only in shops which bear the placard Jewish Shop; Jews may only use Jewish barbers; Jews must be indoors from eight o'clock in the evening until 6 o'clock in the morning; Jews are forbidden to visit Theatres, cinemas and other places of entertainment; Jews may not go to swimming baths, nor to tennis, hockey or other sports grounds; Jews may not go rowing; Jews may not take part in public sports. Jews must not sit in their own or their friends' gardens after 8 o'clock in the evening; Jews may not visit Christians; Jews must go to Jewish schools, and many more restrictions of a similar kind, so we could not do this and were forbidden to do that. But life went on in spite of it all. Jacque used to say to me: 'You're scared to do anything because it may be forbidden.' I always dream such nice dreams here, but the reality is that we have to stick it here until the war is over, we are not allowed to go out and we can only be visited by Miep Gies-Santroschits, Jan Gies her husband, Bep Voskuyl, Mr Voskuyl, Mr Kugler, Mr Kleymann and Mrs Kleyman, but she doesn't come because she thinks it's too risky. I can't write down everything that goes on inside me and that I'm accused of, because it's so bad.*

*Dear diary, I hope no one will ever read you except my dear sweet husband, and you know very well who that is, although I sometimes have my doubts about my love, and my dream boy is Frits van Althoven. I don't believe I have ever written anything in here about Peter Schiff and that is really scandalous or shkandalous as Mrs van Pels would say, for he is my one and only.*



AnneFrank Anne Peter

*In the meantime she's been here already!ooooooooo you get what I mean!!!!*

Anne. 28 Sept. 1942

1 August 1942

*So far I have put almost nothing in my diary other than thoughts and have never got round to nice stories I might read out aloud one day. But from now on I shan't be so sentimental or a bit less and keep closer to reality.*

*Here we are then, it all starts early in the morning, we get up at 7 and line up for the bathroom, then we go upstairs to have breakfast, then comes the washing up and some sort of household chore or other. And so it goes until evening in the evening we usually do an hour of exercises, and I practise hard at my dancing steps. It's very cosy here in our small room but I feel anything but at home. The fact that we can never go outside bothers me more than I can say, and then I'm really afraid that we'll be discovered and shot, not a very nice prospect, needless to say. Then there is the fact that Mr v. Pels is mad about Margot but hates me, he keeps trying to get me into trouble now, but he doesn't manage too well, because Daddy and Mummy are always on my side. Like last night, for instance, when we had cold meat and eel. I didn't have any meat of course, just eel. Now there was only a very little bread, but Margot and I still had a small slice and then Mr v. Pels said Margot, put the meat on your bread now and have some cheese afterwards. I made a mental note of this and put a small piece of cheese on my bread for that's all we had, and then Margot and I ate our sandwiches. When Margot had finished, she didn't want the cheese any more and I asked if I could have it, Daddy laughed and gave it to me, for he said if Margot can have it then so can you. Mr v. Pels looked down his nose and then he said: 'No, the cheese is only for children who eat meat.'*

*'Yes but Anne has had eel,' Margot said quickly.*

*'Yes but a lot more people don't eat eel, and everyone eats meat!'*

*Then I said, yes but Mr v.P you're always looking for some excuse so that I get nothing or something like it and then I got down from the table.*



*Anne looking 'thoughtful', 'proud', 'smiling in her sleep' and 'sweet'.*

Another example:

We had barley soup which I don't like and anyway it was very hot and I never eat much then. Now I had to eat something of course but there was meat in it and I didn't want that, so I gave it to Mummy, no said Mummy you must eat it up and she gave it back to me. So Mr v.P. said I couldn't have any seasoning. Margot had some fat not even 1 millimetre thick on her meat, she cut it off and Mr v.P. said nothing. Then the barley was too much for me and I couldn't finish it, so I left it on the plate; Mr v.P. said quickly that I couldn't have any yoghurt, but Mummy wouldn't have that and so I got the most.

V.P. was highly indignant and suddenly they started churning out wonderful stories about Peter, who was so good with his food.

*Daddy and Mummy ignored it all.*

.....

*We had agreed to have tea in the morning, Peter doesn't like tea; but once when we had cocoa and I pulled a face I really got it in the neck from everybody. Peter doesn't like it when we have tea, but Mrs v.P. slips him cocoa then on the quiet. That's really mean because nobody takes any notice if we don't like something.*

.....

so something happens every day, but I  
am too lazy and too tired to  
write everything down.

'bye AnneFrank.

*Friday 14 Aug. 1942.*

*There is little change in our life here. Today Peter had his hair washed, but that's nothing special, Mr v. Pels and I usually manage to upset each other, and tonight we laughed ourselves sick. Mummy always treats me just like a baby, which I can't bear. Otherwise things are going better.*

*Tonight Miep is going to see Mr Goldsmit our tenant, to fetch some more clothes, I hope she'll come back with nice things. Daddy gives me regular lessons now, but it's shocking how much I've forgotten already. I've heard meanwhile that Hanneli and Jacque (at least I think it was them) were in our house to look at my diary, they wanted to get hold of Daddy's mysterious letter of course. In the evening we do office work, but it so happens that I have nothing to do tonight.*

*Things are getting very mysterious round here now, Mr Kugler was afraid they might come to look for hidden bicycles, and that's why he wanted to have the door to our hiding place camouflaged, now it's been done so as to look like an ordinary bookcase, when in fact it is a door, for the bookcase with all its books swings on hinges so you can open it like a door, notwithstanding (what a grand word, eh?) that it looks as if it's fixed to the wall.*

*If we want to go downstairs, that is to the office, we have to bend down first and then jump.*

*Enough for today, my arm can't move any more, 'bye.*

Anne Frank

22 August 1942.

*Miep and Jan went to see Mr Goldsmith, as you know he is our tenant, and asked if they could look over the apartment to see whether they could rescue anything for us. Goldsmith said that we had carted everything away and that he couldn't understand how we had managed to eat, since there was only one plate left. So he must have carted everything away in our house. He tried as well to make them believe that Mrs Goslar had come for the cigarettes and Mrs Lefkowitz for the baby linen for Kohnke, but that he had had to turn them both away empty-handed. I think he has sold some of it and given the rest to Ulla Cohen because he got married recently and we think to Ulla Cohen.*

*Now Mr Kleiman has gone to see Mr Lefkowitz to ask him to come with him to see Goldsmith, but Lefkowitz wanted to speak to Goslar about it first, and I don't know whether Goslar will agree. What they want is to get Goldsmith to tell Kleiman where our things are, and Mr Dunselman has our power of attorney so they can always use that.*

*It's really very mean of Goldsmith to steal our stuff, and then to lie about it as well. Apart from that there's nothing special, except that Mr and Mrs v. Pels have had a furious quarrel and Mr v.P. yelled so much that they must surely have been able to hear him houses away.*

*Mummy gave me another frightful sermon this morning; I can't bear them, our ideas are diametrically opposed. Daddy is a darling, although he can sometimes be angry with me for five minutes on end.*

'Bye. Anne Frank.

21 September 1942.

*I do a lot of work, although I say so myself.*

*I haven't written anything for ages, but no doubt I'll make up for it. Mr v. Pels is all sugar to me nowadays, I take it quietly as my due. We die laughing about Peter one day he has lumbago, next day he has a blue tongue and itches and so on. There was a big drama just now. Peter and Margot are allowed to read practically any book, but Mr Kleiman brought along a book about the last war that was very outspoken. So Peter and Margot were not allowed to read it. Immediately Peter just had to have it so he got hold of it, whereupon Mrs v.P. went to Mummy (she didn't know that Peter was*

reading the book) and told her she thought it very strange that Margot was allowed to read any book she wanted to. Mummy said of course that Margot was very sensible in such matters (much too sensible for me), but that even so she wasn't allowed to read the Trilogy. In the evening Peter came downstairs with 'the' book and he and his mother talked about it half the evening, and then Mrs van Pels said that really she didn't see much wrong with it. But Mr v.P. wouldn't have it and snatched the book away, then Peter was furious and said either he had the book or he would refuse to learn any more English. That made Mr van Pels furious and Piet rushed upstairs. Before supper Mr v.P. called to Peter come and eat! But nothing happened. Some more calling, then he called I'm not coming I'm going to sleep on the camp bed in the attic. After that Mr v.P. brought the bed downstairs and then said you can have 10 more minutes to think about it and after that it'll be too late and you'll have to sleep in the attic on your own. Peter said that was fine, but at table we all said that if Peter slept upstairs he might catch cold. It wouldn't hurt if he got no food. Suddenly we heard whistling. We were startled, because we didn't know where it came from at first, and then a voice called out very loud, – I'm not coming down anyway! Mr v.P. sprang to his feet scarlet in the face but Daddy went with him, and then they brought him downstairs. The next day he said that he wouldn't come down again unless he was given the book. But he had to anyway. And now Mrs van Pels says he's quite right. What an idiot of a woman!!!!

And this afternoon she simply took all our sheets and pillowcases, except for two, out of the cupboard. All our towels are already in use. Now she wants to make sure that all our sheets get torn to shreds by being washed and used, while her ladyship keeps her own nice and neat for after the war. But Daddy won't leave it at that. Yesterday it was Yom Kippur,<sup>9</sup> and there can't be many people who will have kept it as quietly as we did. Bep told us that Betty Bloemendal from my class has been packed off to Poland, too, it's horrible isn't it, and we are so well off here. There is talk that Mr Pfeffer will be coming to join us, so we shall be able to save him as well. The war still goes on, and we get almost no butter now on our bread. I'm busy with Daddy at the moment working out his family tree, and as we go along he tells me little bits about everyone. Miep and Jan have just come back from their vacation, and now I can see a lot of Miep again. I would just love to correspond with somebody, so that is what I intend to do in future with my diary. I shall write it from now on in letter form, which actually comes to the same thing.

Dear Jettje, (I shall simply say,)

My dear friend, both in the future as well as now I shall have a lot to tell you. I have started knitting a sweater out of white wool. But I mustn't knit too much otherwise it'll be finished too soon. I now have a little light above my bed.'Bye I've got to go and peel potatoes for the most rotten person in the world, that's a bit exaggerated, but only a little bit. Regards to everyone and kisses from

Anne Frank 21 Sept. 1942.

The same day

*I have some time left tonight dearest Emmy, and so I shall drop you a few lines, this afternoon I wrote a fairly sheepish letter to Jettje, but I had hardly sat down for a minute when I had to peel potatoes for 'her ladyship my mama', she says it in such commanding tones, and if I don't hop to it then she shouts 'loos', that is German but I don't know exactly how you spell it. Just as in 'Joop ter Heul'. Incidentally, have you read 'Joop ter Heul'? How are things with Janeau? Are you all right, you two, or do you still squabble every day and make up in the evenings, that is the best bit of all for sure. I listen to the radio every Saturday night, there is a variety programme then from Germany, but it's been getting duller all the time, ever since the first night, when the programme was called 'In Love, Engaged, Married', in German of course, but I shan't talk too much about German, because you get furious at that, which I understand perfectly well. Tonight I was working in the office again, and whoops tore a delivery note right through the middle, I haven't said anything about it, but I think they'll have to make out a new one. Mr Kleiman went yet again to see Mr Goldschmith after he hadn't been at home twice, he left his telephone number, then Goldschmith rang him up and he went to the Joodse Invalide where Goldschmith works. Goldschmith said that he had told people there was nothing left in the house, because otherwise everyone would have wanted to take something he's packed away most of our things in chests and suitcases now and put them in the box room, he gave a little bit to the Jewish Council, well if it's only a little bit, I couldn't care less, but Mummy thinks that he's probably embezzled it all, but I think that one shouldn't be so suspicious, and kind Daddy of course agrees with me. Today Peter changed his room, the store cupboard is now in the attic and where it was are floorboards with a little space on which you can put things, I suggested that he put his table there, with a nice cloth and hang the little cupboard against the wall where the table is now, then it will look quite cosy, though I wouldn't like to sleep there. Madame is off on a new tack, the latest is that she doesn't want to wash up the pans, if there is a fragment left instead of putting it into a glass dish she leaves it in the pan to go bad. That's stupid of course. Then, when Margot has lots of pans to scrub in the afternoon, Madame says oh Margotchen, Margotchen, you do have a lot to do, but it's all put on, and Margot sometimes has seven dirty pans, when she should have just one or at most two, now I must stop, dearest Emmy regards to Georgette from*

Anne Frank

Amsterdam 22-9-42.

*Dear Kitty,*

*Yesterday I wrote to Emmy and Jettje, but I prefer writing to you, you know that don't you and I hope the feeling is mutual. Last night we were talking about the fact that in a*

way I'm still rather silly, which had the effect that little Anne set to work extra hard the next day, today I spent all morning swotting French irregular verbs, good of me isn't it, but then I certainly don't want to still be in the first form when I'm 14 or 15. Yesterday we also mentioned that I'm hardly allowed to read anything, Mummy is reading 'Heren, vrouwen, knechten' [Men, women, servants] now, don't laugh at me, I don't remember the precise title, but that's another book I'm not allowed, because I must first be more developed, like my talented sister, we also talked about psychology, and philosophy and other deep subjects. Tomorrow I think I'll write my farewell letter to Jacqueline, it should have been done 2½ months ago. It has turned terribly cold here already, and I have just woken up to the disturbing fact that I have only one long-sleeved dress and 3 cardigans here, I am still busy knitting the white thing, but that will get dirty so quickly. All my sweaters are at the Brokses' but perhaps Miep will ask if she could store them for me, in which case we'll get them back, of course. How are you all? I think it's such a shame that I never get a reply. Yesterday I was writing to Emmy about Mrs v.P., when in she came, slap, I closed the book. Hey, Anne, can't I just have a look?

I'm afraid not. Just the last page, then? No, I'm sorry. Naturally it scared me out of my wits because there was a less than agreeable description of her. I have finished Joop ter Heul so quickly that I shan't be getting any new books before Saturday. When I've read the last two as well I shall ask Kleiman if I can't have 'Kees de Jongen' by Theo Thijssen, do you know that one? I wish you could just come and have a look at our house here, although it's not at all bad you'd kill yourself laughing. Now my fountain pen (I mean Mummy's fountain pen) has run dry and I don't like writing in pencil, and so an embrace (sentimental isn't it, I got it from darling Jettje) from

Anne Frank

This is the promised fare-well letter  
25-Sept. 1942.

Dear Jacqueline,

I am writing this letter in order to bid you good-bye, that will probably surprise you, but fate has decreed that I must leave (as you will of course have heard a long time ago) with my family, for reasons you will know.

When you telephoned me on Sunday afternoon I couldn't say anything, for my mother had told me not to, the whole house was upside down and the front door was locked. Hello was due to come, but we didn't answer the door. I can't write to everyone and that's why I'm just writing to you. I'm taking it that you won't talk to anybody about this letter nor from whom you got it. I would be so grateful if you would be really nice and keep up a secret correspondence with me. All inquiries to Mrs Gies!!!! I hope we'll meet again soon, but it probably won't be before the end of the war. If Lies or anyone else asks you if you've heard anything from me say absolutely nothing,

*otherwise you'll get us and Mrs Gies into mortal trouble, so I hope you'll be really careful. Later, of course, you'll be able to tell people that you had a farewell letter from me. Well then Jackie I hope things go well with you, that I hear from you soon and that we'll meet again soon.*

*Your 'best' friend Anne*

*P. S. I hope that we'll always stay 'best' friends until we meet again.*

*'bye.*

*Second letter.*

*25 Sept. 1942.*

*Dear Jackie,*

*I was very glad to get your letter, if no Germans have been to our apartment so far, please could you go round to Mr Goldschmith and pick up some of our books and papers and games you can have them or look after them for me, or else you could take them to Mrs Gies. I forgot to tell you in my last letter that you must not keep these letters from me, because no one must find them. So cut them up into tiny pieces, just like we did that time with the letter from Mummy's box. Please do it. How are you all, I mustn't write about myself of course. I think of you so often. How is Ilse is she still around. I've heard from Mrs Gies that Lies is still here. We're not bored and we have company, I mustn't write anything more about our life until later, although it is weird but interesting. This letter mustn't get too long be seeing you and a little kiss from*

*Anne*

*25 Sept. 1942.*

*Dearest Pop,*

*Just a short scribble, you haven't heard from me for a long time have you, but things are still all right. How is Kees? When will it be, he is a really good boy friend isn't he, but I don't really have to ask you, since you obviously think that anyway of your intended. I must just tell you about our 'Dreher-drama'. You probably know that Mr Dreher is the old, deaf gentleman whom Pim always used to visit. Today he telephoned to speak to Mr Kugler and was simply told that Miep would be coming round to see him, Miep put down the phone and then Mrs Dreher telephoned three times and Miep had to imitate Bep's voice because she had said the first time that Miep had gone out with Mr Kugler. When Miep tells stories like that you kill yourself laughing. I can still sit for hours just looking at Miep. Today the weather is so damp and chilly that I've put on long stockings for the first time, at home I would never have had to do that. Yesterday evening I visited the van Pels again, it is always great fun there. Yesterday I got two slices of buttered bread with thick treacle, and a glass of fizzy lemonade. We talked about Peter, I told them how Peter keeps stroking my cheek and that I wished he wouldn't as I don't like being pawed by boys. Then they told me that Peter must like me*

very much and couldn't I get fond of him too, and I thought oh dear, and said, no I can't. Then they asked a whole lot of questions about my friends, but I didn't let on about Peter [Schiff], I might just as well have said Fritz or Sallie. Then I said that I thought Peter rather awkward but that it was probably shyness, as many boys who haven't had much to do with girls are like that. Well Pop I can smell the typewriter and my fingers are tingling Best regards to Betty and her boy friend.

Anne Frank.

26 Sept. 1942.

Dearest Marianne,

I have been writing to each of you in turn but the series ends with you. This morning I again spent the whole morning doing French. I am giving Pim Dutch lessons now as well, he made a few blunders e.g. een kikker klotst met zijn ogen [a frog laps with his eyes] instead of de golven klotsen [the waves lap], that is nothing but a Germanism, and een dievegge [a female thief] instead of dievegge and een schitterende [overwinning] instead of een schitterend [a glorious victory], when the verb schitteren is used in e.g. de zon schitterde in het water [the sun shone on the water]. Here they're busy plotting again. Broks the representative of Opekta as you know, in whose house all our things are stored, keeps asking about us and harping on the subject, so they're going to try and write a letter. They're going to write to a man in South Zeeland who is supplied by Opekta every year asking him if he has received the goods this year and doing it in such a way that he has to put a tick on a form and send it straight back as usual in the enclosed envelope, but Daddy will write the address on the envelope so that it will get here with Daddy's handwriting on it. Then Mr Kleiman will open the envelope, take out the man's letter and get Daddy to write a letter which he will then put inside. And so they will have a letter sent by us from Belgium and smuggled across the border. They specially chose South Zeeland, because no one is allowed to go there, so neither Broks nor anyone else will be able to go there either. A clever plan! That's what I think too. Daddy played up once again last night, he was feeling queasy, wanted to sleep and tumbled into bed, there his feet felt cold so I put my bed socks on them. Five minutes later they were lying by his bed again. Then he didn't like the light and put his head under the blankets. When the light was switched off he reappeared very gingerly, it was too comical. Then when the rest of us were talking about Peter's calling Margot 'tante' [aunt], a voice from the deep suddenly emerged from Daddy, whom we had thought fast asleep, 'Kaffee', by which he meant 'Kaffeetante' [coffee addict]. Madame has a cold and is very catty, Mummy and I kept on pinching each other at table. Mrs Kleiman is upstairs now, that makes a pleasant change. Musschie (the cat) gets nicer all the time and more friendly towards me, but I am still a little afraid of him. Today we got three small baskets of little plums, very tasty, although I haven't tried them myself yet. Today Mr Kleiman brought Joop-van Dil-ter Heul, and Joop and her boys, he's a nice man, he produces everything exactly on time. Tonight I



*am going to listen to the radio, it was broken, but it's working again now, in much better condition. More next time'bye Marian, regards to Jaap.*

Anne

*P. S. How are you two getting on and how is Gabi's singing. When is the little one due, it can't be long now. Is your mother all right, and how is your bank-papa. I hope all of you are well. In my letters I always forget to ask, because I always have so much to write about ourselves and our life here.'Bye now.*

Anne.

26. Sept. 1942.

*Dear Kitty,*

For once I shall write to you out of turn, because I can well imagine how you must be feeling. It is disagreeable of course, but Kit I think you'll have to find someone else; of course you'll think me heartless, for I know how sincerely you love Henk and I had never expected that of Henk either, but you have a great advantage Kitty, that is that you can discuss everything with your mum, I can't and though I am very close to Pim still a woman is different. But let's drop that now and leave it at that, because I don't know whether you mind my bothering you with it, but if you don't mind you can safely write everything about him to me, for as you know I shall never mention it to anybody.

Yesterday I watched Mummy rummaging about in the cupboard and take out all our ten-cent and twenty-five cent pieces, Daddy said I could have them all back again and that makes me feel good. I can't tell you everything that happens here for if I did I would use up all my paper in a single day, and I have to be economical with it. Just now the 'old nanny goat' came moaning to me again because I have removed Margo's things from the pigeonhole in my little cupboard, well yes I don't want to have to look at a filthy lamp and an even filthier fountain-pen case, this stupid woman, she says scathingly that it's Margo's cupboard and that she can put what she wants in it, but I'll soon tell Margo where she gets off. There I am going on about myself again, but that person always turns up at the most intimate moments. Now all my nice feelings have vanished again,'bye Kit, regards to everyone from me your

Anne Frank.

27 Sept. 1942.

*Dearest Conny,*

*How are you and Nanny, poor soul you are so lonely, yes but here's a fine prospect, you can stay with me, I was with your mother the whole morning, and she agrees, I hope that this diversion is to your liking, so come as quickly as possible. Today I had a so-called 'discussion' with Mummy, but the boring thing was that I burst into tears*

*straight away, I can't help it, Daddy is always so nice to me, and he understands me so much better too. Oh, I can't stand Mummy at such times, and I am a stranger as far as she is concerned as well, for you see, she doesn't even know how I think about the most ordinary things. We were talking about servants, that you should call them the 'household help', and will most definitely have to after the war, but I had hardly brought out the words when she said that I'm always carrying on about 'later' and that just like Peter I make myself out to be a grand lady, but that is absolutely not true, and surely I can build castles in the air, that's not so bad, one doesn't have to take everything so seriously. Daddy at least defends me, without him I would honestly be almost unable to stand it here.*

*Mrs v.P. had another tantrum yesterday because everything was wrong first of all Mummy had taken a clean towel, she hadn't realized that madam had hung the towels up in the attic, because she thinks it's so squalid to hang them up in the room, something new again.*

*Then the vegetables had to be taken out of the pan because otherwise she'd have to wash it up in the evening, and she wanted Margot to wash it up now at lunchtime. But that's ridiculous because in the evening the vegetables will have to be heated up again in the pan anyway.*

*Then she took her glass saucers away, and now we only use ours. Hers are too good, but we are free to smash ours.*

*At table I didn't want to have any vegetables, so Mrs v.P. claimed I couldn't have any potatoes either, but that didn't bother me because I knew Mummy would let me have some anyway. Whereupon Mummy immediately served me with potatoes before anybody else. Mr v.P. also said that I would have to eat some vegetables, but I didn't. Then Mrs v.P. chimed in and said that she didn't think that was good manners, and that if I were her child I would certainly have had to eat the vegetables, and that I was badly brought up. Daddy then said he thought that Anne was very well brought up, since she doesn't answer back, and he added 'vice versa' which means that others copy the kind of example you set. That was of course aimed at madam, because she can't have beans at night or any kind of cabbage at all, otherwise she gets 'wind'.*

*But I could say that as well. She's a fool isn't she. Regards to your parents and come as quickly as possible to your waiting-in-anticipation*

AnneFrank

27 Sept. 1942.

*Dearest Pien,*

*haven't written to you for a long time, but I am fairly busy. Please don't think that I'm cross with you, because that's absolutely not true.*

*I must tell you about a drama that took place a few weeks ago, which will give you a clear picture of our relations here.*

*One Sunday morning we were sitting at breakfast, and we were talking about how modest Daddy is and then Mrs v.P. said:*

*'I too have an unassuming nature, more so than my husband!'*

*Mr v.P.: 'I don't wish to be modest,' and to me: 'Take my advice, Anne, don't be too unassuming, it will never get you anywhere!'* with which Mummy agreed.

*Mrs v.P.: 'What a stupid thing to say to Anne, that outlook on life is just too silly!'*

*Mummy: 'I myself also think that you don't get much further with it, just look, my husband and Margot and Peter are exceptionally modest while Anne, your husband, and I are not modest at all. We are not immodest, but we are not modest either.'*

*Mrs v.P.: 'Oh, no, on the contrary, I am very modest, how can you say that I am immodest?'*

*Mummy: 'I haven't said that you are immodest, but you aren't all that modest either.'*

*Mrs v.P.: How am I pushy then, if I didn't look after myself, I'd soon starve to death!'*

*Mummy laughed, and so they went on. I got so involved, that I found myself shaking my head at one point. She got even more furious then, of course, and delivered another sermon at me, which made me burst out laughing.*

*She is an idiot, and he's a bit of one too but much nicer, and their son is very nice but dull. Well Pien here you have another little bit of gossip, but better than some long and boring tale. Regards to your family and Kaki from me. As ever, your*

AnneFrank

27 Sept. 1942.

*Dear Pop,*

*Another little scribble, today I took a really peculiar bath, like this, first I carry a small washtub downstairs to the large WC, then I take it to the water heater, run hot water into the tub in the office kitchen, and then I go and put my feet in it, meanwhile sitting on the WC and start to wash myself, but of course it all splashes everywhere and later when I'm clean, I have to wipe everything up with the dirty mop. At home I would never have believed that one day I'd be taking a bath in a wc, but it isn't all that bad, for it could still happen that I might have to live in a wc one day, then I'd have a little bookshelf made and a little table and use the wc as a chair, but there wouldn't be anywhere to sleep, I'd have to be able to push everything out of the way and that couldn't be done. There is a light as well and you can also black the place out. Well Pop the family has arrived, with the cat, and now I am being distracted, because I want to go and look. Kindest regards to Kees, and love from*

Anne Frank

28 Sept. 1942.

Dearest Kit,

We can't use the WC this afternoon which is most unpleasant, but there's nothing we can do about it, worse things could happen. The workmen came to change the pipes in the office WC and they are afraid that the pipes might break, so they're having to come upstairs, which is pretty awkward, but Kleiman said he didn't have the key *with him*, so they're going to have to come back tomorrow, and then we'll have to clear out the bathroom and the wc, but we hope this won't happen. The rack which we use as our door which I think I told you about some time ago will probably have to be taken away in that case, but I don't know if that can be done. The Broks family want to let out a room, well it can only be our room, and that's pretty mean of them because they'll be getting double rent then for a single room. We're so afraid that they'll throw our stuff out. This morning we worked really hard making potato cholent<sup>10</sup> and the whole orphanage as we call it had to help with peeling potatoes and putting them through the grating machine, I rubbed them just like apples over the little thingummy with holes, it makes it much finer that way, but it's a terrible job, and you need a lot of strength and it takes much longer of course than putting it through the machine. Margot and I got in the same bed together last evening, it was a frightful squash, but that was just the fun of it, she asked if she could read my diary sometime, I said yes at least bits of it, and then I asked if I could read hers, and then we got on to the subject of the future and then I asked her what she wanted to be, but she wouldn't say and made a great secret of it, but I gathered something about teaching, I'm not sure if I'm right of course but I think that's the direction she's going in. I really shouldn't be so curious. This morning I was lying on Peter's bed, having chased him off at first, he was furious with me, not that I cared very much, he might be a bit more friendly with me for once; after all I did give him an apple yesterday as consolation for his desperate love which I am conceited enough to imagine exists. I asked Margot if she thought I was very ugly, she said that I was quite attractive and that I had nice eyes, rather vague don't you think? Till next time then, with greetings to your parakeet other half from

Anne Frank

28 Sept. 1942.

Dearest Pien,

I use a preserving glass as a potty, it's in the bathroom during the day but I am horribly afraid that they might want to use it as a preserving glass again, but just smelling it should be more than enough for them. At night I manage it all by feeling and I put it right round my 'vagina' and a little bit further round it works all right. Not too long and not too nice a letter is it, well, another time, last time I didn't do you too badly. Regards to your sweetheart, from your friend,

Anne Frank.

28 Sept. 1942.

*Dearest Loutje,*

*Peter goes to the storeroom in the evenings to empty the slop buckets, on Monday nights someone often rings the doorbell and then we jump out of our skins. Someone also telephones after office hours once in a while. I could easily write on every page 'Pim is a darling!!!! Mummy isn't!!!!' The first I mean just as much as the second, nasty of me isn't it!!!! It's really interesting I think to have an impressive 'something' like that on every page. How is Kaki, I have finished the 'Joop ter Heul' books, and just like you I thought the last book was the nicest. I am not sitting properly, as you might have noticed from my handwriting, and so good bye my girl, jour<sup>11</sup>*

Anne Frank.

30 sept.<sup>12</sup>  
1942

This morning we were able to go downstairs again after breakfast as usual. The plumber wasn't coming, because his son had received a call-up notice for Germany and had to leave straight away. I went downstairs to work. At about half past twelve Mr Levinsohn came, he had to be in the kitchen boiling things with Mr Kugler. More nuisance, because Mr Levinsohn knows the building just as well if not better than the plumber. So the family had to be as quiet as mice and Mr Levinsohn argued about something with Mr Kugler in his booming voice, and if Mr Kugler left the kitchen for just 5 minutes he started shouting after him: 'Mr Kugler!!!! Mr Kugler!!!!'

The poor man didn't have a minute's peace. No sooner had he finally seen the back of Mr Levinsohn at half past two, than Mr Kugler had to go downstairs again to see the accountant whose nose was buried in the books.

A big change at table, where I am sitting next to Mr van Pels and Margot next to Mummy, this is because Margot was having a bad effect on Mr v.P.'s appetite so now I have to act as substitute. The menu was not very tempting, at least for me, whereas Mr v.P. ate 3 large platefuls and according to him could have eaten a 4th one as well.

1 October 1942. Today the three dangerous people have joined forces, i.e. Levinsohn, the charwoman and Mr Broks. Mr Levinsohn now refers to himself as Mijnheer Muller on the telephone because he is not allowed to telephone Christians.

So the family was upstairs again this morning. The menu consisted of hash, only without the fun bits as Peter calls them.

6 Oct. 1942.

Bokkie Pepertje Sokkie Tokkie Pepertje – Pokkie Pepertje Pokkie

Today we finally got a bit of peace again, if you can call it that seeing that Levinsohn is still coming in the afternoon. In the morning I did some French and History with Daddy, but not without interruptions from Kugler and Kleiman. Kleiman has something really horrible Haemorrhoids they are veins in your bowels, if you go to the wc or break wind that presses against the blood vessels and they burst so that the blood

runs out and people often get their trousers full of blood in the street. The operation for it is really nasty, the bowels have to be taken out of the body and for 8 days you cannot go to the wc so you get a really fat stomach of course. Kleiman has already had one operation like that and doesn't want another one at all, but perhaps he will manage with some ointment. This afternoon Miep came with last May's list of outstanding debts, Daddy and I dealt with it before supper. Tonight, the sales ledger has to be brought completely up to date as well, but I think Daddy will do it, he won't finish of course because the list of debts has to be totted up too.

Miep has had a spot of bother again there were house searches at her parents' (foster parents) and one room was sealed off, because the man was keeping his son-in-law's things in the room, now there are a lot of other things in there as well it's really annoying. Every night people are being picked up without warning and that is awful particularly for old and sick people, they treat them just like slaves in the olden days. The poor old people are taken outside at night and then they have to walk for instance as far as Adama v. Scheltemaplein in a whole procession with children and everything then when they arrive at Adama v. Scheltemaplein they are sent to Ferdinand Bolstraat and from there back again to A. v. Scheltemaplein and that's how they plague these poor people. Also they throw water over them if they scream. How lucky we are to be here. Miep has also been to see Helene she runs a rest home and is trying to get a special exemption so that she doesn't have to leave. Mr Rozendaal, the deaf man from the Tokita has also been picked up because he took the J off his identity card. Mr Huisburg is in Westerborg too but can stay on there for the time being and work for the Jewish Council. Mr Holland the sports commentator [with] his son and wife are also gone just like Mr de Vries from the Noorder Amstellaan sports club. Mrs Bunjes had a baby on 1 October Joke, Regina a lovely name. Mr Bunjes has been sacked from Cineac because one evening he cut a film a bit short in order to catch the last tram, but they really did it because he is a quarter Jew, but doesn't count as one. Tonight we laughed and laughed at what were really nothing but feeble jokes. Margot looks as if she has just escaped from a slum and I don't look much better because yesterday our hair was washed.

I eat an enormous amount, so much that everyone is astounded even greens though not so much in the evenings. This afternoon and tonight again we had kale but without any sausage, tonight I didn't eat it. This afternoon I had a nap again after a long time without and before that, instead of reading I dressed up my little doll from Mrs Eichwald's cradle it looks very nice and fixed the bear, the only bit of jewellery I have left (that sounds sad doesn't it) so that it looks as if he's crawling. I finished The Kingford School but I don't think it's nearly as nice as the other books by Cissy van Marxveldt there is nothing gripping in it.

*30 Sept. 1942.*

*Dearest Conny,*

*Yesterday I couldn't write to you because it was Mrs v.P.'s birthday, it was very enjoyable, and in the afternoon I drank five cups of tea. Mrs v.P. was given chrysanthemums by the staff and roses by us. Mr v.P. presented her with red carnations, very pretty. For lunch we had cauliflower with tongue and potatoes, with tomato soup as a delicious gravy. Then in the afternoon the whole office came upstairs including Mr Voskuyl we had apple tarts and coffee (except for me who had tea). In the evening we laughed ourselves silly at table because I put Mrs Dreher's fur collar round Daddy's head which made him look so divine you could have died laughing, Mr van Pels tried it on too and he looked even sillier, particularly when he put Margot's spectacles on his nose as well. He looked just like a little old German lady, and no one would have been able to recognize Mr v. Pels inside. It wasn't such fun in the evening, since we were all without exception very tired. Mrs v.P. had baked a delicious plum cake.*

*This morning we were glad that the plumber didn't come, because his son who was in Germany and had returned, was having to go back again because he had received another call-up. Mr Levinsohn came instead, he had to boil up test samples for Mr Kugler. It wasn't very pleasant, because this person, just like the plumber, knows the whole house, so we had to be as quiet as mice. I am working hard at my French irregular verbs, and also at the vocabulary of 'La belle Nivernaise'. Miep came later and went upstairs, Daddy and I who had been sitting downstairs followed her up. I went and lay down next to Mr v. Pels, it was lovely and warm and when Miep had gone again I started to write to you. Miep and Jan are coming to sleep here this Friday or next, we'll take Daddy's bed into our room then and the two of them can sleep there. Miep is bringing two woollen blankets and we can also get a fluffy blanket and an eiderdown and pillows from Mr Fuchs's suitcase upstairs so they can't possibly be too cold. We'll wheel my little divan into the next-door room, and Margot will sleep on the camp bed. Mrs van Pels and I have non-stop quarrels because she's always trying to stroke Daddy's hair, and I happen to be jealous as you know, so I can't stand that, particularly as she puts on such airs, Mummy doesn't behave like that with Mr v.P., I've said that to Mrs v.P.'s face.*

*Bep's friend Bertus has to go to Germany too. Bep is very down,<sup>13</sup> which is understandable.*

*I have a terrible pain in my index finger (on my left hand luckily) and can't do any ironing right now, luckily!*

*Mr v. Pels would rather I sat next to him at table, because Margot no longer eats as much as he would like, well changes like that suit me too. There's a little black pussy cat that keeps running about in the garden reminding me of my Moortje, oh, the darling. Mummy always has some comment or other to make, especially at table, so the change is nice for that reason too, now Margot will bear the brunt of it, or rather she won't since Mummy doesn't make such sarcastic comments to her, model child that*



*she is! I keep teasing her all the time about being a model child which she can't stand, perhaps she'll give it up, it's high time.*

*When anyone is downstairs we all have to go up to the attic with our jam-preserving glasses or potties, since we can't use the wc. That's enough for today now,'bye Con, regards to your dear husband from*

Anne Frank

3 Oct. 1942.

*Dearest Marianne,*

*It's been a few days again since I last wrote, but a lot of really bad things have happened in the meantime. Yesterday they went on at me because I lay on the bed beside Mr v. Pels. At your age, for shame!, and suchlike expressions. Silly of course. I would never want to sleep with Mr v. Pels in the general sense of the word I mean of course. This morning Miep told us that last night they were dragging Jews from house after house again in South Amsterdam.<sup>14</sup> Horrible. God knows which of our acquaintances are left. A crippled old woman was sitting on Miep's doorstep because she couldn't walk and so the scoundrels went to fetch a car, meanwhile the poor person had to wait out in the cold (she wasn't allowed to go indoors) and there was terrible shooting. You just can't imagine how awful it all is, I am only so glad that we are here. There was another dust-up yesterday and Mummy kicked up a frightful row, she told Daddy just what she thought of me and had an awful fit of tears so, of course, off I went too, and I'd got such a frightful headache anyway. Finally I told Daddy that I'm much more fond of 'him' than Mummy, to which he replied that I'd get over that. But I don't believe it. I simply can't stand Mummy, and I have to force myself not to snap at her all the time and to stay calm with her, I could easily slap her face, I don't know how it is that I have taken such a terrible dislike to her. Daddy said that I should sometimes volunteer to help Mummy, when she doesn't feel well or has a headache; but I shan't since I don't like her and I don't feel like it. I would certainly do it for Daddy, I noticed that when he was ill. Also it's easy for me to picture Mummy dying one day, but Daddy dying one day seems inconceivable to me. It may be very mean of me, but that's how I feel. I hope that Mummy won't ever read 'this' or any of the other things.*

*Peter has something wrong with his foot again, that softy, and it's easy to see that he is in love. Yesterday I cut out the coupons, that's quite a nice little job. Peeling potatoes is something else I often do these days, but I dread shelling peas. Today I have to read things in the prayer book, I have no idea why Mummy wants to force me to do that, but I'll do it to oblige her and above all for Pim.*

*Mummy has just said that if we ever get back home and are allowed to stay, we shall probably take in the Goslar baby, I think that's terrific; but I don't think we would ever let go of her again in that case. I have such a lovely book, it's called 'Eva's youth'. The Eva in it thought that children grow like apples on a tree and that the stork*



*plucks them off when they are ripe and carries them to their mothers. But her girl friend's cat had kittens and they came out of the cat, then she thought that the cat lays eggs like a chicken, and then goes and sits on the brood, and that mothers who are having a baby go upstairs a few days earlier, lay an egg and sit on it, when the baby comes the mothers are still a bit weak from all the squatting. Eva wanted to have a baby too and so she took a woollen shawl, laid it on the ground so that the egg could drop into it and then squatted down and began to push. She tried clucking but no egg came out. In the end after all that long squatting something did come out of her though not an egg, a little sausage. Oh, Eva was so ashamed. And the maid thought she was sick. Funny isn't it. I take my leave with this dear Marianne, next time more from*

Anne Frank.

*P. S. Regards to Jaap. I like you. You do get my meaning don't you?*

*4 Oct. 1942.*

Sunday.

*Dearest Kitty,*

*Today's the kind of lazy day again that I detest. This morning I was in the tub-bath, it was very cosy and I make myself very comfortable there. This morning I put on the radio for a bit. Göring was cursing the Jews something awful!!!! Last night I listened to the radio with Peter it was good fun for the first time in weeks, the jokes were as follows:*

*((A photographer wanted to photograph a tall slender lady, but it didn't come out, the photograph was just one long black stripe. Still, the lady was happy with it and said that her husband, who was in the Scouts, was happy too. A few days later the lady came back and asked if the photographer could come round to photograph her again one night. The photographer came and realized what was wanted and began to take off his clothes, whereupon the lady ran away.))). Daddy is still in a bad mood today, but that will pass. I lay with Margot on the divan and we read 'The Assault' it's quite amusing, but doesn't touch 'Joop ter Heul', in fact most of the words are the same in both, that is only natural with the same writer. As a matter of fact Cissij van Marxveld is first class. I shall definitely let my children read her. In 'Eva's youth' there are also bits about unknown women selling their bodies in back streets, and they ask a packet of money for it. I'd die of shame if anything like that happened to me. Also it says that Eva has a monthly period, oh, I'm so longing to have it too, then at least I'd be grown up. Daddy is grumbling again, and threatens to take my diary away, oh insuperable horror. I'm going to have to hide it in future,'bye (have fun)*

AnneFrank

*5 Oct. 1942.*

Monday

*Dearest Pop,*

*I'm just going to gossip with you for 5 minutes before my hair is washed. 'Silence!' was the order of the day once again today. The plumber, Levinsohn (without Susi, the dog) and the charwoman were the three black perils. My white sweater has already become a slipover because it is finished apart from the sleeves. Mrs v.P. is being as the Jordaaners<sup>15</sup> put it like a bear with a sore head again, but we are gradually getting used to that. This afternoon we all nearly had to go in our pants because we couldn't go to the wc. I get those yellow things in my panties all the time like male seed I imagine, weird but I daren't ask.'bye I can't go on because the water is boiling.*

Anne Frank

*7. Oct. 1942.*

Wednesday.

*Dearest Conny,*

*Last night I was still hungry for a sandwich and we talked about there being no butter on the table, downstairs we were picturing them upstairs eating bread and butter, but of course we couldn't say so. I went upstairs and cut some bread. They were cross because they said that I would have to eat some kale as well, but I said that as the youngest I was entitled to at least one favour. Everyone ought to be able to have his say in an argument, still I couldn't just come out with yes but Mrs v.P. only ate enough for a bird since I didn't want to sound impertinent. I fetched the butter as cool as cucumber, but then Mr v.P. rounded on me, I was to go downstairs at once and let them see what I'd been up to and he was furious with me. I went downstairs as cool as a cucumber while upstairs Mrs v.P. managed to calm Mr v.P. down a bit, when I got downstairs it wasn't much better because Daddy began to shout as well, which made me die of shame of course, because they could hear every word upstairs. But it was all over quickly and the upshot was that I had behaved stupidly, this morning or rather last night everything was forgotten again. For breakfast I had bread without butter while the rest had butter on theirs. Miep came, but luckily she didn't have much to tell, for what she does tell is mostly not very nice. Bep had brought a box with the clothes Corry had finished, only the skirt wasn't ready, but of course we can't ask because of course Miep doesn't know about it.*

AnneFrank.

*7 Oct. 1942.*

Wednesday.

*Dearest Phien,*

*No one is downstairs this morning luckily so we can be down here. I did a little French but Margot needed the dictionary and then I started on History. Today we baked spiced gingerbread for Friday when Miep and Jan are coming, I think that's marvellous, Bep*

wants to come too one day. My new dream is Switzerland, maybe I'll draw the 8 new dresses here, but I'm not sure yet because my talent for drawing isn't that great, and I'm afraid I'll spoil them, which means that my dream won't have such a nice effect any more. Mummy and I are on better terms again, while Daddy was very touchy yesterday, but we shan't blame him for that. I have now fixed up a dressing case, but it's not nearly as nice as my Swiss one. And I'd really like to have the film. Piet's big toenail is festering, he walks about at night now with a big sock round it, he looks fit to scream. Last night he looked like a baker's boy in his pyjama pants and bare chest, then the lumpy foot and a towel over his shoulder and a nailbrush it was a real scream. Daddy was just coming out of the wc in his shirt and underpants, he was walking like old Dreher again, you would have died laughing. My back is beginning to hurt so until next time darling Phien.

AnneFrank.

Now I imagine that . . . .

I go to Switzerland and take everything along including the furniture and the money. We get there Daddy and I sleep in 1 room while the boys' study becomes my own little room where I sit and receive visitors. As a surprise they have bought furniture for it a *teatable, desk, armchairs and divan*, the usual. After a few days Daddy gives me 150 florins converted of course but I shall simply call them florins and says that I must use them to buy things just for me everything I need, I could spend it straight away and after that I would be getting 1 florin every week to buy anything I wanted. I go out with Bernd and buy:

|                           |                   |
|---------------------------|-------------------|
| 3 summer vests            | @ f 0.50 = f 1.50 |
| 3 " panties               | @ f 0.50 = f 1.50 |
| 3 winter vests            | @ f 0.75 = f 2.25 |
| 3 " panties               | @ f 0.75 = f 2.25 |
| 2 petticoats              | @ f 0.50 = f 1.00 |
| 2 bras (smallest size)    | @ f 0.50 = f 1.00 |
| 5 pyjamas                 | @ f 1.00 = f 5.00 |
| 1 summer dress            | @ f 2.50 = f 2.50 |
| 1 winter "                | @ f 3.- = f 3.-   |
| 2 bed jackets             | @ f 0.75 = f 1.50 |
| 1 small cushion           | @ f 1.- = f 1.-   |
| 1 pair summer slippers    | @ f 1.- = f 1.-   |
| 1 " winter "              | @ f 1.50 = f 1.50 |
| 1 " summer shoes (school) | @ f 1.50 = f 1.50 |
| 1 " " " (good)            | @ f 2.00 = f 2.00 |

|                                             |                    |
|---------------------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 " winter shoes (school)                   | @ f 2.50 = f 2.50  |
| 1 " " " (good)                              | @ f 3.- = f 3.-    |
| 2 aprons                                    | @ f 0.50 = f 1.-   |
| 25 handkerchiefs                            | @ f 0.05 = f 1.25. |
| 4 pairs silk stockings                      | @ f 0.75 = f 3.-   |
| 4 " knee "                                  | @ f 0.50 = f 2.-   |
| 4 " socks                                   | @ f 0.25 = f 1.-   |
| 2 " thick "                                 | @ f 1.00 = f 2.-   |
| 3 skeins white wool (skating trousers, cap) | f 1.50             |
| 3 " blue wool (sweater, skirt.)             | ff 1.50            |
| 3 " coloured wool (cap, scarf,)             | ff 1.50            |
| scarves, belts, collars, buttons            | f 1.25             |

f50.

Marianne  
Kit.  
Pop.

|          |         |           |          |          |              |
|----------|---------|-----------|----------|----------|--------------|
| 2 school | dresses | (summer.) | @ f 2.-  | = f 4.-  | Phien.       |
| 2 "      | "       | (winter.) | @ f 3.75 | = f 7.50 | Con.         |
| 2 good   | "       | (summer.) | @ f 2.50 | = f 5.-  |              |
| 2 good   | "       | (winter.) | @ f 4.-  | = f 8.-  | (Em.) (Jet.) |

|                     |               |                |
|---------------------|---------------|----------------|
| 1 summer skirt      | @ f 100       | = f 1.-        |
| 1 good winter skirt | @ f 300       | = f 300 (Lou.) |
| 1 school " "        | @ f 2.-       | = f 2.-        |
| 1 raincoat          | @ f 5.-       | = f 5.-        |
| 1 summer coat       | @ f 7.50      | = f 7.50       |
| 1 winter coat       | @ f 10.-      | = f 10.-       |
| 2 hats              | @ f 2.-       | = f 4.00       |
| 2 caps              | @ f 0.50      | = f 1.-        |
|                     | <u>= 58.-</u> |                |

2 bags @ f 2.- = f 4.- 108.-

1 skating dress = f 2.50

1 pair skates + shoes = f 10.-

1 case with (powder, cold cream, foundation cream, cleansing cream, sun lotion, cotton, a little tin of bandages, rouge, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, bath salts, talcum powder, eau de cologne, soap, powder puff) @ f 5.-

1 manicure set and nail polish @ f 2.50

1 belt and bag = f 1.-

= f 25.

f 133.

4 thin sweaters @ f 1.50 = f 1.50

4 blouses @ f 1.- = f 1.-

various items @ f 10.- and books

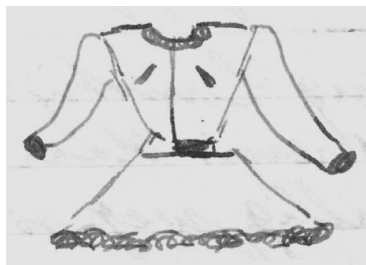
Small presents f 4.50.

I've managed to catch up at school by having private tuition and know enough French and German to keep up, anyway I know a good bit of Swiss German as well. I'm in the second class of the high school with nice boys and girls and I soon ferreted out Kitty amongst them a nice girl 14 years old we've become great friends I am good friends with the boys as well.

Bernd is busy teaching me figure skating and I am going to be his partner because his partner happens to be away, we make a lovely pair and everyone is mad about us we sent five photographs to the office 1 Anne doing a turn 2 Anne arm in arm with Bernd left foot forwards 3 Anne waltzing with Bernd 4 Anne with Bernd doing the swan 5 Anne from the left, Bernd from the right blowing a kiss to each other. There will be a film later for Holland and Switzerland, my girl friends in both Holland and Switzerland think it's great. It's in three parts.

1st part. Anne on skates.

First you see her entering from one side while her partner enters from the other side with a blue skating dress trimmed with white fur with zipped pockets and a zipper and a belt with a bag.



Then they do the swan together and Anne does a tremendous leap in the air. Later they waltz and joke about the lessons.

2nd part. Anne making a visit and at school. Busy at the tea table in the small room with Kitty and two boys including Bernd then at school surrounded by a noisy crowd of children and all sorts of silly scenes e.g. in bed with Daddy and at table.

3rd part. Anne's wardrobe the 8 new dresses skating dress which is a present a white one and shoes.

10 Oct. 1942.

Saturday.

*Dearest Marianne,*

*It's a disgrace, isn't it, that you haven't heard from me for so long, and yet so much has happened that I simply haven't had the time to write. Yesterday afternoon Miep went to see Mrs Stoppelman who is hiding in Bussum with Mrs van der Horst, Miep went there to look her up. On her return she came straight to us from the station, for she and Jan are to sleep here tonight. First we all ate carrots, potatoes and soup with 2 meatballs each. We were still at the table and Mrs v.P. was in the middle of washing up, when suddenly ping the light went out, we got a terrible fright of course and Daddy called from below, is the light out? Yes, we called back. And I ran downstairs to fetch candles. The illumination was festive and of course we thought that the men wouldn't be going back to the warehouse any more. But it was only a quarter past seven and the men went all the same. After 5 minutes our house was bathed in light again. The short had been caused by Daddy's desk lamp. At half past 8 we went upstairs which they had meanwhile aired and had coffee with ginger cake and Marie biscuits. The children had lemon juice. At 10 o'clock we all had to go to the bathroom and soon we were all in bed. The men went with Jan to listen to the radio and the women sat with Miep upstairs, meanwhile Lord<sup>16</sup> Peter had already gone to bed and was reading there. At half past 10 they all finally made a move and went to bed. At 11 o'clock the lights went out. Margot and I had been in bed reading from 10 to 11, which we are allowed to do on special occasions. This morning I was up early, and Jan was already dressed he had to leave at half past 8, so he was already upstairs having his breakfast at 8 o'clock. Miep was busy getting dressed. And was still in her slip when I came in. Miep also has exactly the same kind of woollen pants for her bicycle as I wear. Margot and I then went to get dressed so we were upstairs much earlier than usual. After a cosy breakfast Miep went downstairs. It was pouring, and she was glad not to have to cycle to the office. Miep offered to take me along one evening to take a bath at her place, and to bring me back home the next evening. But that is much too dangerous for someone could easily see me. After breakfast I first went with Daddy to make the beds, and then I learned 5 French irregular verbs, hard-working, eh? Margot and Peter were reading in our room, and Musschi was sitting with Margot on the divan, after my French irregularity I also went in and read some of 'And the woods sing for ever', it's*

*a very beautiful book, but most unusual, I've almost finished it now. Musschi is lying down with Mummy again now, just like a kitten, I have completely covered her over and she looks sweet. Daddy did my hair just now with the curling tongs, lovely, isn't it! Mr Kleiman has brought 2 of his daughter's books, Else's jobs and Riek the scamp, I know one of them already, and the other seems very childish to me. Mr Kleiman's daughter is always referred to as that here, which I think is awfully formal. Mr Kleiman pretends to her that the books he brings are for Bep's younger sisters, and he said that I'm 16 or 15. On the one hand I wish it were true but on the other hand I don't.' Bye dearest Marjan love to Jaap from me, and remembering our 'secret oo.*

AnneFrank

10 Oct. 1942.

Saturday

*Dearest Kitty,*

*My vagina is getting wider all the time, but I could also be imagining it. When I'm on the wc I sometimes look then I can see quite definitely that the urine comes out of a little hole in the vagina, but above it there is something else, there is a hole in that too, but I don't know what for. Pim is sweet again, I always feel in 7th heaven when he cuddles me. Madame was having a bath but she took the tub down to the kitchen, frightfully odd that seems to me. Now I shall take my leave, I have to go to the wc.' Bye. Hoping that we shall be able to continue our peculiar conversation, I send my regards to you and all those dear to you.' Bye.*

AnneFrank.

Wednesday. 14 Oct. 1942.

*Dearest Pop,*

*I simply can't get round to writing to you. I'm terribly busy. Yesterday I first translated a chapter out of 'La belle Nivernaise', and made notes of new words. I did a perfectly foul maths problem and then another 3 pp. of French grammar. Today French Grammar and history. I flatly refuse to do these foul maths problems every day. Daddy agrees that they're horrible. I'm almost better at them than he is, though neither of us is much good and we have to fetch Margot all the time. I'm also busy doing shorthand I think it's marvellous I am the furthest on of the three of us. Bep is ordering the lessons for us and each of us will get a shorthand book, Margot has one already. Tonight I dreamed about P.S. again and he was the same as always. I just wish he would come and hide with us here too. Perhaps the poor boy is already dead in Poland. I just hope he wouldn't let me down. Mummy is her usual again. Last night I did office work. Miep has a terrible cold and so she can't come, Jan neither. We've suggested she should come and stay in bed here, then we can look after her, but she doesn't want to. Madame called me an egotist again today, how stupid!!!! That rotten*

woman has no character, she just puts it on from time to time, and then she can really be nice. On Monday I washed Mummy's hair and yesterday Mrs v.P.'s she has such lovely shampoo that I can still smell it on me and my hands. Pim is a darling. He has clipped his little mouse-moustache back a bit again, it was quite a sight, now he's only letting the moustache grow sideways. A letter came today from Erich, Herbi is with them in Switzerland and they are also expecting Paul, Erich's brother. I wish Pim and I could go there as well, it's quite a dream, isn't it!!!! Darling Poppety, until I hope no longer than 5 days' time, then I'll be back with you in my thoughts!

Anne Frank.

14 Oct. 1942.

Wednesday.

Dear Phien,

I haven't written for a long time have I, but then I don't want to keep on spoiling your honeymoon with my chatter, or doesn't it bother you? Has Bob started work again? And are you showing any signs of fertilization, I hope so, but it's not all that easy. Goslar's baby must finally have arrived by now too. Pity we can't see it, when Miep is better again, she's sure to go there and have a look at it.'Bye darling Phien, love to your better half, longing to see you.

AnneFrank.

15 Oct. 1942.

Thursday.

Dearest Conny,

Yesterday we had another terrible fright. The carpenter was working in front of our cupboard, he had to fill the fire extinguishers and do some repairs to the door leading to the front of the house. We hadn't been warned and were calling blithely to one another all through the house. Suddenly after lunch, Bep had just decided to go downstairs, I heard some hammering and I said psst upstairs, but we thought it was Mummy who was just coming down the attic stairs, but it was Bep on the stairs. I heard it again, and the others did too, that's when we realized the carpenter was there. Daddy and I went to the door to listen, but it went on about a quarter of an hour, and Mr Carpenter hadn't budged. Bep couldn't go downstairs of course because then this man would have seen through our camouflage. Suddenly we heard terrible rattling, at our door. We thought it had to be the carpenter wanting to come and have a look here. It was absolutely terrifying. Then whistling and thumping all the time. I was horribly frightened and thought our last hour had come. In my mind I saw us all in a concentration camp or up against a wall. Finally we heard Kleiman call something and we breathed again. An hour later my knees were still trembling and my hands were still shaking. Kleiman hadn't been able to get the door off the hook so had not been able to warn us. In the meantime the carpenter had gone downstairs so he had wanted



to fetch Bep, but he couldn't get the door open again. What a fright we had, I can tell you! Daddy and I spoke to each other in French yesterday and nearly died laughing. We have done the first written shorthand lesson of the 'Self-development' course, it's going very nicely and quickly. Next week I'll be getting a shorthand book.'Bye, my darling.<sup>17</sup>

AnneFrank.

18 Oct. 1942

Sunday.

In these photographs I was 11 years old.



captions (clockwise from top left):

*Sorry to hear that  
all ears  
nostrills flared  
childishly bashful*

15 Oct. 1942.

Thursday.

*Dearest Emmy,*

*Just a little scribble in between whiles, although a month isn't up yet. This morning we had to stay upstairs again, because of the charwoman, tiresome person! We had potatoes done in the ovenproof dish but they were still raw, with apple sauce and stewed pears. Yesterday we read in the paper what things you can't get any more, e.g. toothpaste, eau de cologne, antiques, rouge and powder, leather gloves, porcelain, tiles, fur and other things like that. Emmy, I still have office work and French to do because I didn't do much during the day so until next time from AnneFrank.*

22 January 1944.

I just want to  
note that toothpaste  
etc. is still being supplied  
to us!

AnneFrank.

16 Oct. 1942.

Friday.

*Dearest Jet,*

If Emmy can get a scribble in between whiles then you can't be treated like a poor cousin, so how are you? There was a little bit of a fright again, I hope everything's okay. Everything here is still as it was, luckily. Today I made a list of French irregular verbs. It's a fiddly and boring job but I'd really like to finish it. I haven't done any shorthand yet maybe this evening, but it's Friday so it's critical. Mummy is in a rotten mood again. We've heard that the Kohnke family has gone into hiding, good luck to them. I am now reading Körner, he writes very well. Until next time then Jettie-love from

AnneFrank



captions (clockwise from top left):

*[illegible]*

*That's how I look in a pram*

*Gorgeous as well, isn't it? Anne.*

*18 October 1942 Sunday*

*I must have been watching the clown here. Anne*

18 Oct. 1942

Sunday

*Dear Marianne,*

*Yesterday there was no time for writing again. In the first place because I wanted to finish the list of French irregular verbs and in the second because I had other work as*

well. I have had another 2 books from Kleiman, the *Arcadia*. That deals with a voyage to Spitsbergen and *The Purge*, they both seem very good. He also brought me *The Rebels*. That's by Ammersköller. The one who wrote *Men, Women, Slaves*. I am allowed to read that as well now, great! Then I've read a whole pile of romantic plays by Körner, I think he's a fine writer. E.g. *Hedwig, der Vetter aus Brehen*, *Hans Heilings Felsen*, *Der Grüne Domino*, *Die Gouvernante*, *Der Vierjährige Posten*, *Die Sühne*, *Der Kampf mit dem Drachen*, *Der Nachtwächter* and so on. Daddy wants me to read Hebbel now as well and other books by other well-known German writers. I can read German relatively easily now. Only I mostly whisper it instead of reading it to myself. But that will pass no doubt.



This is a photograph of me as I wish I looked all the time. Then I might still have a chance of getting to Hollywood. But at present, I'm afraid, I usually look quite different.

Anne Frank.

10 Oct. 1942

Sunday.

Yesterday I put up some more film stars in my room, but this time with photo corners, so that I can take them down again. Bep went into town yesterday and bought skirts for Margot and me. But they're going to have to be changed, since they don't fit at all.



*Bertus Bep's boy friend is leaving on wednesday together with a whole lot of other Dutch people. Nowadays they send nearly all of them to work in Germany. Men as well as women. This morning we all went on the scales again,*

|                   |               |            |               |
|-------------------|---------------|------------|---------------|
| <i>Margot now</i> | <i>weighs</i> | <i>120</i> | <i>pounds</i> |
| <i>Mummy</i>      | <i>"</i>      | <i>124</i> | <i>"</i>      |
| <i>Daddy</i>      | <i>"</i>      | <i>141</i> | <i>"</i>      |
| <i>Anne</i>       | <i>"</i>      | <i>87</i>  | <i>"</i>      |
| <i>Peter</i>      | <i>"</i>      | <i>134</i> | <i>"</i>      |
| <i>Mrs v.P.</i>   | <i>"</i>      | <i>106</i> | <i>"</i>      |
| <i>Mr v.P.</i>    | <i>"</i>      | <i>150</i> | <i>"</i>      |

*In the three months I have been here I have gained 17 pounds, an enormous amount isn't it! This morning I started to sort out a card index file from the office that had fallen over and was in a complete mess. It nearly drove me mad, and I asked Margot and Peter if they wanted to help me, but they were too lazy. So I put it away again, I'm not so stupid as to do it all by myself. I'm about to go downstairs with my knitting or a book and listen to the radio. I should also have a bath, but I don't feel like it at all, perhaps there won't be enough time left for it.*

*Mrs v.P. asked Mr Kleiman to get all sorts of toilet articles including a small tube of fancy face cream,<sup>18</sup> which she didn't like, but Mummy did and so they decided to share it. A few days later Mrs v.P. discovered that the cream was marvellous, and made in the olden days and now all at once she wants to save it, but Mummy isn't stupid. Mrs v.P. doesn't know of course that Margot and I are also allowed to use it. But we don't care We'll go on doing it anyway. Well Marjan regards to your (bed or marriage) partner from*

Anne Frank

20 Oct. 1942.

Tuesday.

*Dearest Kitty,*

*We've now received the skirts. But how ridiculous they are, just listen, mine is miles too long and very tight, and the material is a bit like jute, which they use to make potato sacks. The seams split the moment I put it on. The snap fasteners were loose by the time the skirts got here, and wherever there was any sewing there were long threads and holes in the seam. This kind of thing which the shops would never have dared to sell in the olden days now costs 7.75 florins. I had a skirt at home that I wore for three years and is still good and it cost 1.95 florins. Margot has a similar object also made from jute, with pleats. Much too wide on top and much too tight around the hips and the seams all lumpy and it cost 24 florins. It's just ludicrous. Another 15 hostages have been shot isn't that dreadful? These people have done absolutely nothing, but are kept as guarantees against possible sabotage. They are all prominent citizens and the papers said it was for sabotage but of course no one can prove that.<sup>19</sup> Now if somebody does something e.g. shooting a German or causing an explosion and he isn't found out then about 5 prominent citizens, who have had absolutely nothing to do with it are shot dead. They do that of course because they think that if someone does commit sabotage then his compatriots must suffer for it and that is really awful. And in France all men between the ages of 18 and 50 have to report for labour service and that's going to happen here very soon as well. Rosel and Wronker have been sent to Poland.*

*Today first the charwoman was here, and she had hardly left when Daatselaar arrived and when he had gone Levinsohn came back, no one could go to the wc. Bep has brought the shorthand book. Yesterday I had to draw up the list of outstanding debts again for Miep, but it isn't finished yet.*

*There's been a big row here. Mr Westerman telephoned and said that if Mr Kugler doesn't stop his laboratory tests now then Hijbroek and he will get their supplies elsewhere. Now if Westerman and Heibroek withdraw then the firm of Gies & Co. is finished. So Kugler's going to have to start selling but he doesn't want to accept that. Mr v.P. and Pim were so angry that both of them slept badly. Kugler is really being silly. Now he wants to employ a girl but obviously he can't for our sake and for his own as well. 'The Rebels' is a first-class book. It's about the Coornvelt family who had 14 children, 2 of whom died of smallpox and 4 from convulsions. The other 8 were Nicolaas the oldest who also has convulsions, then Keejetje who got married to Willem Wijsman and has 4 children Willem, Lize, Agatha, Constance. Constance has a child of her own. Then comes Henrik who is a parson and then Koosje who keeps house for Henrik the widower, Koosje has smallpox. Then comes David who is a Prof. and who is married to Aleida and whose children are Clara and Louis. Then comes Saartje who is married to a retired officer and also has 4 children Sophie, Betsy, Cateau, Coba. Then there is a cousin from Paris in the book as well, Marie Elisabeth Sylvain, who is one of the first to join the women's emancipation movement, that's the fight there was so that women could study too, if they wanted and have the same rights as men. For in*

*the old days if a woman didn't get married she ended up as a simple old drudge working for one of her brothers in his house. I forgot two children Naatje who is not married and who keeps house for Abraham and Abraham who has 12 children including two that were there before he got married.*

*Perhaps I'll ask Bep if she can go and see sometime if Perrij's still sell diaries, or else I'll have to use an exercise book, because my diary is getting full, what a pity! Luckily I can stretch it a bit by sticking in pages. Now enough of this interminable epistle'bye my darling from*

AnneFrank

*P. S. I forgot to tell you the important news that I shall probably be having my period soon. I noticed that because I keep having a kind of sticky seed in my panties and Mummy has told me about it. I can hardly wait it seems so important to me, it's only a pity that I shan't be able to wear sanitary towels because you can't get them any more, and the little plugs Mummy wears can only be worn by women who have had a baby. Well farewell my child*

AnneFrank

I shall never be able to write such things again!

AnneFrank

22 Jan. 1944

22 Oct. 1942.

Thursday

*Dearest Poppie,*

*2 days without writing again it's a real disgrace. Rosel and Wronker have been brought back, we don't know why but it's very lucky for them. Miep is going to find out tomorrow. I'm making good progress with my shorthand, perhaps I'll write you something in shorthand by and by. Daddy has asked Bep to buy me a potty luckily. Mummy, Margot and I are as thick as thieves again. It's really much better. I get into Margot's bed now almost every evening we have spoken about Margot's wanting to be a maternity nurse, I think it's a nice profession, but I would much rather be with toddlers than with babies but then I would also like to be there one day when someone is having a baby, for then it'll probably seem much less weird to me. Margot and I both have terrible colds, but that will no doubt pass. Bertus and his 2 brothers and a sister-in-law have gone to Germany, it was a great big drama, but it's too long to write about. Mr v. Pels has told a few nice jokes, I'll put them down here.*

— —

*Who goes tick 999 times and tack once?*

*A millipede with a club foot.*

— —

*Who is black, sits on the roof, has two feet and can whistle?*

*The chimney sweep's apprentice.*

— —

*(Daddy)*

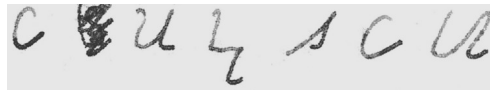
*A hotel had walls made of lath and plaster just like ours so you could hear everything through them. On one occasion there was a couple on the one side and a gentleman on the other. The male half of the couple kept slapping the female half on her bottom saying: 'Oh what a lovely little botty, whose is that wonderful little botty?' Then the man on the other side called out: 'Surely you can find out whose damned ass that is!'*

— —

*They are good, aren't they! Dearest Pop there's not much more news, and I always find that when I read through the letters there is nothing very amusing in them and so'bye, I hope I'll get a reply before long.*

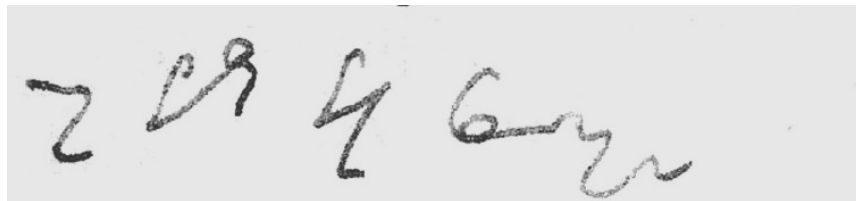
AnneFrank.

*Shorthand*

Handwritten shorthand consisting of several stylized, cursive letters and symbols, likely representing the Dutch phrase 'de kat zit op de tak'.

*= de kat zit op de tak. .*

*[the cat sits on the branch.]*

Handwritten shorthand consisting of several stylized, cursive letters and symbols, likely representing the Dutch phrase 'ik mors met drinken'.

*= ik mors met drinken.*

*[I spill my drink.]*

26 Oct. 1942.

Monday

Friday and Saturday I stayed in bed, I had a cold and didn't feel very well.

— —

Dearest Phienny,

Daddy has asked Mr Kleiman for a diary and Bep for a potty. *Oh, I completely forgot that I used to write in print all the time, I was so immersed in what I was doing. They've warned us that Levinsohn will probably be downstairs for a whole month on end. We've rearranged the cupboards because the linen gets wet in the cupboard against the wall, it's so damp in there, now I have 3 shelves, it's great. A new offensive*

*has started in Africa, we can only hope that the English don't make any fresh blunders. and that the war will soon be over. Mr Kugler has brought us 12 Panoramas again, now we have something to read. Miep went to see Mrs Stoppelman the poor woman can't stand it in her hiding place with homesickness and hunger. In the little greengrocer's where she always does her shopping, Bep came across an ex-'Tokita' girl with her 3-year-old child. I asked straight away, is she married then, which she wasn't of course, and people think it must be Tozendaal's umpteenth child. Shocking, what a man.*

*Miep told us about a man who escaped from Westerbork, things are terrible there, and if it's so bad there what can it be like in Poland? People get hardly anything to eat let alone drink, for they have water for only 1 hour a day and 1 wc and 1 washstand for a few 1000 people. They all sleep mixed up together men and women and the latter + children often have their hair cut off so that everyone can recognize them if they escape.*

Anne Frank.

Mr: 'Fräulein es blitst!' ['Miss, it's snowing down south!']

Miss: 'Zieht mann arg?' ['Is it very bad?']

Mr: 'Nein, nur den Unterrock!' ['No, it's only your slip!']

-. -. -. -. -

28 Oct. 1942.

Wednesday.

Dearest Lou.

How are you? Everything has upset me again this morning, so I wasn't able to finish a single thing properly. I have learned something new again brothel and cocotte, I have got a separate little book for them but it's kept with the letters, otherwise nothing special

Anne Frank

2 Nov. 1942.

Monday.

Dearest Marianne,

Friday night Bep came to our place, it was very cosy, but she didn't sleep well because she had had some wine. Other than that there's nothing special. Yesterday I had a bad headache and went to bed early. Tonight winter has come. Margot is being tiresome again. Yesterday we lit the fire for the first time and today the whole room is full of smoke. Until the next time

Anne Frank.

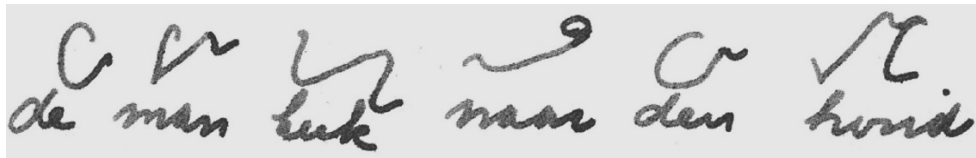
2 Nov. 1942.

Monday.



Dearest Kitty,

*I don't think I've told you, but the Goslar's had a dead baby, that's awful, and poor Hanneli, how busy she's going to be. This morning Miep came to tell us that the van Pels home has been cleared out, but Mrs v.P. was in such a bad mood that we haven't told her yet. Sunday I had a bath, this time in the kitchen, but it was still early and no one could see me behind the fire guard. I peeped out for a little while into the street through a chink in the office curtains, it's a strange feeling, it looks just as if the people outside are mad. I am now doing Algebra as well but I like Geometry much better. Shorthand is going well, I shall scribble in a trivial little sentence in passing.*



*de man keek naar den hond*  
*[the man looked at the dog]*

*Things are going well, but now I have to practise and I don't feel like it. Daddy has just said that he doesn't feel in a good mood. His eyes look so sad again—poor soul. I can't drag myself away from a book called 'The Knock at the Door' by Ina Boudier-Bakker. The story of the family is exceptionally well written. But what it says about war, writers, or the emancipation of women is not so well done, but then quite honestly I'm not awfully interested. Bertus has written to Bep from Berlin, so far things have been pretty fair. I simply can't wait to ask Mr Kleiman for the new diary well so long*

AnneFrank

5 Nov. 1942.

Thursday.

Dearest Pop,

*We've been lucky and got 270 pounds of dried peas and beans, but some of it is for the staff. We have country ration cards now instead of town ration cards because there's a saving of 7 guilders. Country cards only cost 33 guilders and if we sell the bread coupons from them as well then they're only 20 guilders. Mr v.P. has almost no money left now, luckily Pim's all right, Mr Siemans (that's our baker) can get milk sugar now and that's why he's supplying us with bread again without coupons at the normal price. Kleiman has been to see Goldschmidt again but he won't release our things, and anyway he says he's given almost everything away to the Welfare, but we don't believe it, and he says Mrs Levie will bear him out but Miep is going to see Pfeffer and get him to ask Mrs Levie herself. Mr Voskuijl often has something to eat with us now at lunchtime. The office closes these days at about 5 o'clock but the warehouse stays*

*open a little longer. I have almost finished 'The Knock on the Door', but it has to go back on Friday. Yesterday I fixed up my film stars a bit, but it isn't finished yet. The English have at last had a few successes in Africa and Stalingrad is still holding out too, so the gentlemen here are very cheerful and this morning we had coffee and tea. There is nothing else special. Peter's birthday is on Sunday the 8th November, and the Kleimans are coming for the occasion. Regards to Kees from*

AnneFrank

7 Nov. 1942.

Saturday.

*Dearest Phien,*

*It really has been a long time now since I wrote to you. I've been reading a lot during the past week and working little, that's the way of the world and no doubt one gets on like that. Tomorrow is Peter's birthday but I'll probably be writing about that. Lately Mummy and I have been getting on better together, but never confide. Margot is more catty than ever and Daddy has got something he is keeping to himself, but he remains the same darling. Levinsohn still bothers us each day. On Thursday night I was downstairs with Daddy drawing up the debtors' lists in Kugler's office it was very creepy down there, and I was glad when the work was finished. Mrs v.P. saw a ghost downstairs but it was only a piece of plaster that had fallen off the wall. Daddy took a tin can out of Kugler's office and is now trying to see if it's watertight, if it is I am going to have it as a potty, but Mr v.P. still has to put a handle on it, it can have a lid as well, so it will be just the job, I only hope it doesn't leak. I am longing for a little Moor more than ever and I can hardly wait to have him or 1 of his kittens. I still feel lonely here all the time and not wanted and I dream a lot about the underground vault but then reality looks so grey again so I'm all at sixes and sevens. The stove has been lit for a few days now, and the whole room is full of smoke, I like central heating so much better and I'm not alone in that. I can only describe Margot as a little wretch who gets on my nerves horribly day and night. Regards to everybody from*

Anne.



*pity about the ugly teeth*

*obviously a flop*

*nice*

*I stuck the same photograph in before*

10 Nov. 1942.

Tuesday.

Dearest Conny,

I haven't given you my report yet about Sunday, it was really a very important day too. In the morning the stove was lit by 7 o'clock, so no one could sleep any more and all the females of the house were very angry. At 8 o'clock I went upstairs and looked at the presents with Peter. There was a board game from the office staff, a little lighter set, mirror, shaving brush, tie, toffees, a tin of pea soup from his parents and a razor with a styptic pencil from us. At half past twelve we went downstairs and happened to hear on the radio that English and American troops had landed in Tunis, Algeria, Casablanca and Oran. That was a surprise. In the afternoon the Kleimans came and they had also heard the great news. In the evening Hitler delivered a speech saying nothing. On Monday we treated the office staff in honour of the birthday. Sleep well and regards to Nanny from your loving

AnneFrank

10 Nov. 1942.  
Tuesday night.

Dearest Emmy,

Today we were properly taken by surprise again, for we had been saying once more that we really ought to take in another person and fate pointed to Mr Pfeffer, for he doesn't have much family. We have already spoken to Kugler about it and he will think it over for one more night, but the decision is as good as taken. How surprised the man will be, but I'll be able to tell you all about it when he arrives in our hiding place. We shall ask him to bring what he can to fill holes in teeth, for he is a dentist, and I think he will be sleeping in my room.

Farewell

AnneFrank.

13 Nov. 1942.  
Friday.

Dearest Jetty,

*Yesterday morning Miep came to tell us that she had been to see Dr Pfeffer. He had naturally jumped at the suggestion that he should go into hiding. But he literally implored Miep to put it off for a week because he was in the middle of 2 dental operations, he is still owed money by van der Hoeden (that is the dentist for whom he works clandestinely) and he still has to bring the card index up to date for van der Hoeden, or else he won't be able to make head or tail of it. But we felt that would be much too risky, for he could well say to van der Hoeden, look, I'm going into hiding a week on Thursday. Then van der Hoeden might tell someone else and then Pfeffer would be bombarded with questions. And secondly people might notice the Jew Pfeffer going over every day to Miep and Jan's carrying his things, and if anything should happen to Miep and Jan then we'd be at risk ourselves. And so we said that if Pfeffer says today that he must have more time and won't be able to come by Saturday, then he needn't come at all, since supposing he was picked up today or tomorrow in the street or at home, or maybe even at the practice, he wouldn't be able to say I've still got to bring my card index up to date and I'm still owed some money. Miep is going to talk to him again and he'll have to make up his mind today whether he's coming tomorrow. If so, he'll have to be at the Post Office at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning and pretend he's writing a postcard to his father in Germany, then Mr Kleiman will happen to bump into him and will get him to follow him about 10 yards behind. Then when Kleiman goes into the office Pfeffer can come in as well, it won't seem odd because Levinsohn and Kahn and a lot of other Jews call here at the office every day. I'll stop now, nothing else special has happened here. Politics are going well. Morocco and Algiers, Casa Blanca and Oran have surrendered, now for Tunis. My white sweater is finished I was given the zip fastener by Mrs v. Pels, and it looks really smart. Regards to your mum from*

Anne Frank.

FOUND LOOSE IN THE OTHER DIARY.

5 Dec. 1942.

Dearest Kitty,

*Last night it was wonderful, first we lit candles and then we went upstairs, the place was strewn with flowers, from Pim for Mummy, from Mr v. Pels and Mr Pf. for Mummy, from Mr v. Pels for Mrs v. Pels and from Pim and Mr Pf. for Mrs v.P. Mummy also got a pack of cigarettes and 1 bar of chocolate. Margot and I each got a lovely sewing box, Piet and the two of us had fudge, and M. and I 1 bar choc. and 1 silver dish. I also got a lock for my diary. Today I was in a bad state again, I could have cried all morning, and Pim too can turn on one so, but he is a darling all the same*

*'bye from AnneFrank.*



*[Edith Frank-Holländer]*

*Saturday 22 January 1944.*

*It was stupid of me to have left all these lovely pages blank, but perhaps it'll be all to the good if I am now able to put down my thoughts in general about what I have written.*

*When I look over my diary today, 1½ years on, I cannot believe that I was ever such an innocent young thing. I cannot help but realize that no matter how much I should like to, I can never be like that again. I still understand those moods, those remarks about Margot, Mummy and Daddy so well that I might have written them yesterday, but I no longer understand how I could write so freely about other things.*

*I really blush with shame when I read the pages dealing with subjects that I'd much better have left to the imagination. I put it all down so bluntly! But enough of that.*



*What I also understand so well is my longing for Moortje. I have been longing, often consciously but much more often unconsciously, for trust, love and caresses all the time I've been here. This longing is sometimes stronger and sometimes weaker, but it's always there*

Anne Frank.



expectation and hope, but also from fear if we hear any sounds outside, or if there is shooting anywhere, or new 'proclamations' are published in the papers, since it could happen any day that some of our helpers might have to come into hiding here themselves.

Hiding has become quite an everyday word. How many people must there be in hiding; not many comparatively speaking, of course, but no doubt we shall still be absolutely amazed later on at how many good people there are in the Netherlands who have taken in Jews as well as Christians on the run, with or without money. And it is also incredible the number of people one hears about who have a false identity card.

Mrs v. Pels. When this beautiful lady (in her opinion only) heard that it is not as difficult as it used to be to get a false identity card, she immediately suggested we have one made for each of us. As if Daddy and Mr v. Pels were made of money.

As Mrs van Pels talks the biggest nonsense non-stop, Putti often blows up. But anyone would, since first Kerli says: 'I'll have myself baptized later' and the next day it's: 'I always wanted to go to Jerusalem, because I only feel at home among Jews!'

=====

=====

Pim Is a great optimist, but he always finds a reason to be because

Mr Pfeffer invents everything at random and if anyone contradicts his highness, he is sent away with a flea in his ear. I think it was laid down in Mr Fritz Pfeffer's home that what he says goes; but that is certainly not the case as far as Anne Frank is concerned.

What other members of the 'Secret Annexe' think about the war is of no interest, these four are the only ones who count in matters of politics, actually only two but Madam van Pels and Pfeffer include themselves.

2 May 1943.

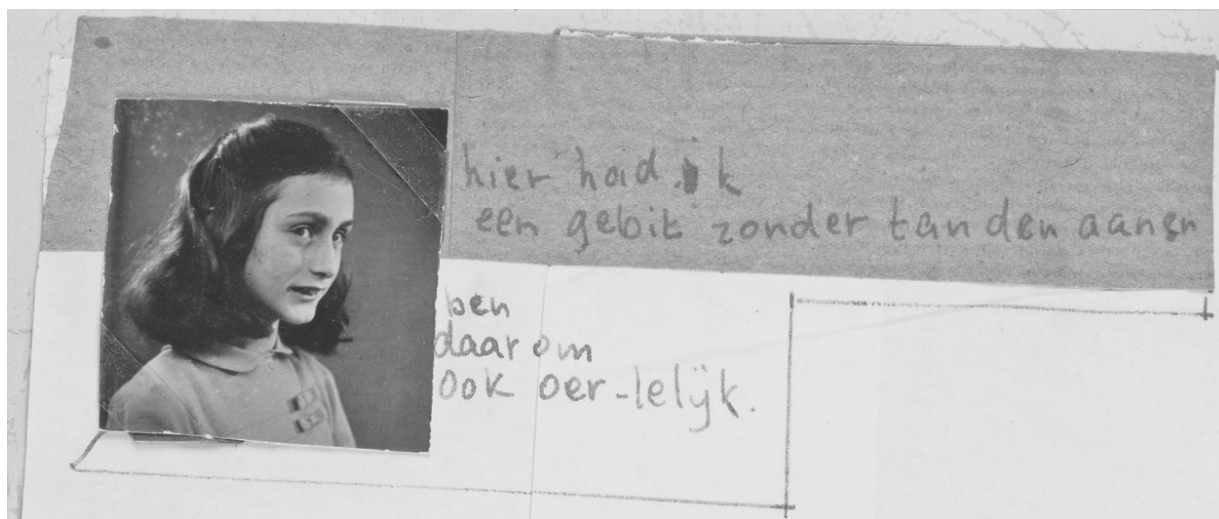
Sunday.

If I just think of how we live here, I usually come to the conclusion that it is a paradise compared with how other Jews who are not in hiding must be living. Even so, later on, when everything is normal again, I shall be amazed to think that we, who were so spick and span at home, should have sunk, as one can indeed call it, to such a low level. By this I mean that our manners have declined. For instance, ever since we have been here we have had one oilcloth on our table which, owing to so much use, is not one of the cleanest. Admittedly I often try to clean it with a dirty dishcloth, which is more hole than cloth and which was new before we went into hiding long ago, the table doesn't do us much credit either, in spite of hard scrubbing. The van Pelses have been sleeping on the same flannelette sheet the whole winter, one can't wash it here because the soap powder we get on the ration isn't sufficient, and besides it's not good enough. Daddy goes about in frayed trousers and his tie is beginning to show signs of



wear too. Mummy's corsets have split today and are too old to be repaired, while Margot goes about in a brassiere two sizes too small for her.

Mummy and Margot have managed the whole winter with 3 vests between them, and mine are so small that they don't even come to my tummy. Certainly, these are all things which can be overcome. But still, I sometimes wonder with a shock, how are we, now going about in worn-out things, from my pants down to Daddy's shaving brush, ever going to get back to our pre-war standards?



here I had a mouth without teeth and am therefore hideously ugly.

A B c D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z 3 5 4 1 2 6 8 7 9 11 12 10 14  
13 16 18 15 17 20 19 21 22 24 23 25 26

## Diary 2: 22 December 1943 to 17 April 1944

'Secret Annexe'

A'dam C.

In part letters to 'Kitty'.

'Secret Annexe', Wednesday 22-12-'43.

Dear Kitty,

Daddy has tracked down another new diary for me and this one is of a respectable thickness, as you will see for yourself in good time. I must apologize for not having written for such a long time, but there are good reasons for it. I was in bed from the Saturday of last week until yesterday, Tuesday. Tuesday a week ago I got up for a day, but only to catch a worse cold. I had to put up with sore throat, sweating, compresses, little lozenges etc, etc. Now I am a little bit better, but it isn't all over yet.

Ausnahmsweise<sup>20</sup> (no other word will do here) everyone here is getting on well together. There's no quarrelling, but it won't last long, we haven't had such peace in the home for at least half a year.

Bep is still parted from us, but her darling little sister will soon be germ-free, she was so happy with my St Nicholas Day present that she brought me an apple, a bag of meringues, copies of Libelle etc. I also have something for Christmas for Miep and Bep. I have been saving sugar from my porridge for at least a month and for St Nicholas Day I got a whole pound together, but I didn't realize how busy the shops would be before St Nicholas Day. Kleiman is now having the fondant made for Christmas. For Hanukkah Margot and I got gingerbread from upstairs and I got an apron, Peter also got gingerbread and 3 meat coupons. Mr Pf. gave Mummy and Mrs v.P. a lovely cake, we thought that his wife had baked it, but Miep told Daddy that Mrs Pfeffer knew absolutely nothing about the cake and that Pf. had asked her to bake it for him. With all her work, she had to do that as well! For St Nicholas Day and Christmas we were all issued with coupons for 180 grams of oil, 1 ounce of sweets and a pot of household syrup by the rationing office. I treated Mr Kugler, Pf., Margot, Mrs v.P. and myself to the sweets. Actually only the ladies and the children were given sweets, because we still have 5 cards. Margot and I got a little brooch made up out of a one-cent piece; the whole thing shines beautifully, nearly all the female members of the 'Secret Annexe' have one, and so has Peter. In other words, Miep, Bep, Mrs Kleiman, Margot, Anne and Peter, and Mrs Pf. has one as well.

Enough for today, until next time Kitty, yours,

Anne.

Friday 24 December 1943.

Dearest Kitty,

I (whoops, that's not done!) have previously written about how very much we are affected by atmospheres here, and I think that in my own case it's been getting much worse lately. 'Himmelhoch jauchzend, zu tode betrübt'<sup>21</sup> certainly fits here. I am 'Himmelhoch jauchzend' if I only think how lucky we are here now in comparison with other Jewish children and 'zu tode betrübt' comes over me when, as happened this morning, for example, Mrs Kleiman comes and tells us about Jopie, that she plays hockey, has friends and belongs to clubs. I don't think I'm jealous of Jopie, but I couldn't help feeling a great longing to have lots of fun myself for once, and to laugh until my tummy ached. Don't ask when we last had a good laugh, it's well over a year ago that's for sure. Especially at this time of the year with all the holidays for Christmas and the New Year, and we are stuck here like outcasts. I really ought not to write this and yet I must for once. When someone comes in from outside, with the fresh air still about him, then I could burst into tears and I wonder, whenever will we be able to smell fresh air again?

Believe me, Kitty, if you have been shut up for 1½ years, it can indeed get too much for you some days. No matter if it's unfair and ungrateful, you can't get rid of your feelings.

Cycling again, dancing, flirting and what-have-you, how I would love that; if only I were free again! Sometimes I even think, will anybody understand me, will anybody overlook my ingratitude, overlook Jew or non-Jew, and just see the young girl in me who is badly in need of some rollicking fun? I don't know and I couldn't talk about it to anybody, because then I know I should cry. Crying can bring such relief, but only if you can cry on someone's shoulder and despite everything, in spite of all my theories, and however much trouble I take, each day I miss having a real mother who understands me. And that is why, with everything I do and write, I think of the Mumsie that I want to be for my children later on. The 'Mumsie' who doesn't take everything that is said in general conversation so seriously, but who does take what I say seriously. I have noticed, though I can't explain how, that the word 'Mumsie' tells you everything. Do you know what I've found, to give me the feeling of calling Mummy something which sounds like 'Mumsie'? I often call her Mum; then from that comes Mums: the incomplete 'Mumsie', as it were, whom I would so love to honour with the extra ie and yet who does not realize it. It's a good thing that Mums doesn't realize it, because it would only make her unhappy.

That's enough of that, writing has made my zu tode bedtrübt go off a bit!

Anne.

— . — . — . — . — . — . — . — . — . — . — . — . — . — .

During these days, now that Christmas is here, I find myself thinking all the time about Pim, and what he told me last year. Last year, when I didn't understand the meaning of

his words as I do now. If he'd only talk about it again, perhaps I would be able to show him that I understand!

I believe that Pim talked about it because he, who knows the secrets of so many other hearts had to express his own feelings for once; because otherwise Pim never says a word about himself, and I don't think Margot has any idea of what Pim has had to go through. Poor Pim, he can't make me think that he has forgotten her. He will never forget. He has become very tolerant, for he too sees Mummy's faults. I hope I shall grow a bit like him, without having to go through that as well!     yours,

Anne.

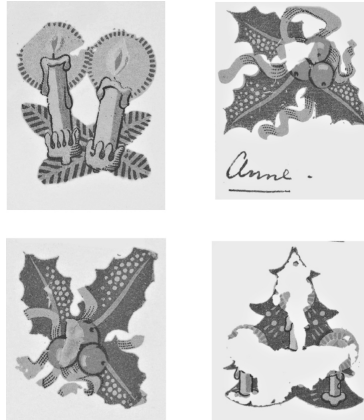
Monday 27 December 1943.

On Friday evening for the first time in my life I received something for Christmas.

Kleiman, Kugler and the girls had prepared a lovely surprise again. Miep had made a lovely Christmas cake, on which was written 'Peace 1944'. Bep had provided a pound of sweet biscuits of pre-war quality.

For Peter Margot and me a bottle of yoghurt and a beer for each of the grown-ups. Everything was so nicely done up, and there were these nice pictures stuck on the different parcels. Otherwise Christmas passed by quickly for us.

Anne



Wednesday 29 December 1943.

I was very unhappy again last evening. Granny and Hanneli came into my mind. Granny – oh, darling Granny, how little we understood of what she suffered, or how sweet she always was to us, how interested she was in everything that concerned us, and besides all this, she knew a terrible secret which she carefully kept to herself the whole time. How faithful and good Granny always was; she would never have let one of us down, whatever it was, however naughty I had been, Granny always stuck up for me. Granny – did you love me, or didn't you understand me either? I don't know. No one ever talked about themselves to Granny. How lonely Granny must have been, how

lonely in spite of us! A person can be lonely, even if he is loved by many people, because he is still not the 'One and Only' to anyone.

And Hanneli, is she still alive? What is she doing? Oh, God, protect her and bring her back to us. Hanneli, I see in you all the time what my lot might have been, I keep seeing myself in your place. Why then should I often be unhappy over what happens here, shouldn't I always be glad, contented and happy, except when I think about her and her companions in distress? I am selfish and cowardly. Why do I always dream and think of the most terrible things – my fear makes me want to scream out loud sometimes. Because still, in spite of everything, I have not enough faith in God. He has given me so much – which I certainly do not yet deserve – and I still do so much that is wrong every day!

You could cry when you think of your fellow creatures, you could really cry the whole day long. We can only pray that God will perform a miracle and save some of them. And I hope that I am doing that enough!

Anne.

Thursday 30 December 1943.

Dear Kitty,

Ever since the last big row things have settled down here, between ourselves, Pf. and upstairs, as well as between Mr and Mrs v.P. But big thunderclouds are gathering again now, and all about . . . the food. Mrs v.P. came up with the disastrous notion of doing fewer frd. pots. in the morning but using better-quality ones. Mummy and Pf., together with us, did not agree so now we even have to divide the potatoes. And there's been something funny going on about the fat and Mummy has had to put a stop to it. If there are any interesting developments I shall report them to you. We have been dividing most of the food recently. The meat (they have it with fat, we don't; they have soup, we don't. The potatoes (theirs peeled, ours scraped). Extra purchases, and now the fried potatoes on top of it all.

If only we could split up completely once again!

yours, Anne.

P.S. Bep has had a picture postcard of the whole royal family copied for me. Juliana looks very young, and so does the queen. The three girls are lovely. It was terribly nice of Bep, don't you think? My fondant for the girls for Christmas went down well. Bep was also very pleased with the little tin of milk and the other St Nicholas Day presents. I'm only glad Mummy doesn't know anything about it, I don't think that she would have approved. On 15 January it is Mr Voskuyl's birthday, I'll give him my next little jar of plum jam.'Bye.

Thursday 6 January 1944.

Dear Kitty,

I have three things to confess to you today, which will take a long time. But I must tell someone and you are the best one to tell, as I know that come what may you always keep a secret. The first is about Mummy. You know that I've grumbled a lot about Mummy, yet still tried to be nice to her again. Now it is suddenly clear to me what she lacks. Mummy herself has told us that she looked upon us more as her friends than her daughters; now that is all very fine of course, but still a friend can't take a mother's place. I need my mother as an example which I can follow, I want to be able to respect her and though my mother is an example to me in most things she is precisely the kind of example that I do not want to follow. I have the feeling that Margot thinks differently about these things and would never be able to understand what I've just told you. And Daddy avoids all arguments about Mummy.

I imagine a mother as a woman who, in the first place, shows great tact, especially towards her children when they reach our age, and who does not laugh in my face when I cry about something – not about pain, but about other things – like 'Mums' does. One thing, which perhaps may seem rather fatuous, I have never forgiven her. It was on a day that I had to go to the dentist, Mummy and Margot were going to come with me and agreed that I should take my bicycle. When we had finished at the dentist, and were outside again, Margot and Mummy told me the good news that they were going into the town now to look at something or buy something – I don't remember exactly what. I wanted to go too of course, but was not allowed to as I had my bicycle with me. Tears of rage sprang into my eyes, and Mummy and Margot burst out laughing at me. Then I became so furious that I stuck my tongue out at them in the street just as an old woman happened to pass by, who looked very shocked! I rode home on my bicycle and I know I cried for a long time. It is queer that of all the countless wounds Mummy has inflicted on me it is this one that burns whenever I think of how angry I was that afternoon.

— —

The second is something that is very difficult to tell you, because it is about myself. I am not prudish, Kitty, but when they keep talking here about what they've been doing in the lavatory, I feel my whole body rise up in revolt against it.

Yesterday I read an article about blushing by Sis Heyster,<sup>22</sup> I shall try to interpret it below. Sis Heyster might have been addressing me personally; although I don't blush very easily, the other things in it certainly all fit me. She writes roughly something like this – that a girl in the years (time) of puberty becomes quiet within and begins to think about the wonders that are happening to her body. I experience that too and that is why I get the feeling lately of being embarrassed in front of Margot, Mummy and Daddy. Funnily enough, Margot, who is much more shy than I am, isn't at all embarrassed.

I think what is happening to me is so wonderful, and not only what can be seen on my body, but all that is taking place inside. I never discuss myself or any of these

things with anybody; that is why I have to talk to myself about them. Each time I have a period, (and that has only been three times) I have the feeling that in spite of all the pain, unpleasantness and nastiness I have a sweet secret, and that is why although it is nothing but a nuisance to me in one sense of the word, I always long for the time that I shall feel that secret within me again. Sis Heyster also writes that girls of this age don't feel quite certain of themselves, and discover that they themselves are individuals with ideas, thought and habits. After I came here, when I was scarcely 13, I began to think about myself rather early on and to know that I am a person. Sometimes, when I lie in bed at night, I have a terrible desire to feel my breasts and to listen to the quiet rhythmic beat of my heart.

I already had these kinds of feelings subconsciously before I came here, because I remember one night when I slept with Jacque I could not contain myself, I was so curious to see her body, which she always kept hidden from me and which I had never seen. I asked Jacque whether as a proof of our friendship we might feel one another's breasts. Jacque refused. I also had a terrible desire to kiss Jacque and that I did. I go into ecstasies every time I see the naked figure of a woman, such as Venus in the Springer History of Art, for example. It strikes me sometimes as so wonderful and exquisite that I have difficulty not letting the tears roll down my cheeks.

If only I had a girl friend!

Now for my third confession and this is closest to my heart. Let me begin at the beginning:

My longing to talk to someone became so intense that somehow or other I decided to speak to Peter. Sometimes if I've been upstairs into Peter's room during the day, it always struck me as very snug, but because Peter is always so retiring and would never show anyone the door, I never dared stay long, because I was afraid he might think me a terrible bore. I tried to think up all sorts of excuses for a chance to talk to him and it came yesterday. Peter has a mania for crossword puzzles at the moment and hardly does anything else all day, I helped him with them and we soon sat opposite each other at his little table, he on the chair and me on the divan. And I can tell you that it gave me such a queer feeling each time I looked into his deep blue eyes, and he sat there with that mysterious laugh playing round his lips. I could read his inward thoughts. I could see in his face that look of helplessness and uncertainty as to how to behave, and at the same time, a trace of his sense of manhood. I noticed his shy manner and it made me feel very gentle; I couldn't refrain from meeting those dark eyes again and again, and with my whole heart I almost beseeched him, oh, tell me, what is going on inside you, oh, can't you look beyond this ridiculous chatter?

But the evening passed and nothing happened, except that I told him that about blushing – naturally not what I have written, but so that he might become more sure of himself as he grew older.

When I lay in bed that night all I could do was cry, cry terribly, but having to make sure no one could hear me. In bed I thought over all the things I would say to Peter

today and I couldn't stop sobbing. I fell asleep very late.

But you really mustn't think I'm in love with Peter – not a bit of it! If the v.P.s had had a girl instead of a boy, I should have tried to tell her something about myself and to let her tell me things as well.

This morning, I woke up at about 5 to 7 in the morning and knew at once quite positively, what I had dreamed. I sat on a chair and opposite me sat Peter. . . . . Schiff. We were looking together at a book of pictures by Mary Bos, in which only one page was covered with drawings, the rest had other things. The dream was so vivid that I can still partly remember the drawings. But the dream still continued, suddenly Peter's eyes and mine met and I looked into those fine velvet brown eyes for a long time, then Peter said very softly, 'If I had only known, I would have come to you long before. . . . !' I turned around brusquely because the emotion was too much for me. And after that I felt a soft, and oh, such a cool kind cheek against mine and it felt so good, so good. . . . .

Then I awoke, while I could still feel his cheek against mine and still felt his brown eyes looking deep into my heart, so deep, that there he read how much I had loved him and how very much I still love him. Then tears sprang into my eyes once more, and I was so sad that I had lost him again, but I was also so glad because suddenly I knew with certainty again, how much I loved Peter. The dreams of six children, a beautiful house and long journeys had gone up in smoke, but if only I could have Peter with me, oh, Petel, Petel. . . . .

It is strange that I should often see such vivid images in my dreams here. First I saw Grandma so clearly one night that I saw how her skin was so thick, soft, wrinkled, velvety. Then Granny appeared, so that I consider her my guardian angel to whom I pray every night and send my kisses. Then came Hanneli, so clearly that I pray for her every night and she seems to be a symbol of the sufferings of all my friends and all Jews, thus when I pray for her I pray for all Jews and all those in need. And now Peter, my darling Peter – never before have I had such a clear picture of him in my mind. I need no photo of him, I can see him so, so well.

But Kitty, I don't think I ever told you the history of myself and all my boy friends. Here it is:

When I was quite small – and only at a kindergarten – I became attached to Sally Kimmel. He had lost his father, I believe his parents were divorced and he lived with his mother at her sister's. One of Sally's cousins was Appy and the two of them were generally together and generally dressed the same way. Appy was a slender, good-looking dark boy and Sally a short, fat, fair friendly boy, with a great sense of humour. But looks did not count with me and I was very fond of Sally for years. We used to be together a lot for quite a time, but for the rest, my love was unreturned. Until Peter crossed my path, and in my childish way I really fell in love. He also liked me very much and we couldn't be parted for one whole summer. I can still see us walking hand in hand through the streets together. Then I went into the 6th form of the Lower School



and he into the First Form of the 4th-3. I would often fetch him from school, or he would fetch me and I often went to his house. Peter was a very good-looking boy, tall, handsome and slim, with an earnest, calm, intelligent face. He had dark hair and wonderful brown eyes, ruddy cheeks and a pointed nose. When he laughed a naughty glint came into his eye. When we had known each other for about 3 months, he moved into the same house as a much older boy Rolf (Peter was 3 years older than I was). He apparently drew his attention to the fact that I was very childish, and he gave me up. I adored him so that I didn't want to face it. I tried to hold on to him until I realized that if I went on running after him I should soon get the name of being boy-mad. The years passed, Peter went around with girls of his own age and soon stopped saying hello to me, but I couldn't forget him. I went to the Jewish Secondary School, almost all the boys in my class were keen on me – I thought it was fun, felt honoured, but was otherwise quite untouched. Then Hello appeared who was mad on me, but I never fell in love again. The saying says: Time heals all wounds, and so it was with me, I imagined that I had forgotten Peter and that I didn't like him a bit any more, but his memory lived on so strongly in my subconscious mind that I had to admit to myself that I was jealous of the other girls, and that was why I didn't like him any more. This morning I knew that nothing has changed in me; on the contrary, as I grew bigger and more mature my love grew with me.

I can quite understand now that Peter thought me childish, and yet it still hurt that he had so completely forgotten me.

His face comes so clearly to mind that now I know that no one else can stay with me like he does. I love Peter with all my heart. I am still completely upset today too. When Daddy kissed me this morning, I could have cried out: 'Oh, if only you were Peter!' I think of him all the time and I keep repeating to myself the whole day, 'Oh, Petel, darling darling Petel.' . . . . .

What can help me now? I must live on and pray to God that He will let Peter cross my path when I come out of here, and that when he reads the love in my eyes he will say, 'Oh Anne, if I had only realized, I would have asked you long ago!'

Once, when we spoke about sex, Daddy told me that I couldn't possibly understand the longing yet, I always knew that I did understand it and now I understand it fully. Nothing is so beloved to me now as he, my Petel.

— —

I saw my face in the mirror and it looks quite different than at other times. My eyes look so clear and deep, my cheeks are pink – which they haven't been for weeks – my mouth is much softer; I look as if I am happy, and yet there is something so sad in my expression and my smile slips away from my lips as soon as it has come. I'm not happy because I should know that Petel's thoughts are not with me, and yet I still feel his wonderful eyes upon me and his cool, soft cheek against mine. . . . .

Oh, Petel, Petel, how will I ever free myself of your image? Wouldn't any other in your place be a miserable substitute? I love you, and with such a great love that it can't

grow in my heart any more but has to leap out into the open and suddenly manifest itself in such a tremendous way!

A week ago, even yesterday, if you had asked me, 'Which of your friends do you consider would be the most suitable to marry?' I would have answered: 'Sally, for he makes me feel good, peaceful and safe!'

But now I would cry, 'Petel, because I love him with all my heart and soul, I give myself completely!' But one thing, he may touch my face, but no more.

This morning I imagined I was in the front attic with Petel, sitting on the wooden window sill and after a short conversation, the two of us started to cry and then I felt his mouth and his wonderful cheek! Oh Petel, come to me, think of me, my own dear Petel!

Wednesday 12 January 1944

Dear Kitty,

Bep has been back a fortnight now, although her little sister isn't allowed to go back to school yet. Dina and Joop too are still at home; the Health Service had just forgotten about Gerda. Bep wasn't here on Monday or Yesterday, but stayed in bed with a sore throat. Last week Miep stayed home with Jan for two days with tummy upsets. The second day Jan had to go back to the office so she was able to take it easy.

Bep has promised to teach me modern dancing, Voskuyl was here on Saturday as well and it came out quite by chance that he knows 'Pallada'.

I have a craze for ballet and dancing at the moment and practise every evening diligently. I have made a supermodern dance frock from a pale purple petticoat with lace above and below belonging to Mummy. It's fastened round the top with a ribbon that is threaded right round the back and under the sleeves. A pink corded ribbon completes the creation. I've been trying in vain to convert my gym shoes into ballet shoes. I've made quite good progress with a lot of very difficult exercises. For instance sitting on the floor holding a foot in each hand, and then lifting both legs up in the air. I have to have a cushion under me. (Here I was interrupted and continued on Thursday 13 Jan. 1944!)

All these exercises did my arms and legs no good at all. I put my left arm and my left and right leg out of joint, after 1½ days my arm was all right again, but my legs still hurt terribly. So the illusion I had of doing physical exercises every evening has vanished again.

Everyone here is reading the book *Cloudless Morn* at the moment, Mummy found it particularly nice because so many youth problems were discussed in it. I thought to myself rather sarcastically, take a bit of trouble with your own young people first!

I believe Mummy thinks that Margot and I have the best possible relationship with our parents, and that no one could take a greater interest in their children's lives than she.

But quite definitely she only looks at Margot, who I don't think ever had such problems and thoughts as I do.

Still, I wouldn't dream of pointing out to Mummy that in the case of her daughters it isn't all as she imagines, because she would be utterly amazed and wouldn't know how to change anyway; I want to save her the unhappiness it would cause her, especially as I know that for me everything would remain the same anyway. Mummy certainly feels that Margot loves her much more than I do, but she thinks that this just goes in phases!

Isn't it odd, Kitty, that sometimes I look at myself through someone else's eyes? I see quite keenly then how things are with Anne Frank. Before when I didn't think about things as much as I do now, I used to have the feeling sometimes that I didn't belong to Mummy, Pim and Margot, sometimes I would feel miserable about it for a good six months at a time until I punished myself, telling myself that it was all my own fault that I played this self-pitying role, that I didn't deserve being so fortunate.

Then came the time when I used to force myself to be glad to get back home and to be friendly. Every morning, as soon as someone came downstairs I hoped that it would be Mummy, who would come and say good morning to me and I greeted her warmly because I really longed for her to look lovingly at me. Then she would snap at me with some remark or other and I would go off to school again feeling thoroughly disheartened, thinking that Mummy wasn't really nice after all. At 12 o'clock, when I came out of school, I would make excuses for her again because she was under so much pressure, arrive home very cheerful and most of the time the same thing would happen at lunch as well. Sometimes I would decide to remain cross, but when I came home from school, I always had so much to tell that my resolutions were gone with the wind again and that was all to the good! Until I would no longer wait in the mornings and feel lonely again and cry for a long time at night.

The only difference now is that since I have Mummy around me all day long I can't bear to look at her face any longer, because she is not my Mumsie and will never be!

Last night it suddenly all came to me and I don't know what it is, but I can never find the right moment to speak to him. And then. . . . . I burst into tears so quickly when something like that happens and then I can't explain myself as calmly as I want to.

Now God has sent me a helper, Peter. . . . . – I just clasp my pendant, kiss it and think to myself, 'What do I care about the lot of them! Peter belongs to me and no one knows anything about it!' And this way I can get over all the snubs I receive. Who would ever think here that so much can go on in the soul of a young girl?

Saturday 15 January 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

There is no point in telling you every time the exact details of our rows and arguments. It is enough if I tell you that we keep drifting further apart and increasingly ignore the wishes of the others.

Mummy's birthday is approaching, she got some sugar from Kugler which is already cause for jealousy, because there was no sugar for Mrs v.P.'s birthday. I know that you and everyone else must be sick of hearing about all these discussions, tears and unkind words and we are even more fed up with them. Mummy made the wish – a wish that cannot come true just now – never to see Mr v.P.'s face again.

I ask myself whether one would have trouble in the long run, whomever one shared a house with. Or did we have extra bad luck? At table when Pf. takes  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a half-full gravy boat while all the rest are still waiting for the gravy then I lose my appetite and feel like leaping to my feet and chasing him off his chair and out of the door. Are most people so selfish and stingy then? The van Pels motto is: 'If we have got enough, then the rest may have some too, but we get the best, we get it first, we get the most.' Pf.'s motto is: 'I take as much of everything as I want, I don't bother to look if there's any left and I tell everyone how modest I am!' I think it's a good thing that I've learned a bit about human beings here, but I feel it's enough now; Peter says the same and I would say it even if we'd been here for only half a year instead of a year and a half. But God knows what we need and what is good for us and so we should try to make the best of our stay here.

Now I'm preaching Kitty, but I do believe that if I stay here for very long, the youth in my young woman's soul will have fled. And I did so much want to grow into a real young woman!

AnneFrank.

Wednesday evening (8 o'clock!)

19 January 1944.

Dear Kitty,

I (the same old mistake!) don't know what it is, but I always notice after a dream that I've changed. In parenthesis, last night I dreamed again about Peter and saw his searching look again, but this dream was not as beautiful or as clear as the last. You know that I used to be jealous of Margot's relationship with Daddy before, there is no longer any trace of that now; I still feel hurt when Daddy treats me unreasonably because of his nerves, but then I think: 'I can't really blame you people for being like that, you talk so much about children – and the thoughts of young people, but you don't know the first thing about them!' I long for more than Daddy's kisses, for more than his caresses. Isn't it terrible of me to keep thinking about this all the time? Shouldn't I, who want to be good and kind, forgive them first of all? I even forgive Mummy, but I can hardly take it when she's being so sarcastic and laughing at me all the time.

I know that I am far from being as I ought to be; will I ever be?

AnneFrank.

P.S. Daddy asked whether I have told you about the cake. As a birthday present the office gave Mummy a genuine pre-war mocha cake. It was really lovely! But at the moment I have so little room in my thoughts for things like that.

Saturday afternoon (quarter  
past three) 22 January 1944.

Dearest Kit,

I wonder whether you could tell me why it is that people always try so hard to hide their real feelings? How is it that I am always quite different from what I should be in other people's company and also quite different from what I am inside? Why do people trust one another so little? Oh, I do know there must be a reason, but things are bad, very bad indeed!

Since my dream the other night I have changed, have grown up a lot, have become more of an independent being. You'll certainly be amazed when I tell you that even my attitude towards the van Pelses has changed. I suddenly see all the arguments etc. etc. in a different light, and am not as prejudiced now as I was. How can I have changed so much? I have suddenly begun to feel (where/whence I do not know myself) that if Mummy had been different, a real Mumsie, our relationship here might have been quite, quite different. It's true that Mrs van Pels has a disagreeable character, but the people here can't be so bad that there isn't a good side to them too.

If Mummy wasn't so impossible during every discussion, so severe, so disapproving and so unfeminine, then all our quarrels could easily have been avoided for Mrs van Pels with all her talking and preaching is really not as bad as she seems. True, she is stingy, selfish and stupid but still you can talk to her.

All the problems of our upbringing, of our being spoiled, the food – all, all, all could have been quite different if we'd remained perfectly open and friendly, and not always only on the lookout for something to seize on. I know exactly what you would say Kitty: 'But Anne, do these words really come from your lips? From you who have had to listen to so many harsh words from the people upstairs, from you the girl who has suffered so many injustices!' Yes really, they come from me. At the moment I seize every opportunity to find anything I can talk to and Mrs v.P. despite her bad points is not really bad through and through.

Of course I can't tell her so, for I mustn't turn against my own family, but I'll take care not to gossip any longer and to stand up for them as much as possible.

Until now I've always thought that they were in the wrong, but we too are a very great deal to blame. We have certainly been right about the subject matter; but when it comes to handling others one expects more insight from intelligent people (which we consider ourselves to be!).

I have acquired that insight now and hope I'll have occasion to make good use of it.

AnneFrank.

P.S. I am still working hard and in particular I have recently developed a special liking for the family trees of royal houses. Once you start with that you get on very quickly. I haven't deserted my film stars either. Mr Kugler brings me Cinema & Theatre every week.'Bye yours Anne.

Monday 24 Jan. 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Something has happened to me, or rather, I can hardly speak of it as an event, except that I think it is pretty crazy. Whenever anyone used to speak of sexual problems at home or at school, it was something either mysterious or revolting. Words which had any bearing on the subject were whispered, and if someone didn't understand he was laughed at. This always struck me as crazy and I thought: 'Why are people so secretive and tiresome all the time whenever they talk about these things?' But as it didn't seem that I could change things, I kept my mouth shut as much as possible or only spoke on the subject when I was alone with Jacque or she [with me]. When I already knew quite a lot about it, Mummy said to me once, 'Anne, let me give you some good advice; never speak about such things to boys and don't reply if they begin about it!' I replied: 'No of course not! The very idea!' And I have never spoken about it to boys.

When I came here, Daddy told me a whole lot more and I gradually gathered the rest, from books and conversations. Peter here was never as tiresome about these things as the boys at school – a few times at first perhaps – but he never tried to draw me out. Mrs v.P. told us that she had never talked about these things to Peter, and for all she knew neither had her husband. Apparently she didn't even know how and what he knew.

Yesterday now, when Margot, Peter and I were peeling potatoes the conversation turned to Boche. And I don't know how it came about but Peter said that Boche was a tomcat after all and added that Pf. had said the same thing, 'but he had first said that she was a queen, but never mind!'

'Well,' I said, 'in that case I can't tell the difference either, but I have been wanting to go downstairs with you for some time so you can let me see for myself!' Peter thought that a good idea: 'But he's a tom, all right,' he insisted 'I watched him having intercourse myself from the private office!' I must have looked a bit taken aback; I wasn't used to hearing people speak so openly about such matters, not Peter, anyway.

In the afternoon I put on my coat and went downstairs with him. We went and stood in the conservatory, because there was no sign of Boche and Pete started calling him. 'Yes,' he said 'Boche is a tom, all right, I can see it when he plays with me, he jumps up against me and then when he gets excited he even thinks I am a woman cat,

it's really noticeable!' 'I know what you mean,' I said, for I had seen the same thing once with Tor, the Amendes' dog.

I wanted to ask all along whether Boche had been castrated, but I didn't dare. Peter took the words out of my mouth however: 'Boche has certainly not been castrated.'

'Peter,' I asked 'how old was Mouschi when he was castrated?'

'As soon as he came to us, very small!' And he went on whistling and calling softly but Boche didn't come. 'Tell me, how do you say "geschlechtsteil" [sex organ] in Dutch,' he said then.

'Geslachtsdeel.'

'No, that's not what I mean.'

'Oh you mean the other thing, I don't know the word.'

And then we went upstairs.

Later in the afternoon, I heard him go downstairs again and I followed him on my own. He was standing beside the packing table playing with Boche.

'Well, here he is, do you want to see?' And suddenly he picked up the cat and showed me: 'This here is the male organ and these are just a few stray hairs and that is his bottom!' The cat was turned round again and stood on the counter.

If any other boy had shown me 'the male organ' like that he would have got a slap in the face, I would have been so indignant, But Peter spoke about it all in such a normal way, without any sneering or the slightest insinuation, that I felt quite normal about it too. 'Were you there, when Mouschi was castrated?'

'Yes, certainly, it doesn't take long, he was anaesthetized of course.'

'Do they take anything out?'

'No the doctor just cuts the sperm tube. You can't see anything from the outside. Just listen to that other cat howling!' Outside there was a cat that kept miaowing day and night all through the season when the females were on heat. 'That's a tom cat for sure,' I stated.

'You can't possibly tell.'

'Yes, it's always the tom who calls.'

'That one certainly isn't getting anywhere.'

'Are dogs castrated as much as cats?'

'No, only lap dogs.' Peter kept playing with the cat and wanted to show me Boche's teeth. I gathered up my courage since I wasn't feeling all that 'normal' after all.

'Peter, a geschlechtsteil is a geslachtsdeel, but it has different names in male and female animals.'

'I know that.'

'In females it's called a vagina, I know that much, but I don't know what it's called in males.'

'Yes.'

‘Oh well,’ I said again ‘how are you meant to know these words, most of the time you come across them by accident.’

‘Why on earth? I just ask upstairs. My parents know more than me and have had more experience.’

Then we went upstairs.

‘Things may alter,’ as Brer Rabbit said. Yes. Really I shouldn’t have discussed these things in such a normal way with a girl. That’s not what Mummy meant when she said I mustn’t discuss the subject with boys.

I wasn’t quite my usual self though. When I thought about it, it still seemed rather odd.

Luckily, I know one thing at least now, that there really are young people – and of the opposite gender too – who can discuss these things quite naturally without making fun of them.

I wonder if Peter really always asks his parents. Would he really behave with them in the way he did with me yesterday? Ah, what would I know about it?!

Anne.

Friday 28 January 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

Although there is not much news here I mustn’t neglect ‘Secret Annexe’ affairs for the sake of my own. In the first place I wanted to say something about those who have gone ‘underground’. Going underground and hiding have become nothing out of the ordinary for everyone and you can’t imagine how much is being done by such organizations as ‘Vrije-Nederland’.<sup>23</sup> Thousands and thousands of identity and ration cards are being provided, sometimes for nothing and sometimes for money. Goodness knows how many false identity cards are in circulation. Jewish acquaintances are going about under ordinary Christian names and there are certainly not many people in hiding like ourselves who have no identity cards and never go out. Bep’s friend, who strictly speaking ought to be in Berlin, runs across good friends of his in the street every day and they often know where each one is hiding. Three of our milkman’s sons are in the countryside etc. etc.

You hear the wildest tales from the most reliable sources e.g.: There was a football match in Gelderland between an underground eleven and a police eleven.

In Hilversum, where new registration cards are being issued, certain hours have been set aside during which the police look the other way in order to give people in hiding a chance to collect their ration books. I still have work to do, so until next time.

AnneFrank.

Sunday 30 January 1944.

Dearest Kit,



We've arrived at Sunday again; it may be true I don't mind it as much as I did at the beginning but it's still pretty boring.

I still haven't been to the warehouse, maybe I'll manage to go there soon. Last night I went downstairs all by myself in the dark having done it a few nights before with Daddy. I stood on top of the stairs, it was not too bad, lots of German airplanes were about and I realized that I was a-person-to-myself, not needing to rely on the support of others. My fear vanished, I looked up at the sky and trusted in God.

I desperately want to be alone. Daddy has noticed that I'm not quite my usual self, but I really can't tell him everything. 'Leave me in peace, leave me alone,' that's what I'd like to keep crying out all the time. Who knows, the day may come when I'm left alone more than I would wish!

AnneFrank.

Thursday 3 February 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

Invasion fever in the whole country is mounting daily. If you were here, on the one hand, you would probably feel the effect of all these preparations just as I do and, on the other, you would laugh at us for making such a fuss – who knows – perhaps for nothing! All the newspapers are full of the invasion and are driving people mad by saying that 'In the event of the English landing here, the Germans will have to do all they can to defend the country; if necessary they will resort to flooding.' Everywhere you can see maps on which those parts of Holland that will be under water are marked. The first question was now: What shall we do if the water in the streets rises to one metre?

Because you are sure to be interested, I will write down what answers everyone here in the 'Secret Annexe' made to this question.

No. 1: Since people won't be able to walk or cycle any more, they will have to try and escape by wading through the water; in the end the water will of course have become stagnant.

No. 2: People will have to try and swim. Mrs v.P.: 'I still have a bathing suit and Peter will have to learn to swim in a hurry.' Reply: 'If you put on a bathing cap as well and swim under water as far as you can no one will see that you are Jewish.'

No. 3: What a stench there'll be; we shall probably see water rats in all the streets.

No. 4: Perhaps the whole warehouse will collapse, it's more wood than stone.

No. 5: No, all joking apart now. We shall try to get a small boat.

No. 6: No, a much better idea, each of us will get into a wooden packing case and row with a soup ladle!

No. 7: Can't we walk on stilts?

No. 8: Jan Gies won't need to. He's sure to take his wife on his back.

Etc. Etc. All of that may sound very funny now but the truth is far from funny.

The second question came this morning in connection with all the posters that have gone up in the streets: What do we do if the Germans start evacuating people?

No. 1: Leave the city too. Disguise ourselves as best we can.

No. 2: Don't go, whatever happens. Stay put! The Germans are quite capable of driving the whole population right into Germany, where they will all die.

No. 3: Yes, we'll stay here, we're safest where we are. We'll try and fetch Kleiman and his family over here to come and live with us. We'll try and get hold of some more wood wool, then we can lie on the floor. Let's ask Miep and Kleiman to start bringing blankets here now. We'll order 50 lbs of flour from Siemons, 60 lbs of corn are already in the house, ground and in good condition. Let's ask Jan for another 10 lbs of peas, we already have 70 lbs of kidney beans, 10 lbs of peas and 5 lbs of marrow peas, 50 tins of vegetables, 20 tins of fish, 40 tins of milk, 4 kilos of milk powder, 3 bottles of salad oil, 4 preserving jars of butter, 4 preserving jars of meat, 4 jars of marmalade, 60 preserving jars of fruit, 20 bottles of tomato soup, 10 lbs of rolled oats, 8 lbs of rice, and no sugar. Our stocks are rather large; but when you think that we could suddenly have a great many more people to share our food, it's certainly not a lot. We have enough coal and firewood in the house; and as far as possible plenty of candles.

No. 4: Let's all make little moneybags, which could easily be hidden in our clothing, to put our money in if we need to.

No. 5: We'll make lists and pack the most essential things into our rucksacks.

No. 6: If it gets that far we'll make an observation post in the front and the back loft.

No. 7: We may have all the supplies we need now, you know, but what if the gas and electricity pack up? Then we'll have to cook on the stove. Filter and boil our water. We'll clean out some wicker bottles now and store water in them when the time comes. We can also use three preserving pans and a washtub as water tanks.

No. 8: We'll have our Red Cross box, all winter coats, shoes, brandy and sugar brought over from the Amendes as soon as possible.

No. 9: We still have 1½ sacks of winter potatoes in the back spice store. That's how they go on here all day long, Daddy is planning to give Margot and me 500 florins each if matters go that far probably including dollars. Mummy and he will take 1,000 florins each.

During the meal we had the following conversation with Jan:

Gentlemen: We are afraid Jan, that the Germans will take the whole population with them.

Jan: But that's impossible, how will they get the trains for it?

Gentlemen: Trains? Civilians will have to use shanks's pony.

J.: I don't think so, you look on the black side of everything all the time. What would be their object?

G.: What did Goebels say: 'If we have to step down, we shall slam the doors of all the occupied countries behind us!'

J: They have said so much already!

G: Do you think the Germans are too nice for that, they simply say: If we have got to go down, then everyone else will go down as well.

J: I just don't believe it!

G: It's always the same, you don't want to see what is happening!

J: But where do you get it from, it's all just supposition.

G: We have been through it ourselves and are things any different in Russia?

J: That's quite different, you mustn't include the Jews. And no one knows what is going on in Russia, the English and the Russians are sure to exaggerate things for propaganda purposes, just like the Germans.

G.: We don't believe that and even if they exaggerate 100% then it's bad enough anyway, because it's a fact that in Poland and Russia Millions and millions of people have been murdered and gassed.

Kitty, I'll leave it at that, spare you further details. I myself keep very quiet and don't take any notice of all the fuss and excitement; but it would be very nice and reassuring if the Kleimans came to stay here.

I have now reached the stage that I don't care much whether I live or die, the world will still keep on turning without me; what is going to happen, will happen, and anyway it's no good trying to resist.

I trust to luck, but should I be saved, and spared from destruction, then it would be terrible if my diaries and my tales were lost.

AnneMaryFrank.

Tuesday 8 February 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

I can't tell you how I feel. One moment I long for peace and quiet, the next for a little fun. We are not used to laughing here any more, to laughing properly till you can't laugh any more.

This morning I did have a fit of 'helpless laughter,' you know, the sort we used to have at school. Margot and I were giggling like real schoolgirls. Last night there was trouble with Mummy again. Margot was just tucking her woollen blanket around her when suddenly she jumped out of bed again and stared at the blanket; there was a pin stuck in it! Mummy had sewn a patch in the blanket. Daddy shook his head meaningfully and talked about Mummy's slipshod ways. Soon afterwards Mummy came back from the bathroom and I said by way of a joke: 'You know you're a real Rabenmutter.'<sup>24</sup> Naturally, she asked why and we told her about the pin. She immediately pulled her haughtiest face and said to me: 'You can talk about

slovenliness, when you sew, the whole floor is covered with pins. And just look at that manicure case lying around again, you never clear that away!’ I said that I hadn’t used it and Margot jumped in, since she was the guilty party. But Mummy went on talking about my slovenliness until I was fed up with it and said rather abruptly: ‘I never mentioned slovenliness, it’s always me who gets into trouble when someone else does something wrong!’ Mummy shut up and barely a minute later I was obliged to give her a good-night kiss; the incident may have been unimportant but things like that annoy me.

I seem to be in a period of reflection at the moment, so I also started thinking of Father and Mother’s marriage. It has always been presented to me as an ideal marriage. Never a quarrel, no angry faces, perfect harmony, etc., etc. I know a few things about Father’s past, and what I don’t know, I’ve made up; I have the impression that Father married Mother because he felt she would be a suitable wife. I have to admit that I admire Mother for the way she assumed the role of his wife and has never, as far as I know, complained or been jealous. It can’t be easy for a loving wife to know she’ll never be first in her husband’s affections, and Mother did know that. Father certainly admired Mother’s attitude and thought she had a good character. Why marry anyone else? His ideals had been shattered and he was no longer young.

What kind of marriage has it turned out to be? No quarrels or differences of opinion – but certainly not an ideal marriage. Father respects Mother and loves her, but not with the kind of love I envision for a marriage. Father accepts Mother as she is, is often annoyed, but says as little as possible, because he knows the sacrifices Mother has had to make.

Father doesn’t always ask her opinion – about the business, about other matters, about people, about all kinds of things. He doesn’t tell her everything, because he knows she’s far too emotional, far too critical, and often far too biased. Father’s not in love. He kisses her the way he kisses us. He never holds her up as an example, because he can’t. He looks at her teasingly, or mockingly, but never lovingly.

It may be that Mother’s great sacrifice has made her harsh and disagreeable toward those around her, but it’s guaranteed to take her even farther from the path of love, to arouse even less admiration, and one day Father is bound to realize that while, on the outside, she has never demanded his total love, on the inside, she has slowly but surely been crumbling away. She loves him more than anyone, and it’s hard to see this kind of love not being returned.

So should I actually feel more sympathy for Mother? Should I help her? And Father? – I can’t, I’m always imagining another Mother. I just can’t. – How could I? She hasn’t told me anything, and I’ve never asked her. What do we know of one another’s thoughts? I can’t talk to her, I can’t look lovingly into those cold eyes, I can’t. Not ever! – If she had even one quality an understanding mother is supposed to have, gentleness or friendliness or patience or something, I’d keep trying to get closer

to her. But as for loving this insensitive person, this mocking creature – it's becoming more and more impossible every day!

Anne Mary Frank.

Saturday 12 February 1944.

Dear Kitty

The sun is shining, the sky is deep blue, there is a lovely breeze and I'm longing – so longing – for everything . . . . . –

To talk, for freedom, for friends, to be alone. And I do so long . . . . . to cry! I feel as if I'm going to burst, and I know that it would get better with crying, but I can't. I'm restless I go from one room to the other, breathe at the bottom of a window, feel my heart beating, as if it is saying, 'Can't you satisfy my longings at last?' . . . – I believe that it's spring within me, I feel that spring is awakening, I feel it in my whole body and soul.

I have to keep myself under control – time and again, I long for my Petel, I long for every boy, even for Peter – here. I want to shout at him: 'Oh say something to me, don't just smile all the time, touch me, so that I can again get that delicious feeling inside me that I first had in my dream of Petel's cheek!'

I feel completely confused, I don't know what to read, what to write, what to do, I only know that I am longing.

yours,

Anne Mary Frank.

Monday 14 February  
'44.

Dear Kitty,

Since Saturday a lot has changed for me. It came about like this: I longed (and am still longing) but . . . . . now something has happened, which has made it a little, just a little, less.

To my great joy (I will be quite honest about it) already this morning I noticed that Peter kept looking at me all the time. Not in the ordinary way, I don't know how, I just can't explain, but I suddenly had the feeling that he isn't as much in love with Margot as I had thought. I made a special effort not to look at him too much, because whenever I did, he kept on looking too and then – yes, then – it gave me a lovely feeling inside, but which I mustn't feel too often.

On Monday morning I had to go up to the attic to get some books for Mr Pfeffer and Peter immediately took the opportunity to come upstairs as well. We talked about nothing of any importance; Mr van Pels joined us and I went downstairs again fairly soon. When I had brought Pf. his books, I had to take the ones he had read back again (I could easily have put it off, of course, but I didn't).

I climbed up the stairs again with my coat on and sat down on the floor on a pile of things with a cushion on top. The window was open, there was glorious sunshine and I was glad because I knew he would be back. And he did come back and told me what had happened the night before.

On Sunday evening everyone, with the exception of Daddy and me, was sitting beside the wireless listening to the Sunday night concert. Pf. fiddled with the knobs continually, this annoyed Peter, and the others too. When that had been going on for about half an hour Peter asked Pf. somewhat irritably if the twisting and turning might stop. Pf. answered in his usual tone: 'I'm getting it all right!' Peter became angry, I don't know what exactly he said but it was rude. Mr van Pels joined in, got angry as well and defended Peter. That was all.

Peter was in good form, he must have realized that I sympathized with him, in any case he unburdened himself a little to me.

'Yes and you see,' he said 'I don't easily say anything, because I know beforehand that I'll only become tongue-tied. I begin to stutter, turn red and twist around what I want to say. Yesterday too, I wanted to say something quite different, but once I had started, I got into a hopeless muddle. And that's frightful; I have a very bad habit, i.e. when I get angry with anyone rather than argue it out I used to get to work on him with my fists. But I quite realize that this doesn't get me anywhere; and that's why I admire you so. You are never at a loss for a word, you say exactly what you want to say to people and are not so shy.'

'Just listen,' I said, 'generally I say things quite differently from the way I wanted to say them. I talk too much and that's no good either!'

Peter went on talking and kept coming back to Pf. I shan't write down what he said for you know my own fits of rage against Pf. only too well. However there's one thing he said I shall repeat:

'Last night I was so jumpy, I was trembling all over, I've never been like that before; I didn't recognize myself! That didn't happen to me just like that, I'm almost never jumpy.'

I felt really sorry for him. He was leaning against a potato barrel with such apparent nonchalance, while I was sitting nearly at his feet. And from his words, his gestures, his voice and his eyes I could see and tell that something was burning inside him just as it burns in me. We are more or less the same age and he isn't very sure of himself either.

Tuesday 15-2-44.

On Tuesday I heard from Mummy that Pf. had told her the following:

'Yesterday morning Peter came to me, said good morning and asked if I had slept well. He added that he was sorry about last night and that he hadn't really meant it so I told him that I hadn't really taken it badly either.'

I thought that it had been brave of Peter to have apologized all the same, and when I was in the attic at quarter past twelve I told him so.

‘Not a word of it is true!’ he exclaimed. I was amazed. Why should Pfeffer have lied? We went on talking some more, about films and movie theatres, and then we went downstairs.

In the evening Mr van Pels and Peter gave Pfeffer a terrible talking to and got themselves into a fury again. But it can’t have ended so badly because Peter had some dental treatment today.

The fact is they’d decided not to talk to each other any more.

Wednesday 16-2-1944.

We didn’t talk to each other all day long except for a few unimportant words. It was too cold to go up to the attic and anyway: it was Margot’s birthday.

He came at half past twelve to look at the presents and stayed talking much longer than was strictly necessary – which he’d never have done otherwise. But in the afternoon I got my chance, because I wanted to look after Margot for just that one day in the year and so I went to fetch the coffee and after that the potatoes. I went into Peter’s room; he took all his papers off the stairs at once and I asked whether I should close the trapdoor. ‘Yes,’ he replied ‘knock when you come back, then I’ll open it for you.’ I thanked him, went upstairs, and searched at least 10 minutes in the large barrel for the smallest potatoes. Then my back began to ache and I got cold. Naturally I didn’t knock, but opened the trapdoor myself, but still he came to meet me most obligingly, and took the pan from me. ‘I’ve looked for a long time, but couldn’t find any smaller ones.’

‘Did you look in the big barrel?’

‘Yes, I’ve been over them all.’

By this time I was standing at the bottom of the stairs and he looked searchingly in the pan which he was still holding. ‘Oh, but these are first-rate,’ he said, and added when I took the pan from him, ‘I congratulate you!’ At the same time he gave me such a gentle warm look which made a tender glow within me. I could really see that he wanted to please me, and because he couldn’t deliver a long complimentary speech he spoke with his eyes. I understood him, oh, so well, and was very – grateful! It gives me pleasure even now when I recall those words and that look he gave me!

When I went downstairs, Mummy said that some more potatoes were needed, this time for supper. I willingly offered to go upstairs again. When I came into Peter’s room I apologized at having to disturb him again. When I was already on the stairs he got up and went and stood between the door and the (outside) wall, firmly took hold of my arm and wanted to hold me back by force: ‘I’ll go,’ he said, ‘I have to go upstairs anyway!’ But I replied that it really wasn’t necessary and that I didn’t have to get particularly small ones this time. Then he was convinced and let my arm go. On the way down, he came and opened the trapdoor and took the pan again. When I reached

the door, I still asked, 'What are you doing?' 'French,' he replied. I asked if I might glance through the exercises, washed my hands, and went and sat on the divan opposite him.

We soon began talking, after I'd explained some of the French to him. He told me that he wanted to go to the Dutch E. Indies and live on a plantation later on. He talked about his home life, about the black market, and then he said that he felt so useless. I told him that he certainly had a really strong inferiority complex. He talked about the war, that the Russians and the English were bound to go to war against each other and he talked about the Jews. He would have found it much easier if he'd been a Christian and if he could be one after the war. I asked if he wanted to be baptized, but that wasn't the case either. He couldn't possibly feel like a Christian, he said, but who was to know whether he was a Jew after the war was over and what his name was!\*

This gave me rather a pang; it seems such a pity that there's always just a tinge of dishonesty about him. But for the rest we chatted very pleasantly about Daddy, and about judging people's characters and all kinds of things, I can't remember exactly what now.

It was quarter past five by the time I left, because Bep had arrived.

In the evening he said something else that I thought was nice, we were talking about a picture of a film star which I'd given him once, which has now been hanging in his room for at least a year and a half. He liked it very much and I offered to give him a few more sometime. 'No,' he replied 'I'd rather leave it like this, I look at these every day and they have grown to be my friends!'

Now I understand much better why he always hugs Muschi. He needs some affection, too, of course. I had forgotten something else that he talked about. He said: 'No, I don't know what fear is, except when I go wrong myself, but I'm getting over that too.'

Peter has a terrible inferiority complex. E.g. he always thinks that he is so stupid and we are so clever. If I help him with his French, he thanks me a thousand times. One day I shall surely turn around and say: 'Oh, shut up, you are really much better at English and geography!' yours

Anne Frank.

P.S.

\* Peter also said: 'The Jews have always been the chosen people and will always be so!' I replied: 'I keep hoping that for once they've been chosen for the good!'

Thursday 17 February  
1944.

Dearest Kitty,

This morning I was upstairs since I had promised Mrs v.P. to read her some of my tales sometime. I began with Eva's dream, she thought that was very nice, then I read a few other things from the 'Secret Annexe' that made her roar with laughter. Peter also



listened to some of it (I mean during the second part) and asked if I would come to see him sometime and read him some more. I thought I'd take a chance there and then, fetched my diary and let him read the piece between Cady and Hans on God. I really can't tell what impression it made on him, he said something I can't remember, not whether it was good, but something about the idea behind it. I told him that I merely wanted to prove that I no longer wrote amusing things only. He nodded and I left the room. We'll see if I hear anything more about it!

yours  
Anne Frank.

Friday 18 February  
1944.

Dear Kitty,

Whenever I go upstairs now, I keep hoping that I shall see 'him'. Because my life now has some object and I have something to look forward to, everything has become more pleasant.

At least the object of my feelings is always there, and I needn't be afraid of rivals (except Margot). You really needn't think I'm in love, since I'm not, but I do have the feeling all the time that something fine can grow up between us, something which gives confidence and friendship. If there is half a chance, I go up to him now. It's not like it used to be when he didn't know how to begin, it's just the opposite – he's still talking when I'm half out of the room. Mummy doesn't like it much, and always says I'll be a nuisance and that I must leave him in peace. Honestly, doesn't she realize that I've got some intuition? (at least I'm using the word properly, Mr van Pels uses it rightly and wrongly!)

She looks at me so queerly every time I go into Peter's little room. If I come downstairs from there she asks me where I've been. I think that's horrible and little by little I'm beginning to dislike her!

yours  
Anne M. Frank.

Saturday 19 February  
1944.

Dear Kitty,

It is Saturday again and that really speaks for itself. The morning was quiet, I spent nearly an hour preparing the meatballs upstairs but I didn't have more than a few fleeting words with 'him'.

At half past 2, when everyone was upstairs either sleeping or reading I went downstairs, with my blanket and everything, to sit at the desk and read or write. It was not long, just after three o'clock perhaps, before it all became too much for me, my

head drooped on to my arms, and I sobbed my heart out. The tears streamed down my cheeks and I felt desperately unhappy.

Oh, if only 'he' had come to comfort me. It was 4 o'clock by the time I went upstairs again, at about 5 o'clock I went for some potatoes with fresh hope in my heart of a meeting, but while I was still smartening up my hair in the bathroom he went down to see Boche.

I wanted to help Mrs v.P. and went upstairs with my book and everything, but suddenly I felt the tears coming back and I hurried downstairs to the lavatory quickly grabbing a pocket mirror as I passed.

There I sat then, on the lavatory, fully dressed, even though I had finished long before, while the tears made dark spots on the red of my apron, and I felt very wretched. This is what was going through my mind: Oh, I'll never reach Peter like this, who knows, perhaps he doesn't like me at all and doesn't need anyone at all to confide in. Perhaps he only thinks about me in a casual sort of way and didn't find that bit about God very confidence-inspiring. Oh, I shall have to go on alone once more, without friendship and without Peter. Perhaps soon I'll be without hope, without comfort, or anything to look forward to again. Oh, if I could nestle my head against his shoulder and not feel so hopelessly alone and deserted!

Who knows perhaps he doesn't care about me at all and looks at the others in just the same way, perhaps I only imagined that it is especially for me. Oh, Peter, if only you could see or hear me, but if the truth were to prove as bad as that I really could not listen to it!

But later fresh hope and anticipation seemed to return, even though the tears were still streaming down my cheeks.

yours

Anne M. Frank.

Wednesday 23 February 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

It's lovely weather again and I've quite perked up since yesterday. My writing, the finest thing I have, is making good progress.

This morning (Thursday) when I went to the attic again, Peter was busy clearing up. He was finished very quickly and when I sat down on my favourite spot on the floor, he joined me. Both of us looked at the glorious blue of the sky, the bare chestnut tree on whose branches little raindrops shone, at the seagulls and other birds that looked like silver in the sun and all these things moved and thrilled the two of us so much that we could not speak. He stood and I sat, we breathed the fresh air, looked outside, and both felt that the spell should not be broken. We sat quietly together for a long while and I didn't dare begin, for I couldn't start speaking about the most intimate things without any warning. As I sat there and saw how deep in thought he was, I knew then that he was a nice fellow and a real treasure.

At half past twelve we went up to the loft, during the quarter of an hour he was chopping wood we remained silent. I watched him and saw that he was so obviously doing his best to show off his strength. But I looked out of the open window too, over a large piece of Amsterdam, over all the roofs and on to the far distance, fading into purple. As long as this exists, I thought, and I may live to see it, this sunshine, the cloudless skies, while this lasts, I cannot be unhappy.

And the best remedy for those who are afraid, lonely or unhappy is to go outside, somewhere where they can be quite alone with the heavens, nature, and God. Because only then does one feel that all is as it should be and that God wishes to see people happy, amidst the simple beauty of Nature.

As long as this exists, and it certainly always will, I know that there will always be comfort for every sorrow, whatever the circumstances may be.

And I believe that nature sets all fear at rest for every trouble, even when there are bombs or gunfire.

Oh, who knows, perhaps it won't be long before I can share this overwhelming feeling of bliss with Peter.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

P.S. A thought for Peter.

We miss so much here, so very much and for such a long time now: I miss it too, just as you do. Don't think I am talking of outward things, for we are looked after extremely well in that way. No, I mean the inward things. Like you, I long for freedom and fresh air, but I believe that we have ample compensation for our privations. Let me try to explain it to you: when I sat in front of the window this morning I suddenly realized that we have had a great, great many compensations. I mean inward compensation. When I looked outside right into the depth of Nature and God, then I was happy, really happy. And Peter, so long as I have that happiness here, the joy in Nature, health and a lot more besides, all the while one has that, one can always recapture happiness.

Riches can all be lost, but that happiness in one's own heart can only be veiled, and will always bring you happiness again, as long as you live.

Just try when you are alone and unhappy or sad looking outside from the attic when the weather is nice. Not at the houses or the roofs but towards Heaven. As long as you can look fearlessly at the heavens, as long as you know that you are pure within, and that you will still find happiness.

Sunday 27 February 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

From early in the morning till late at night, I really do hardly anything else but think of Peter. I sleep with his image before my eyes, dream about him and he is still looking at me when I awake.

I have a strong feeling that Peter and I are not so different as we would appear to be, and I will tell you why: we both lack a Mother. His is too superficial, loves flirting and doesn't trouble much about what Peter thinks. Mine does bother about me a lot but lacks tact, sensitiveness, real Motherliness.

Peter and I both wrestle with our inner feelings, we are still uncertain and are really too sensitive to be roughly treated. When that happens I want to get away or hide my feelings, throw my weight about the place, am noisy and boisterous so that everyone wishes that I was far away.

He shuts himself up, hardly talks at all, is quiet and day dreams and in this way carefully conceals his true self.

But how and when will we finally reach each other? I don't know quite how long my common sense will keep this longing under control.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Monday 28 February '44.

Dearest Kitty,

It is becoming a bad dream – in daytime as well as at night. I see him nearly all the time and can't go to him, I mustn't show anything to anybody, must remain gay while I'm really in despair.

Peter Schiff and Peter van Pels have grown into one Peter, who is beloved and good, and for whom I long desperately. Mummy is terrible, Daddy sweet and therefore all the more tiresome, Margot the most tiresome because she expects me to wear a pleasant expression; and all I want is to be left in peace.

Peter didn't come to me in the attic. He went up to the loft and did some carpentry. At every creak and every knock some of my courage seemed to seep away and I grew more unhappy. In the distance a bell was playing: 'Pure-in-body, pure-in-soul.'

I'm sentimental – I know. I'm desperate and silly – I know that too. Oh, help me!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

*Here I sit and learn all day*

*For Him; that is the only way!*

Rea.

Wednesday 1 March '44.

Dearest Kitty,

I have won my bottle of yoghurt for the 1st of March! Mrs v.P. gave it to me this morning; what a pity the invasion hasn't started yet.

We've had lots of excitement again, there has been a burglary. This time things were even more complicated than last time:

When Mr v.P. went downstairs last night as usual, he found that the communicating glass door and Kugler's door were open. He was surprised, walked through and became even more surprised when he found that the office doors, which are normally

kept open, were now locked. He walked on to the main office, where there was a terrible mess, drawers had been put on top of the desk and a cupboard door was open. 'There has been a burglar,' he thought and went straight downstairs to look at the front door, which was closed, the yale lock, too. Then he assumed that Bep must have left the office in a mess.

This morning Peter came upstairs with the news that the front door was open. Pf. told us that the projector had disappeared and v.P. now told us about the previous evening's surprise. Peter went downstairs again and locked the front door.

What exactly had happened? The thief must have had a skeleton key, because the door had not been forced. When Mr v.P. had gone downstairs in the evening he must have hidden himself and fled as soon as v.P. went upstairs again. Then he had left the door unlocked.

It's a mystery. Who can have our key. And why didn't the thief go to the warehouse. If the thief is one of our warehousemen, then he now knows that someone is in the house at night. The thief was also planning to steal the big electric clock; he had cleared the mantelpiece in the main office for that purpose, but he must have been disturbed.

It is all very creepy; but I didn't get into a state and realized that it's best not to get excited.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Thursday 2 March '44.

Dear Kitty,

Margot and I were both up in the attic today, we were not able to enjoy it together as I had imagined I would have with Peter (or someone else). I do know though that she shares my feelings over most things!

During dish washing Bep began telling Mummy and Mrs v.P. that she felt very discouraged at times. And what do you think they did to help her? Our tactless mother in particular can only help people out of the frying pan into the fire. Do you know what her advice was? She should try to think of all the other people who are in trouble! What is the good of thinking of misery when one is already miserable oneself? I said this too and was naturally told to keep out of this sort of conversation!

Aren't the grown-ups idiotic and stupid? Just as if Peter, Margot, Bep and I don't all feel the same about things, and only a mother's love, or that of a very, very good friend, can help us.

The two mothers here just don't understand us at all! Perhaps Mrs v.P. does a little more than Mummy! Oh, I would have so liked to say something to poor Bep, something I know from experience would have helped her; but Daddy came between us and pushed me aside very roughly. Aren't they all stupid!

I also had a talk with Margot about Daddy and Mummy, how nice things would be here if only they weren't so terribly tiresome. We'd be able to arrange evenings when

everyone would give a talk in turn on a given subject. But that's a non-starter here right now. I'm not allowed to open my mouth! Mr v.P. goes on the attack, Mummy gets all cutting and can't talk normally about anything, Daddy isn't interested in things like that, any more than Mr Pf. is, Mrs v.P. is always so much under attack that she just sits there with a red face hardly able to speak up for herself at all! And us? We aren't even allowed to have any opinions!

Yes, they are terribly modern. We aren't allowed to have an opinion! People can tell you to keep your mouth shut, but it doesn't stop you having your own opinion! Even if people are still very young, they shouldn't be prevented from saying what they think!

Only great love and devotion can help Bep, Margot, Peter, and me, and none of us here gets it. And no one, especially the stupid 'know-alls' here, can understand us, because we are much more sensitive and much more advanced in our thoughts than anyone here would ever imagine in their wildest dreams!

Love, what is love? I believe love is something that can't really be put into words. Love is understanding someone, caring for someone, sharing their ups and downs. And in the long run that also means physical love, you have shared something, given something away and received something, no matter whether you are married or unmarried, or whether you are with child or not. It doesn't matter in the least if you've lost your honour, as long as you know that someone will stand by you, will understand you for the rest of your life, someone you won't have to share with anyone else!

yours,

Anne M. Frank.

Mummy is grumbling again at the moment – she is obviously jealous because I talk more to Mrs v.P. than to her nowadays, but I don't care!

I managed to get hold of Peter this afternoon and we talked for at least three quarters of an hour. Peter had the greatest difficulty in saying anything about himself, but he was very gradually drawn out. I didn't honestly know whether I had better go downstairs or stay upstairs. But I wanted to help him so much!

I told him about Bep and how tactless our two mothers are. He told me how his parents quarrel all the time over politics, cigarettes, and all kinds of things. As I said earlier, Peter was very shy, but not too much to let it slip out that he'd love not to have to see his parents for two years. 'My father is really not nearly as nice as he looks' he said 'but when it comes to cigarettes Mother is absolutely right!'

Then I talked to him about my mother. But he defended Daddy, he thought him a 'first-rate chap'.

Tonight when I was hanging up my apron after doing the dishes, he called me out and asked me not to tell them downstairs that his parents had been quarrelling again and weren't talking to each other. I promised him that, although I had already told Margot. I'm sure Margot will keep it to herself.

‘Now listen Peter,’ I said ‘you don’t have to be afraid of me, I have learned not to talk too much, I never repeat anything you tell me.’

He was pleased with that. I also told him about the terrible way we gossip and said: ‘Margot is absolutely right, of course, when she says I’m not being honest; because although I’ve decided not to gossip any more, I still love doing it about Mr Pfeffer.’ ‘It’s nice of you to tell me,’ he said, he started to blush and I almost became embarrassed too by his sincere compliment. Then we talked about ‘upstairs’ and ‘downstairs’ again; he was really rather amazed that we don’t always like his parents. ‘Peter,’ I said ‘you know I’m always honest, so why shouldn’t I tell you that we can see their faults too.’

We promised each other to have absolute trust in each other, among other things I also said:

‘I would so like to help you, Peter; can’t I? You are in such an awkward position and, although you don’t say anything, it doesn’t mean that you don’t care.’

‘Oh, I should always welcome your help.’

‘Perhaps you would do better to go to Daddy, he wouldn’t let things go any further either, take it from me, you can easily tell him!’

‘Yes, he is a real pal.’

‘You’re very fond of him, aren’t you?’ Peter nodded and I went on: ‘And he is of you too!’

He looked up quickly and blushed, it was really moving to see how these few words pleased him. ‘Do you think so?’ he asked.

‘Yes,’ I said ‘you can easily tell by little things that slip out now and then!’

Then Mr van Pels came to do some dictating. Peter certainly is a first-rate chap too, just like Daddy!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Friday 3 March 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

When I looked into the candle this evening (Friday night at 5 to 8) I felt calm and happy. Oma seems to be in the candle and it is Oma too who shelters and protects me and who always makes me feel happy again. But . . . . there is someone else who governs all my moods and that is . . . . Peter. When I went up to get potatoes today and was still standing on the stepladder with a pan, he at once asked, ‘What have you been doing since lunch?’ I went and sat on the steps and we started talking; at a quarter past five (an hour later) the potatoes (which had been put down on the floor in the meantime) reached their destinations. Peter didn’t say anything more about his parents; we just talked about books and about the past. Oh, the boy has such warmth in his eyes; I believe I’m pretty near to being in love with him. He talked about that this evening. I went into his room, after peeling the potatoes, and said that I felt so hot.

‘You can tell what the temperature is by Margot and me; if it’s cold we are white, and if it is hot we are red in the face,’ I said.

‘In love?’ he asked.

‘Why should I be in love?’ my answer (or rather (better) my question) was rather silly.

‘Why not?’ he said and then we had to have supper.

Would he have meant anything by that question? I finally managed to ask him today whether he didn’t find my chatter a nuisance; he only said: ‘It’s okay, I like it!’ To what extent this answer was just shyness, I was not able to judge. I also told him that Mummy knew about the quarrel, but not from me. Mrs van Pels herself had told Mummy that she and her husband weren’t talking. He trusts and believes me, I really do think!

Kitty, I’m just like someone in love, who can only talk about her darling.

And Peter really is a darling. When shall I be able to say that to him? Naturally, only if he thinks I’m a darling too. But I’m quite capable of looking after myself, and he knows that very well. And he likes his tranquillity, so I have no idea how much he likes me. In any case, we are getting to know each other a bit better. I wish we dared to tell each other much more already. But who knows, the time may come sooner than I think! I get an understanding look from him about twice a day, I wink back, and we both feel happy.

I certainly seem quite mad to talk about him being happy, and yet I feel pretty sure that he thinks just the same as I do!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Saturday 4 March 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

This is the first Saturday for months and months that it hasn’t been boring, dreary and dull. And Peter is the cause. This morning I went to hang up my apron when Daddy asked whether I’d like to stay and talk some French. I agreed; first we talked French, and I explained something to him, then we did some English, Daddy read out loud to us from Dickens and I was in seventh heaven, because I sat on Daddy’s chair very close to Peter.

I went downstairs at a quarter to 11, coming back again quickly to go to the attic. Peter jumped up to open the window upstairs, but he sat down again when I said that I could just as easily return later.

I was rather surprised, for any other time he would certainly have opened the window all the same. I wondered deep inside: ‘Would he prefer to go upstairs with me later?’

And indeed at half past eleven he said on the stairs that I could leave the trapdoor open. We talked until a quarter to 1. If, as I leave the room, he gets a chance, e.g. after a meal, and if no one can hear, he says: ‘Good-bye, Anne, see you soon!’



Oh, I am so pleased! I wonder if he is going to fall in love with me after all? Anyway, he's a very nice fellow and no one knows what lovely talks I have with him!

Mrs v.P. quite approves when I go and talk to him, but still she asked today teasingly, 'Can I really trust the two of you up there together?'

'Of course,' I protested 'really you quite insult me!'

From morn till night I rejoice that I shall be seeing Peter.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

P.S. Mustn't forget, a big load of snow fell tonight, hardly any is left now it's all thawed.

yours, A.M.F.

Monday 6 March 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Isn't it funny, ever since Peter told me about his parents, I have been feeling a little bit responsible for him. It's as if the quarrels affect me as much as they do him and yet I daren't speak to him about them any longer, for fear he might not like it. And I wouldn't go too far now for all the money in the world.

I can tell by Peter's face that he thinks just as much as I do, and when Mrs v.P. yesterday evening said scoffingly: 'The thinker!' I was irritated. Peter flushed and looked very embarrassed, and I was about to explode.

Why can't these people keep their mouths shut? You can't imagine how horrible it is to stand by and see how lonely he is and yet not be able to do anything. I can so well imagine, just as if I were in his place, how desperate he must feel sometimes in quarrels and in love. Poor Peter, he needs love very much!

When he said he didn't need any friends how harsh the words sounded to my ears. Oh, how mistaken he is! I don't believe he meant it a bit.

He clings to his manliness, to his solitude and to his affected indifference, but it's only an act, so as never, never to show his real feelings. Poor Peter, how long will he be able to go on playing this role, surely a terrible outburst must follow as a result of this superhuman effort?

Oh, Peter, if only I could help you, if only you would let me! Together we could drive away your loneliness and mine!

— —

I think a lot, but I don't say much. I am happy if I see him and the sun shines when I'm with him. I was very excited yesterday and while I was washing my hair I knew that he was sitting in the room next to ours. I couldn't do anything about it; the more quiet and serious I feel inside the more noisy I become outwardly! Who will be the first to discover and break through this armour?

I'm glad after all that the v.P.s have a son and not a daughter, my conquest could never have been so difficult, so beautiful, so good, if I had not happened to hit on someone of the opposite sex.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

P.S. You know that I am always honest with you and so I must tell you that I actually live from one meeting to the next. I keep hoping to discover that he too is waiting for me all the time and I'm thrilled if I notice a small, shy advance from his side. I believe he'd oh so like to say a lot just like I would, little does he know that it's just his clumsiness that attracts me so.

Oh sweetheart! (it sounds so banal, but it's not at all!)

yours, A.

Tuesday 7 March 1944.

Dear Kitty,

If I think now of my life in 1942, it all feels so unreal. It was quite a different Anne Frank who enjoyed that heavenly existence from the Anne who has grown wise within these walls. Yes, it was a heavenly life. Boy friends at every turn, about 20 friends and acquaintances of my own age, the darling of nearly all the teachers, spoiled from top to toe by Mummy and Daddy, lots of sweets, enough pocket money, what more could one want?

You will certainly wonder by what means I got around all these people. Peter's word 'attractiveness' is not altogether true. All the teachers were entertained by my cute answers, my amusing remarks, my smiling face and my questioning looks. That is all I was – a terrible flirt, coquettish and amusing. I had one or two advantages which kept me rather in favour. I was industrious, honest and frank. I would never have refused anyone who wanted to crib from me. I shared my sweets generously, and I wasn't conceited.

Wouldn't I have become rather forward with so much admiration? It was a good thing that in the midst of, at the height of, all this gaiety, I suddenly had to face reality, and it took me at least a year to get used to the fact that there was no more admiration forthcoming.

How did I appear at school? The ringleader who thought of new jokes and pranks, always 'king of the castle', never in a bad mood, never a crybaby. No wonder everyone liked to cycle with me and I got their attentions.

I look now at that Anne Frank as an amusing, jokey, but superficial girl who has nothing to do with the Anne of today. What did Peter say about me? 'If ever I saw you you were always surrounded by 2 or more boys and a whole troupe of girls, you were always laughing and always the centre of everything!' He was quite right.

What is left of this Anne Frank? Oh, don't worry, I haven't forgotten how to laugh or to answer back readily. I'm just as good, if not better, at criticizing people, and I can still flirt and still be amusing if I wish . . . . – That's not it though, for an evening, a few days, or even a week I'd still like to play the fool, because life is nothing but comedy. Then I should be dead beat and fall round the neck of anyone who talked sense. I don't want followers but friends, admirers who fall not for a flattering smile

but for what one does and for one's character. I don't need all that many admirers, I know myself what is good and what is bad!

The Anne of 1942 was quite different, she too was lonely, she too longed for a true girl friend but consciously or unconsciously tried to drive away the emptiness with jokes.

Now I think seriously about life, since one period of my life is already over, that of the carefree, happy-go-lucky schooldays. It will never come back, I don't want it any more, I have outgrown it. Who knows, I might have remained stuck in it, never have been able to rid myself of it!

I look upon my life up till the New Year, as it were, through a powerful magnifying glass. At home, the carefree life of a schoolgirl, with lots of fun and pleasure, but also with some emptiness. Then coming here in 1942, the setback, the quarrels, I couldn't understand it, I was taken completely by surprise and the only way I could keep up some bearing was by being impertinent. Then the first half of '43. My inexpressible sadness, my fits of crying and my loneliness, how I began to see all my faults and shortcomings which were much greater than I ever thought. I still spoke just as much, did my utmost to turn Daddy into my confidant, failed, was alone and (nearly) every evening did nothing but cry.

Then the second half of 1943, I became a young woman, an adult in body and my mind underwent a great, a very great change, I came to know God! I started to think, to write and I discovered myself. I gained in confidence but also in sorrow because I realized that I no longer cared for Mummy and that Daddy would never become my confidant. I no longer had idle dreams, I had myself.

At the beginning of the New Year the second great change, my dream . . . . and with it I discovered Peter, discovered a second and as hard a conflict, discovered my longing for a boy; not for a girl friend but for a boy friend. I also discovered my inward happiness and my defensive armour of superficiality and gaiety. But in due time I quieted down. Now I live only for Peter, for on him will depend very much what will happen to me from now on!

— —

Oh, in the evening when I lie in bed and end my prayers with the words, 'Ich danke dir, für all das Gute und Liebe und Schöne', I am filled with joy. Then I think about 'das Gute' of going into hiding, of my health, of my whole being, of 'das Liebe' of Peter, of that which is still embryonic and impressionable and which we neither of us dare to name or touch, and of 'das Schöne' which exists in the world; the world and Nature, Beauty and everything, everything exquisite and fine.

I don't think then of all the misery, but think of the beauty that still remains. And that is also the difference between Mummy and myself. Her counsel when one feels melancholy is: 'Think of all the misery in the world and be thankful that you are still alive.'

My advice is: 'Go outside to the fields, enjoy nature and the sunshine, go out and try to recapture happiness in yourself and in God; think of all the beauty that's still left in and around you and be happy!' Therein lies a world of difference, the world of difference between the two of us. What can you do about misery if you are depressed? What good is life to you if there is nothing but misery in it?

But nature, sunshine, freedom and yourself, these can all help you. There and only there can you find yourself and God.

And whoever is happy will make others happy too. He who has courage and faith will never perish in misery!

yours, Anne Mary Frank.

Wednesday 8 March 1944.

I shall now include a few short notes Margot and I sent each other yesterday afternoon, just for the fun of it of course:

Tuesday:

Anne: I'll be happy to let you read what I've written in my diary today sometime, but I'm not ready yet. Later on, say in a month's time, if I've got any further with it, I might show it to you. Just let Mummy say I don't know anything about life then!

You know why I think you'd be interested? Because although I can't express myself properly anywhere else even in my tales, in my diary I can completely.

It cries with pain or joy just as I sometimes do myself!

Wednesday:

Anne: Funny, isn't it, I always remember the events of the night before much later on, now I suddenly remember that Mr Pfeffer was snoring terribly last night (it's a quarter to three on Wednesday afternoon now and Mr Pfeffer is snoring again, that's why I remembered it of course) and that when I had to use the potty I deliberately made a lot of noise in order to put a stop to his snoring.

On top of that I heard them flying (literally!)<sup>25</sup> and dreamed of Jacque and Danka and of after-the-war and had great fun. A.

Margot:

What is better gasping for air or snoring? Did you kick up an old-fashioned row with Danka and Jacque?

Anne:

Snoring is better, because when I make a noise it stops without the person in question waking up!

Jacque and Danka were the only ones involved in the postwar dream, Jacque wanted to learn shorthand from me in the meantime though she was standing at the cooker upstairs stirring a pan. Danka was sitting on a chair next to the china cabinet wearing a knitted skirt in all sorts of colours. It looked a bit like my sun top, but there was a stitch in it!

A.

What I didn't tell Margot, but want to confess to you dearest Kitty, is that I dream a great deal about Peter. The night before last I was in our living room here, skating with that small boy from the Apollo Hall ice rink, who had come here with his little sister with-the-perpetually-blue-dress-and-spindly-legs. I introduced myself to him in a very affected way as: Anne Frank and asked for his name, it was: Peter. In my dream I wondered how many Peters I now know!

Then I dreamed that we were standing in Peter's room, facing each other beside the stairs. I said something to him, he gave me a kiss, but replied that he didn't like me behaving like that and that I mustn't flirt. In a desperate and pleading voice I said: 'I don't flirt, Peter!'

When I woke up I was glad that Peter hadn't said it after all.

Tonight we kissed each other again, but Peter's cheeks were very disappointing, they were not as soft as they look, but were like Daddy's cheek, the cheek of a man who already shaves.

— —  
This afternoon after our meal when Bep, Daddy and Pf. had already gone downstairs, I decided to tell Mrs v.P. for once that she shouldn't be so insensitive and keep going on about Henk. She had in fact already said something to Bep like: You really ought to have married Henk, after all you like him well enough! Now you'll have to wait until he's divorced, etc. etc.

So I put my plan into practice and said: 'I don't understand, Mrs v.P., why you keep saying these things about Henk to Bep all the time. I find it incomprehensible that you don't realize how unpleasant it is for Bep.' Mrs v.P. blushed of course and said: 'Surely I know best what to say to Bep; if she finds it unpleasant, she shouldn't talk about Henk so much herself!'

My reply was rather disdainful and cool: 'All I know is that Bep finds this sort of talk very disagreeable!' Soon afterwards I went downstairs.

My great achievement with Mrs v.P. is that I'm able to keep so calm nowadays; she turns red and I remain my usual self and say precisely what I intended to say. I believe that my self-assurance often catches Mummy off her guard as well.

For you see Kitty, I may still often make mistakes, very often, in a lot of things, but I do know when it happens. And one thing that I can do very well is to say what I want to say!

However I am now terribly curious about what Peter will have to say about it, for I waited until he was there as well! Of course he may say nothing at all, but I do hope he will!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Friday 10 March 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

In fact Peter didn't say anything, so I asked him yesterday. He didn't have anything special to say about it. Today the proverb: 'Misfortunes never come singly, came to pass!' Peter just said it. I'll tell you what nastinesses we've all been having and what probably still hangs over our heads.

Firstly, following on Henk and Aagje's wedding yesterday, Miep is ill. The Westerkerk, where the blessing took place, gave her a terrible cold. Vomiting, headache, sore throat and so on.

Secondly Mr Kleiman is still not back after his last bout of gastric bleeding and so Bep is all alone in the office.

Thirdly a gentleman, whose name I shall not mention and which doesn't matter in any case, has been arrested by the police. Not only is it bad for the man in question but for us as well, because we badly need potatoes, butter and jam. We'll just call him Mr M., he has five children under the age of 13 and another on the way. Last night we had another little fright when someone knocked on the wall next door. We were having our supper; for the rest of the evening we were all depressed and nervous.

— —  
Lately I haven't felt at all like writing about what's been going on here. I've been much more concerned with personal matters. Don't misunderstand my meaning, I'm terribly upset about what happened to poor, good Mr M., but there isn't all that much room for him in my diary.

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday I was with Peter from half past 4 to quarter past 5, when everyone else was out of the way. We did French and gossiped about a hundred and one things. I am so happy about that hour or so in the afternoon and the best of it all is that I think Peter likes me to be there too.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Saturday 11 March 1944.

Dear Kitty,

I can't seem to sit still lately, I run from upstairs to downstairs and then from downstairs back up again. I sometimes have fits of having to be all by myself or at least with Peter. Poor, poor Peter, his parents have had a row again, screams and curses are reverberating again above our heads. I'm going upstairs, I can't help myself.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Sunday 12 March 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Things are getting crazier here all the time and Peter hasn't looked at me since yesterday. It's just as if he were cross with me, I do my very best not to run after him and to speak to him as little as possible, but it's all very difficult! What could it be, that often keeps him from me then often sends him to me? Perhaps I imagine that it's worse

than it really is, perhaps he too has moods, perhaps tomorrow everything will be all right again!

The hardest thing of all is to keep looking normal, when I feel so dismal and sad. I have to talk, to help, sit with the others and above all I have to be cheerful! Most of all I miss Nature and a little corner where I can be alone as long as I like! I think I'm getting everything mixed up, Kitty, but then I'm completely confused: on the one hand I am mad with desire for him, can hardly be in the same room, without looking at him and on the other hand I ask myself why he should actually matter to me so much, why I am not sufficient unto myself, why I can't be calm again!

Day and night, whenever I'm awake I do nothing but ask myself: 'Have you left him alone enough? Have you been upstairs too much? Do you talk too much about serious subjects that he's not ready to talk about yet? Does he perhaps not really like you very much? Was the whole to-do just in my imagination? Is he perhaps sorry it all happened?' And a whole lot more.

Yesterday afternoon, after a miserable morning, after news of arrests (of D. too now) after bad news about Bep's father and never a friendly glance from Peter, I felt in such a whirl and so under the weather that I went for a sleep, sleeping so as not to think any more. I slept till 4 o'clock and then I had to go into the living room. Oh how hard it was to answer Mummy and to explain to Daddy why I went to sleep. At the end of my wits I simply said that I had a headache, and I did have a headache but inside!

Ordinary people, ordinary girls, teenagers like myself will no doubt think I'm a bit cracked, but no one knows how difficult it is to be so much in love, without being loved back and to have the person you worship always around you. I wouldn't miss Peter for anything in the world, and yet I would sometimes like to be far away from him. That's silly, but understandable too, for when I have just spent an hour trying to get some order into my thoughts and feelings, and then I see him again, all my good intentions vanish at a stroke.

I am unhappy in love, countless admirers and lovable young men have begged for my favours, while I felt nothing but comradeship for them. But there were three I liked and none of the three saw anything in me.

Oh Peter, just say something at last, don't let me drift on between hope and dejection. Give me a kiss or send me out of the room, but like this I'll do something desperate. In the evening the loveliest scenes, in the morning the naked reality and that for weeks on end, every day, I'm not strong enough for that yet!

— —

And that's just it, everyone thinks that I'm cheeky, confident and amusing, while I want nothing more than to be just Anne for one single person. I put on an act everywhere, play the clown, the minx, the daredevil, yet all I want is to show my sensitivity to just one single person, that's all. For I am sensitive, very sensitive! Margot would so much like to be my confidante, but I can't. She's a darling, she's good, and pretty, but she lacks something I need. Nor could I bear to have someone

about all day long who knew what was going on inside me. I can't have my confidant around me all day long, except for . . . Peter!

What I have to bear is so hard but then I am strong. In one sense I am also self-confident, but quite differently from what people think. I know that I'm above Mummy and Mrs v. Pels. I can't feel anything but contempt for all their actions, and awareness that I am different. I know that I have God, God and Granny and so much more and that's what keeps me going. Without the voice that keeps holding out comfort and goodness to me I should have lost all hope long ago, without God I should long ago have collapsed.

I know I am not safe, I am afraid of prison cells and concentration camps, but I feel I've grown more courageous and that I am in God's hands!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Tuesday 14 March 1944.

Dearest Kit,

Perhaps it would be entertaining for you (though not in the least for me) to hear how we are going to eat today. As the charwoman is idling about downstairs, I'm at the v.P.s' at the moment, sitting at the oilcloth table with a handkerchief steeped in some good scent (bought before we came here) over my mouth and pressed against my nose. You won't gather much from this, so let's 'begin at the beginning!'

B. and D. have been caught, so we have no coupons (apart from our five ration cards) and no fats. Because Miep and Kleiman are ill, Bep can't go out so the atmosphere is dreary and dejected, and so is the food. From tomorrow we'll be without a scrap of fat, butter or margarine and we shall probably get nothing before Saturday, when the new coupons are issued. Now we can't have fried potatoes for breakfast any longer, so we have porridge instead, and as Mrs v.P. thinks we're starving, we've bought some more full cream milk. Our supper today consists of a hash made from kale that came out of the barrel. Hence the precautionary measure with the handkerchief! It's incredible how kale that is probably a few years old can stink! The smell is a mixture of W.C., bad plums, preservatives + 10 rotten eggs. Ugh! the mere thought of eating that muck makes me feel sick!

Added to this, our potatoes are suffering from such peculiar diseases that out of two buckets of pommes de terre one whole one ends up on the stove. And so we amuse ourselves by searching for all the different kinds of diseases, and have come to the conclusion that they range from cancer and smallpox to measles. Oh yes, it's quite something to be in hiding during the 4th year of the war (that is for the Netherlands!). If only the whole rotten business was over!

Quite honestly, the food wouldn't matter so much to me if only things were more pleasant otherwise. Here's the rub precisely, this boring life is beginning to make us all boring. The following is the way we hidiers respectively view the present situation:

Mrs van Pels:



The job as queen of the kitchen lost its attraction a long time ago. It's dull to sit and do nothing, or to learn English. So I go back to my cooking again, not complaining: 'It's impossible to cook without any fats, and all these nasty smells make me feel sick.' Nothing other than ingratitude and rude remarks do I get, I have always been the black sheep, I am always the guilty one! Moreover, according to me, the war isn't going fast enough; in the end the Germans will still win. I am afraid we shall starve: 'Scheisse, Schwein, Rottzeug!'

Mr van Pels:

I must smoke and smoke and smoke, and then the food, the political situation, and Kerli's moods all don't seem so bad. Kerli is a darling wife after all!

If I haven't anything to smoke then I get ill, then I must have meat, we don't live well enough, nothing is good enough and a terrible row is bound to follow. Frightfully stupid person my Kerli is after all.

Peter:

Study, keep quiet, don't grumble, be no bother to anyone and do what has to be done!

Mrs Frank:

Food is not so important, but I would still love a slice of rye bread, I feel so terribly hungry.

If I were Mrs van Pels I would have put an end to Mr van Pels's everlasting smoking a long time ago. Now I must definitely have a cigarette because my head is swimming.

The v.P.s are terrible people. The English make a lot of mistakes. I must have a chat and be thankful I'm not in Poland!

Mr Frank:

Everything's all right, I don't require anything. Take it easy, we have ample time. Give me 10 potatoes and that's enough for me. Let me put something aside for Bep. Politics are improving!

Margot Frank:

Everything is boring and horrible, that can't be helped, take it as it comes and above all don't whine. I never have any appetite, but so what!

Fritz Pfeffer:

I must get my task for today, everything must be finished on time. Political situation *outschtänding* and it is *eempossible* that we'll be caught. I, I, I . . . . !

Anne Frank:

Keep your chin up, trust to luck, be cheerful. You can cry as much as you like in bed. We shan't starve and I hope everything will turn out well!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Wednesday 15 March 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Not much to report. Miep is still very busy with the packing, Kleiman is far from well. We think that he must have had another haemorrhage because he lost consciousness.

Bep was at a piano recital at the Concertgebouw last night. A certain Telma something-or-other, a girl of 20 was playing. Tonight she is going to hear Evelyn Künneke! The weather is glorious but cold. I'm doing a great deal of English and French, I don't feel like anything else at the moment.

I have finished the first five volumes of the Forsytes. Jon reminds me in many ways of Peter, Fleur is in some ways better and worse than I am, but she is also a bit like me. Tonight I dreamed of Peter again. We were standing together somewhere and I asked him for a lock of his hair. He agreed, and for one reason or another we kissed each other again.

I am in a good mood again, if only Saturday and Sunday never came round!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Thursday 16 March 1944.

Dear Kitty,

It's getting more and more boring here; Bep has a bad cold a bad back and a sore throat. We are afraid she's going down with flu. What will become of us then?

The weather is lovely, superb, I can't describe it, I'll probably be going up to the attic in a minute.

I know now why I am so much more restless than Peter. He has his own room where he can work, dream, think and sleep. I am shoved about from one corner to another. I am never alone in my 'double' room and yet it's something I long for so much. That is the reason too why I escape to the attic. There, and with you, I can be myself for a while. Still, I don't want to moan about myself, on the contrary, I want to be brave!

Thank goodness they can't tell downstairs what my inward feelings are, except that I am growing cooler and more contemptuous towards Mummy daily, I'm not so affectionate to Daddy and don't tell Margot a single thing, I'm completely closed up. Above all I must maintain my outward reserve, no one must know that war still reigns incessantly within. War between desire and common sense. The latter has won up till now, yet will the former prove to be the stronger of the two? Sometimes I fear that it will and sometimes I long for it to be!

Oh it's so terribly difficult never to say anything to Peter, but I know that the first to begin must be he; there's so much I want to say and do, I've lived it all in my dreams, it is so hard to find that yet another day has gone by and none of it comes true! Yes, Kitty, Anne is a crazy child, but I do live in crazy times and under still crazier circumstances.

But, still, the brightest spot of all is that at least I can write down my thoughts and feelings, otherwise I would be absolutely stifled. I wonder what Peter thinks about all these things, I keep thinking that I can talk about it to him one day. There must be

something he has guessed about me, because he certainly can't love the outer Anne, which is the one he knows so far! How can he, who loves peace and quiet, have any liking for all my bustle and din? Could he be the first and only one to have looked through my concrete armour? And will it take him long to get there? Isn't there an old saying that love often springs from pity, or that the two go hand in hand? Is that the case with me too; because I'm often just as sorry for him as I am for myself!

I really don't honestly know how to begin, and however would he be able to, when he finds talking so much more difficult than I do? If only I could write to him, then at least I would know that he would grasp what I want to say, because it is so terribly difficult to put it into words!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Thursday afternoon.

This morning I really didn't know what lay in store for us. Kugler has had a call-up notice from the employment office and is to report to them for work in 6 days' time. He has now gone to a doctor who is reliable and whom Mr v.P. also knows and who will give him a certificate. Bep hasn't got a temperature any more but she still isn't well. Miep, according to Jan, will have to stay in bed for at least another 14 days. Kleiman hasn't had another gastric haemorrhage but a nervous breakdown! hence the fainting! So things are in a fine state here. The warehouse people are to get a day off tomorrow, so Bep will be alone in the office, if she can keep on her feet, that is. The front door will remain locked and we shall have to lie low so that the neighbours don't hear us. If Bep isn't able to come, then we'll have to be even quieter and in any case Jan will come to visit us after one o'clock.

As an example of conditions outside Jan told us what he had had to eat since Saturday. On Saturday he got 3 big old carrots, Mrs Pfeffer or he himself I don't know which cooked them with green peas and that was the meal for Saturday, Sunday and Monday. On Tuesday there were some marrow peas and on Wednesday the left-over carrot was used in a hash.

When we asked whether Miep's doctor had called on her again, Jan replied: 'The doctor is so busy that he has had to take on an assistant in his private practice. If you ring him up and ask for a prescription to be put out ready, he says that his consulting hours are from 8 to 9 and that the prescription must be fetched at that time!'

All in all it's a tragic business and if it weren't so tiresome for us all, it would be very interesting and funny. Still, we aren't terribly worried, we shan't die of hunger and everything will probably turn out all right and we'll land on our feet!

Anne.

Friday 17 March 1944.

Very dearest Darling,

Everything has in fact turned out all right after all, Bep's cold didn't develop into flu just into a sore throat and Mr Kugler has been let off work thanks to a doctor's certificate. Things are not so nice for Mr Kleiman who seems to have had a haemorrhage of the stomach after all.

Here everything is still all right!

Except that Margot and I are getting a bit tired of our parents. Don't misunderstand me, I still love Daddy just as much as ever and Margot loves Daddy and Mummy, but when you are as old as we are, you do want to decide just a few little things for yourself, you want to be independent sometimes. If I go upstairs, then I am asked what I am going to do. I'm not allowed salt, every evening regularly at a quarter past eight Mummy asks whether I ought not to start undressing, every book I read must be inspected. I must admit that they are not at all strict, and I'm allowed to read nearly everything, but we are sick of all the remarks plus all the questioning that go on the whole day long.

Something else, especially about me, that doesn't please them: I don't feel like giving lots of kisses all day long any more. I think sweet and fancy nicknames are terribly affected, I find Daddy's special liking for talk about flatulence and lavatories revolting. In short I'd really like to be rid of them for a while and that's something they can't understand. Not that we've said anything about it to them, far from it, what's the good, they wouldn't know what to make of it anyway.

Margot said last evening, 'I think it's awfully annoying, the way they ask if you've got a headache, or whether you don't feel well, if you happen to give a sigh and put your hand to your head!'

And Margot realizes for the first time that you can talk more freely about yourself to your girl friends than to your parents.

It is a great blow to us both, suddenly to realize how little remains of the confidence and harmony that we used to have at home! And it's largely due to the fact that we're all 'skew-whiff' here. By this I mean that we are treated as children over outward things, and we are much older than most girls of our age inwardly. Although I'm only fourteen, I know quite well what I want, I know who is right and who is wrong, I have my opinions, my own ideas and principles, and although it may sound pretty mad from an adolescent, I feel more of a person than a child, I feel quite independent of anyone.

I know that I can discuss things and argue better than Mummy, I know I have a less prejudiced outlook, I know that I don't exaggerate so much, I'm more precise and adroit and because of this (you may laugh) I feel superior to her over a great many things. If I love anyone, above all I must have admiration for them, admiration and respect, and Mummy fails completely in these two requirements!

Everything would be all right, and I would make light of everything else, if only I had Peter, for I do admire him in many ways. Oh, he is such a nice, good-looking boy!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Saturday 18 March 1944.

Dear Kitty,

There's no one in the world I've told more about myself and my feelings than you, so I might as well tell you something about sexual matters too.

Parents and people in general are very strange when it comes to this subject. Instead of telling their daughters as well as their sons everything when they are 12 years old, they send the children out of the room during such conversations and leave them to find things out for themselves. If the parents notice later on that the children have learned things anyway, then they assume that the children know either more or less than they actually do. Why don't they then try to make good the damage and find out what the position is?

Grown-ups do come up against an important obstacle, although I'm sure the obstacle is no more than a very small barrier, they believe that children will stop looking on marriage as something sacred and pure when it dawns on them that in most cases the purity is nothing more than eyewash.

For my part I don't think it's at all a bad thing for a man to bring a little experience into a marriage, it's got nothing to do with the marriage itself, has it?

When I had just turned 11, they told me about having a period, but how it really came about or what it meant I didn't find out until much later. When I was 12½ I heard some more, because Jacque was not nearly as stupid as I was. I had sensed myself what a man and a woman do when they are together; at first I thought the whole idea completely crazy, but when Jacque confirmed it for me I was quite proud of my intuition!

That it wasn't the stomach that babies came from is something else I learned from Jacque, who said simply: 'The finished product comes out where it went in!' J., Jacque and I learned about the maidenhead and quite a few other details from a little book on sex education. I also knew that you could prevent babies from being born, but how that worked inside was still a mystery.

When I came here Daddy told me about prostitutes etc., but all in all there are still a lot of questions that haven't been answered yet.

If a mother doesn't tell her children everything, they learn it bit by bit and that must be wrong!

— —

Although it is Saturday I'm not bored! That's because I sat with Peter in the attic, shut my eyes and dreamed; it was glorious!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Sunday 19 March 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Yesterday was a great day for me, and this is why: after lunch everything carried on as usual, at 5 o'clock I put on the potatoes and Mummy gave me some of the blood

sausage to take to Peter. I didn't want to at first but went anyway after a bit: 'Peter,' I said 'will you accept this from us for your sandwiches?' But he wouldn't take it and I had the unhappy feeling that it was because of the quarrel still over those suspicions. Suddenly I couldn't help myself, the tears sprang into my eyes and without any prompting I put the dish down next to Mummy again and went to the w.c. to sob my heart out. By the time I had done I had decided to talk things out with Peter. Before supper the four of us sat down to help him with his crossword puzzle, so I couldn't say anything, but just as we were going to sit down to supper I whispered to him, 'Are you going to do shorthand this evening, Peter?' 'No,' was his reply. 'Then I'd like to talk to you later!' and he agreed.

So after the dishes were done I went to his room and asked him whether he had refused the blood sausage because of the quarrel we'd had. But luckily that hadn't been the reason at all, he simply hadn't wanted to sound too eager. We talked about the quarrels and how I regard them quite differently now etc. etc. It was very warm in the room and my face was as red as a lobster's, that's why after I'd taken Margot down some water I went back upstairs to get a breath of air. For the look of things I stood by the v.P.s' window for a while but soon I went to Peter. He was standing on the left side of the open window; I went and stood on the right side, and we talked. It was much easier to talk beside the open window in semi-darkness than in bright light and I believe Peter felt the same.

We told each other so much, so very very much, that I can't repeat it all, but it was lovely, the most wonderful evening I have ever had in the 'Secret Annexe'.

I will just tell you briefly the various things we talked about:

First we talked about the quarrels and how I regard them quite differently now, and then about the estrangement between us and our parents. I told Peter about Mummy and Daddy, Margot, and about myself. At one moment he asked, 'I suppose you always give each other a good-night kiss, don't you?'

'One, dozens, why, don't you?'

'No, I have hardly kissed anyone!'

'Not even on your birthday?'

'Yes, I have then.'

We talked about how we neither of us confide in our parents. How his parents thought a lot of each other and would have loved to have his confidence too, but that he didn't wish it. How I cry my heart out in bed, and he goes up into the loft and swears. How Margot and I really only know each other well for a little while, but that, even so, we don't tell each other all that much, because we are always together. Over every imaginable thing, trust, feelings and ourselves – oh, he was just as I thought.

Then we talked about 1942, how different we were then. We just don't recognize ourselves in that period any more. How we simply couldn't bear each other in the beginning. He thought it tiresome when I came to listen to the radio, felt that I was much too talkative and unruly, and I soon came to the conclusion that I'd no time for

him. I couldn't understand why he didn't flirt with me, but now I'm glad. He also mentioned how much he isolated himself from us all. I said too that there was not much difference between my noise and high spirits and his silence.

That I love peace and quiet too, and have nothing for myself alone, except my diary, that everyone would rather see me going than coming, Mr Pf. most of all, and that I don't always want to be with them. How very glad he is that my parents have children and that I'm glad he is here. That I understand his reserve now and his relationship with his parents, and how I would love to be able to help him face the quarrels. 'Peter, if ever you need help, will you be sure to tell me?' 'You always do help me!' he replied. 'How?' I asked, very surprised. 'By your cheerfulness.'

That was certainly the loveliest thing he said. He also told me that he no longer minded at all my coming into his room, as he had before, but liked it.

I also told him that all those little endearments between Daddy and Mummy were empty. That you don't create trust with a little peck here and a little peck there.

Then we spoke about doing things your own way, the diary and loneliness, the difference between everyone's inner and outer selves. My mask etc.

It was wonderful, he must have grown to love me as a friend and that is enough for the time being. I am so grateful and happy, I just can't find the words. I must apologize Kitty, that my style is not up to standard today. I have just written down what came into my head!

I feel as if Peter and I now share a secret, if he looks at me with those eyes that laugh and wink, then it's just as if a little light goes on inside me. I hope it will remain like this and that we may have many, many more glorious times together!

your grateful, happy Anne

Monday 20 March 1944.

Dear Kitty,

This morning Peter asked me if I would come again one evening, that I really didn't disturb him and if there was room for one there was room for two. I said that I couldn't come every evening, for they wouldn't like it downstairs, but he thought that I needn't let that bother me. Then I said that I would love to come one Saturday evening and especially asked him to warn me when there was a moon. 'Then we'll go downstairs,' he said 'and look at the moon from there.' I quickly agreed and anyway I'm not really terrified of burglars.

In the meantime a little shadow has fallen on my happiness, I've thought for a long time that Margot liked Peter quite a lot too. How much she loves him I don't know, but I think it's wretched. I must cause her terrible pain each time I'm with Peter, and the funny part of it is that she hardly shows it. I know quite well that I'd be desperately jealous, but Margot only says that I needn't pity her. 'I think it's so rotten that you

should be the odd one out,' I added. 'I'm used to that,' she answered, somewhat bitterly.

I don't dare tell Peter this yet, perhaps later on, but we've got to talk about so many other things first.

I had a little ticking off yesterday evening from Mummy, which I certainly deserved. I mustn't overdo my indifference and contempt towards her. So, in spite of everything, I must try once again to be friendly and to keep my observations to myself!

Even Pim is different lately. He is making some attempt to stop treating me like a child and it makes him much too cool. See what comes of it! He has warned me that if I don't do any algebra, I mustn't count on getting extra lessons later. Although I could just wait and see, I do want to start again, provided I get a new book.

Enough for now, I'm full to the brim with Peter and can do nothing but look at him!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Evidence of Margot's goodness, I received this today, March 20th, 1944.

Anne, when I said yesterday that I was not jealous of you, I was only fifty per cent honest. It is like this; I'm jealous of neither you nor Peter. I only feel *here I had skipped a page. See previous page.* a bit sorry that I haven't found anyone yet, and am not likely to for the time being, with whom I can discuss my thoughts and feelings. But I should not grudge it to you for that reason; one misses enough here anyway, things that other people just take for granted.

On the other hand, I know for certain that I would never have got so far with Peter, anyway, because I have the feeling that if I wished to discuss a lot with anyone, I should want to be on rather intimate terms with him. I would want to have the feeling that he understood me through and through without my having to say much, but for that reason it would have to be someone whom I felt to be my superior intellectually, and that is not the case with Peter. But I can imagine it being so with you and Peter.

You are not doing me out of anything which is my due; do not reproach yourself in the least on my account. You and Peter can only gain by the friendship.

My reply:

Dear Margot

I thought your letter was exceptionally sweet, but I still don't feel quite happy about it and nor do I think that I shall.

At present there is no question of such confidence as you have in mind between Peter and myself, but in the twilight beside an open window you can say more to each other than in brilliant sunshine. Also it's easier to whisper your feelings than to trumpet them forth out loud. I believe that you are beginning to feel a kind of sisterly affection for Peter, and that you would love to help us, just as much as I. Perhaps you shall still be able to do that sometime, although that is not the kind of confidence we



have in mind. I think it must come from both sides, and I believe that's the reason why Daddy and I have never got so far. Let's not talk about it any more, but if you still want anything please write to me about it, because I can say what I mean much better on paper.

You don't know how much I admire you, and I only hope that I may yet acquire some of the goodness that you and Daddy have, because now I don't see much difference in that sense.

Yours, Anne

*Anne Frank's timetable for the weekdays, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, in the Spring of 1944 in the 'Secret Annexe':*

*Wake up, between half past 6 and half past 7.*

*Wake Daddy, half past 7.*

*Get up: 7.38*

*Get dressed: from 7.38 to five to 8, including stripping bed, taking out curlers, taking clothes, hydrogen peroxide, comb, mirror and lotion into the living room.*

*Bathroom: 8 o'clock.*

*Finish dressing and doing hair: ± quarter past 8*

*Fetching potty and books etc. etc. until half past 8.*

*Break for reading or other quiet occupation from half past 8 to 9*

*Breakfast: 9 to half past 9.*

*Peeling potatoes: half past 9 to 10 o'clock or half past 10.*

*Book work; with interruptions for talking, writing up diary, chitchat and doing nothing (sometimes coffee too at about ± quarter to 11) from half past 10 to 12 o'clock.*

*Attic: 12 o'clock to quarter to 1. Getting some air.*

*Domestic chores: quarter to 1–1 o'clock. By that is meant cleaning the basin.*

*Radio: 1 o'clock to quarter past 1.*

*Lunch: quarter or half past 1 to 10 to 2.*

*Chitchat: 10 to 2 to 2 o'clock.*

*German Army Bulletin: 2 o'clock to just after two.*

*Hanging about downstairs and upstairs till half past 2.*

*Working, again with various interruptions, often reading a lot, depending on the reading matter: from half past 2 to quarter to 4.*

*Eating sandwiches: quarter to 4–4 o'clock.*

*Freshening up: 4 o'clock–quarter past 4.*

*Drinking coffee: quarter past 4.*

*Fetching potatoes: after coffee until just before half past 4. Coffee is served upstairs. At quarter past 4 Margot and I always go upstairs.*

*With Peter for French and a chat: half past 4 to quarter past 5.*

*Freedom, the office staff have left and the house is in chaos: quarter past 5 to 6 o'clock.*

*Radio: 6 o'clock to quarter past 6.*

*Chitchat, hanging about and doing nothing: quarter past 6 to half past 6.*

*Supper: half past 6 to 7 o'clock.*

*Dishes: 7 o'clock to half past 7.*

*Reading, writing, talking: half past 7 to half past 8.*

*Getting undressed: half past 8 to ten to 9.*

*Bathroom: ten to 9 to quarter past 9.*

*Getting ready for bed: quarter past 9 to half past 9.*

*Saying good night, lights out: half past 9–quarter to 10.*

*Thinking, dreaming, praying and having a good time: quarter to 10–quarter past 10.*

*Sleeping: quarter past 10 or half past 10 to  $\pm$  7 o'clock.*

Anne Frank.

Wednesday 22 March 1944.

Dear Kitty,

I received this from Margot last evening:

Dear Anne,

After your letter yesterday I have the unpleasant feeling that you will have prickings of conscience when you visit Peter; but really there is no reason for this. In my heart of hearts I feel that I have the right to share mutual confidence with someone, but I could not bear Peter in that role yet.

However, I do feel just as you say, that Peter is a bit like a brother, but – a younger brother; we have put out tentacles towards each other, the affection of brother and sister might grow if they touched, perhaps they will later – perhaps never; however, it has certainly not reached that stage yet.

Therefore you really needn't pity me. Now that you've found companionship, enjoy it as much as you can.

— —

In the meantime it is getting more and more wonderful here, I believe Kitty, that we may have a real great Love in the 'Secret Annexe'. So all that teasing about marrying Peter if we stay here for a long time wasn't so silly. Don't worry, I'm not thinking of marrying him. I don't know what he will be like when he grows up, nor do I know whether we should ever love each other enough to marry.

I know now that Peter loves me, but just how, I don't yet know. Whether he only wants a great friend, or whether I attract him as a girl or as a sister, I can't yet discover.

When he said that I always helped him over his parents' quarrels, I was awfully glad; it was one step towards making me believe in his friendship. I asked him yesterday, what he would do if there were a dozen Annes here who always kept

coming to him, his reply was, 'If they were all like you, it certainly wouldn't be too bad!' He's tremendously hospitable towards me and I really believe he likes to see me.

Meanwhile he is working diligently at his French, even when he's in bed, going on until a quarter past ten. Oh, when I think about Saturday evening and recall it all, words and mood, then for the first time I don't feel discontented about myself; I mean that I would still say exactly the same and wouldn't wish to change anything, as is usually the case.

He is so handsome, both when he laughs and also when he looks quietly in front of him; he is such a darling and so good and handsome. I believe that what took him most by surprise about me was when he discovered that I'm not a bit the superficial worldly Anne that I appear, but just as dreamy a specimen, with just as many difficulties as he himself!

Last night after we had done the dishes I waited confidently for him to ask me to stay upstairs. But nothing happened; I went away he came downstairs to call Pfeffer to the radio, hung about the bathroom for a long time, but when Pf. took too long he went upstairs again. He paced up and down his room for a long time and went to bed early.

I was so agitated all evening that I kept running to the bathroom, washing my face with cold water, reading a bit, dreaming, looking at the clock and just waiting, waiting, waiting and listening out for him. When I fell into bed it was early but I was ready to drop.

Tonight a bath and tomorrow?

That is still so far away!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Reply:

Dear Margot,

I think the best thing we can do is simply to wait and see what happens. It can't be very long before Peter and I come to a definite decision, either to go on as before or be different. Just which way it will go I don't know myself, and I don't bother to look beyond my own nose.

But I shall certainly do one thing, if Peter and I decide to be friends, I shall tell him that you are very fond of him too and would always be prepared to help him should the need arise. The latter may not be what you wish, but I don't care now; I don't know what Peter thinks about you but I shall ask him then.

I'm sure it's not bad – the opposite! You are always welcome to join us in the attic, or where or wherever we are; you honestly won't disturb us because I feel we have a silent agreement to talk only in the evenings when it's dark.

Keep your courage up! Like I do. Although it's not always easy, your time may come sooner than you think!

yours, Anne

Thursday 23 March 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

Such a tremendous amount has happened since yesterday morning that I really don't know where to start. First of all the news from outside. B. & D. have been let out of prison. The most wonderful examples are being reported from there but it's enough when I say that the Dutch People are tremendous. Brouwer's wife is expecting a baby any moment; that's why he's been let out, but the thing isn't completely over yet. Let's hope for the best!

Mr Kleiman is not very well. His wife and all of us are not happy with his doctor. It appears that his latest stomach haemorrhage was very severe, hence his fainting.

Miep returned yesterday morning, but this morning Jan had to go to bed with a cold and shivers. Bep is a little better, although she still has a cough. A pilot crashed near here yesterday, the men were able to jump out in time by parachute. The machine crashed on to a school, but fortunately there were no children there at the time, a few people were killed and there was a small fire. The machine must have been hit close to the Market Halls. We've never heard so much shooting before. That was because the Germans fired machine guns at the crew who had jumped out and at the plane as it came down. Ear-splitting shooting lasting ten minutes. It was absolutely terrifying.

Now about myself.

When I was with Peter yesterday we ended up, I honestly don't remember how, by discussing sex. I had long since decided to ask him one or two things. He knows everything; when I told him that Margot and I weren't particularly well informed he was stupefied. I told him a lot about Margot and me and Mummy and Daddy, things I hadn't recently dared to ask about. He then offered to tell me things and I gratefully made use of the offer: he told me how contraceptives work and I asked him very boldly how boys could tell that they are grown up. He had to think about that for a while; then he said he would tell me in the evening. Among other things I told him what had happened to Jacque and about how girls are completely defenceless when faced with such strong boys: 'Well, you don't have to be frightened of me!' he said.

When I came back in the evening we talked at great length about the same subject and he then told me about boys. It was a bit embarrassing of course, but it was still nice to be able to talk to him about it. Neither of us had ever imagined that we would be able to speak to a girl or boy so openly about the most intimate matters.

I think that I really do know everything now. He told me a lot about 'Präservativ' methods. German.<sup>26</sup>

— —  
This evening Margot and I talked about Bram and Trees in the bathroom!

— —  
This morning something really horrid was lying in wait for me: After breakfast Peter beckoned me to go upstairs with him: 'That was a dirty trick you played on me!' he said. 'I heard what you and Margot were talking about in the bathroom yesterday, I

think you just wanted to find out what Peter knew about it and then have a good laugh!’

Well, I was flabbergasted. I did everything I could to get such a shameful idea out of his head; I could well understand how he must have felt and it’s all quite untrue! ‘Oh no, Peter,’ I said ‘I would never be so mean, I told you I’d keep my mouth shut and that’s just what I’m doing. To put on an act like that and then to do such a mean thing on purpose, no Peter, that wouldn’t be funny, that would be unfair. I didn’t let on about anything and everything I’ve told you is true, won’t you believe me?’

Then he promised that he did believe me, but I’m going to have to talk to him again, I did nothing else all day except fret about it. What a good thing he came straight out with what he thought, imagine if he’d gone around keeping all those awful thoughts about me to himself. What a darling he is!

Now I shall and must tell him everything!

yours,  
Mary Anne Frank.  
mistake!

That must be from all the excitement, because my heart is beating like a sledgehammer!

yours, Anne.

Friday morning 24 March 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

I haven’t told you everything, but that’s all to the good or rather even better. You can’t imagine how grateful I am to have been given so much even here in the ‘Secret Annexe’.

Yesterday afternoon when I was with Peter we did English again, and we also spoke about our parents. The v.P.s make such feeble remarks whenever I come out of Peter’s room in the evenings and Peter says that they also whisper about it with Pf. and with each other. Peter has advised me not to take any notice of it. ‘Do they say anything about it downstairs as well?’

‘Yes Mummy is very inquisitive, but I always manage to duck her questions.’

‘Presumably they said something last night as well,’ he continued.

‘Yes of course, they said: are you still there, that must have become your second home’ ‘Pf. said to me that it’s not right to receive young girls in your room so late at night, and I replied something like it was none of his business. To my parents I said it was nothing but jealousy, that they were old while we were still young. ‘But you needn’t worry, I (really) think it’s okay.’ And again, when I said: ‘After all, you don’t tell such things to everyone,’ (I was referring to our talks by the window), he replied: ‘But then you aren’t everyone, are you!’

*Unfortunately I skipped this page, so that to continue from the last page you have to go on to the next.*

Daddy always says I'm prudish and vain but that's not true, I'm just simply vain! I have not often had anyone tell me I was pretty. Except for Pim Pimentel who said I looked so attractive when I laughed.

Yesterday I received a genuine compliment from Peter, and just for fun I will tell you roughly how the conversation went:

Peter so often used to say 'Do laugh, Anne!' This struck me as odd, and yesterday I asked: 'Why must I always laugh?'

'Because I like it; you get such dimples in your cheeks when you laugh; how do they come, actually?'

'I was born with them. I've got one in my chin too. That's my only beauty!'

'Of course not, that's not true!'

'Yes, it is, I know quite well that I'm not a beauty; I never have been and never shall be!'

'I don't agree at all, I think you're pretty.'

'That's not true.'

'If I say so, then you can take it from me it is!'

Then I naturally said the same of him!

— —

In the evening when I heard the v.P.s opening their window I was very much in two minds; at 8 o'clock I decided to risk it. I knocked softly at the door and was received by Mr v.P. with: 'Scat, scat, get her Mouschi, get her!'

'Oh shall I go away again then?' I asked but I walked straight on through to Peter's room all the same. Mrs v.P. was standing there and asked me straight away if I'd come for some fresh air. She stayed talking with us for a little while, but when Mr v.P. closed the window Peter tried to turn her out. Mrs v.P. refused to go, she wanted to stay with us. We agreed of course, but after 5 minutes she went all the same. I said that our company wasn't all that interesting anyway, but she didn't agree and said she would be coming back.

As soon as we were alone Peter said: 'They really have nothing against your coming here, they'll never forbid it; I told them this evening that you would be coming any minute now!' 'Oh,' I said. 'At first I didn't really want to come.' Obviously taken aback, he said: 'But I winked at you across the table before you went downstairs!'

'Listen here, Peter,' I said then. 'I can't come here every evening in any case.' 'But why not?' 'I just can't, I get the creeps going upstairs. The only way round this, and it's a reasonable middle course, is for you to come downstairs and take me upstairs with you. You won't want to ask me to come every evening and I won't want to come up by myself, so that would be the best.'

'But, but, but. . . .'

'Please just do me that favour.' That did it. He said straight away 'Okay then.' Then he asked if he would have to go through our living room. He doesn't of course,

he can simply go through the bathroom and fetch me from my room. Then he asked if he should speak loudly, my answer to that was: 'Just behave naturally.'

— —

Later in the evening, he came back to the subject and said that I simply had to come: 'Otherwise I get bored all on my own.'

'You weren't bored before!'

'Yes but that was quite different!'

— —

What a strange turn things have taken with us haven't they, in the beginning I really wanted to do things with you but you hated it whenever I came. Then for a whole year I almost forgot your existence, until one day I suddenly remembered that there was still such a thing as Peter.'

'If you hadn't come to me then, I would certainly have come to you.'

— —

It's strange isn't it Kitty, that we should have discovered each other at more or less the same time. Now I can tell from everything he says and does that he is very fond of me as well. If he doesn't come up to the attic it's certainly because I told him that I too liked to be alone now and then. I don't honestly know how things will turn out, or whether we shall always have something to talk about. But if things go further between us then we shall certainly be able to keep each other company without even talking. The only horrid thing is that Margot has to sit downstairs all by herself when I'm upstairs with Peter, but she turns a deaf ear to talk like that.

Daddy doesn't ask or say anything, but he is no longer so childish with me. Mummy knows perfectly well that I don't care much for her, the same is true of Peter's Father and Mother. And, Kitty, I've got a little bit of a feeling that I'm no longer so independent of Peter, that actually I am running after him, that I'm dependent on his favours.

If only his parents didn't behave so stupidly upstairs; it must be because they're not very keen to see me. But Peter and I never tell them what we talk about. Just imagine if they knew that we talk about such intimate subjects. To talk to a boy about having your period and a boy telling a girl about his secrets is certainly not something that happens every day. I'd like to ask Peter quite a lot more on the subject but I'm always afraid he may think I can't talk about anything else.

I would like to ask him whether he knows what a girl really looks like there. I don't think a boy is as complicated down there as a girl. You can see exactly what a naked man looks like from photographs or pictures, but you can't with women. With them the sexual parts or whatever they are called are further between the legs. He probably hasn't seen a girl from so close to, to be honest I haven't either. With a boy it's much easier. How in heaven's name will I be able to explain the set-up to him, since from what he said I was able to gather that he doesn't know the exact details. He was talking about the 'mouth of the womb' but that's right inside, you can't see

anything of that. With us it's all pretty much divided, before I was 11 or 12 years old I didn't realize that there were two inner lips as well, you couldn't see them at all. And the funniest thing of all was that I thought that the urine came out of the clitoris.

When I asked Mummy once what that stub of a thing was for, she said that she didn't know, she still pretends to be ignorant even now!

But when the subject comes up again how in heaven's name will you be able to explain what things are like without using examples? Shall I just try it out here in the meantime? Well then get on with it! From the front when you stand up you can see nothing but hair, between your legs there are things like little cushions, soft, with hair on too, which press together when you stand up so that you can't see what's inside. When you sit down they divide and inside it looks very red and ugly and fleshy. At the very top, between the big outer lips there is a little fold of skin which turns out to be a kind of little bladder on closer inspection, that is the clitoris. Then come the small inner lips, they are also pressed against each other just like a little pleat. When they open, there is a fleshy little stump inside, no bigger than the top of my thumb. The top of it is porous, there are different little holes in it and that's where the urine comes out. The lower part looks as if it's nothing but skin, but that is where the vagina is. There are little folds of skin all over the place, you can hardly find it. The little hole underneath is so terribly small that I simply can't imagine how a man can get in there, let alone how a whole baby can get out. The hole is so small you can't even put your index finger in, not easily anyway. That's all it is and yet it plays such an important role!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

*The following was written a few weeks ago, it doesn't count any longer, but because my verses are so few and far between I'll write it down all the same:*

Once more the day has been a blight  
For me just like the darkest night!

Anne. (Rea.)

Saturday 25 March 1944.

Dear Kitty,

When you change you only notice it after you have changed. I have changed and radically so, wholly and in every way. My opinions, ideas, critical outlook; outwardly, inwardly everything is changed and I can safely say, since it is true, for the better.

I once told you how difficult it was for me when I came here, from the life of an adored little person into the harsh reality of scoldings and adults. But, Daddy and Mummy are largely to blame for my having had to suffer so much.

At home they were only too glad to let me have fun and that was fine, but they didn't have to stir me up here into the bargain and show me just 'their' side in all their rows and tittle-tattle. It was wrong of them although I believe they were in the right in most of the squabbles and there is much to find fault with in the characters of the v.P.s.



There is a proverb or saying to the effect that there's always some truth in all reproaches and words spoken in anger. This applies to me as well. There was much that was true in their reproaches, I simply knew no better, even earning admiration for my amusing comments and snappy repartee. Indeed, my opponents often suffered a knock-out, but that happened to me even more often inside.

It took me quite some time to catch on that the quarrel score here was fifty-fifty. But now I know how many mistakes have been made here by old and young alike.

Daddy's and Mummy's greatest fault in their dealings with the v.P.s. is that they never speak to them frankly and in friendship (even if the friendliness does have to be a little bit put on).

Now I want above all to keep the peace and neither quarrel nor gossip. That's not difficult where Daddy and Margot are concerned; with Mummy however it is and that's why it's a very good thing that she should rap me over the knuckles now and then. Mr v.P. can also be won round if you agree with him, listen to him quietly, don't say very much and above all . . . if you reply to all his little jokes and feeble jests with some joke of your own. Mrs v.P. can be won round by talking to her frankly and agreeing with everything. She is also very quick to admit her mistakes, which are in truth very great in number.

I know only too well that she no longer thinks as badly of me as she did at the beginning. And that's just because I'm honest and no longer keep flattering people. I want to be honest and I think that you get much further that way; on top of that it also makes you feel much better yourself.

Under no circumstances do I want to act against Daddy and Mummy; I don't want to get involved any longer in quarrels and arguments with them (luckily things have been fairly quiet of late) but I'm no longer going to back them through thick and thin. I have my own views even on these matters and I no longer choose to take their side all the time for appearances' sake!

Yesterday Mrs v.P. talked to me about all this and also about the rice we gave to the Kleimans:

'We've been giving, giving and giving again, but the point came when I said: Enough is enough. If Mr Kleiman just took the trouble he could get rice for himself, why do we have to give everything away from our supplies? The children and all of us here need it just as much,' said Mrs v.P.

'No, Mrs v.P.,' I replied. 'I don't agree with you. Mr Kleiman might perhaps be able to lay his hands on some rice, but he obviously finds it a difficult business. It's not for us to criticize those who help us, we must give them everything they need if we can possibly do without it. One plate of rice per week won't do us any harm, we can eat peas and beans instead!'

Mrs v.P. didn't see it my way, but she added that though she disagreed with me she'd do her best to leave it there, for that was quite a different matter. Well yes, let's

leave it at that, sometimes I know my place now and sometimes I still doubt it, but I'll get there eventually! You'll see!

And especially now that I have got some help, for Peter helps me make the best of a bad job. He has already said that he would like to look after me if I should fall ill, to comfort me if there is shooting or the invasion, to help me as much as he can. And the other way round too of course!

I really don't know how much he likes me and if we will ever get as far as a kiss; I don't want to force it in any case! I told Daddy that I go to see Peter a great deal and asked whether he approved, he did of course!

I also told Peter much less difficult things that I normally keep to myself; thus I told him that I want to write later on, and even if I don't become a writer I won't neglect my writing while doing some other job. Oh yes, I don't want to have lived for nothing like most people. I want to be useful or give pleasure to the people around me who don't really know me yet, I want to go on living even after my death! And therefore I am grateful to God for giving me this gift, this possibility of developing myself and of writing, of expressing all that is in me!

I'm not rich in money or worldly goods, I'm not beautiful, intelligent, or smart, but I am and I shall be happy! I have a happy nature, I like people, I'm not distrustful and would like to see all of them happy with me.

your devoted Anne M.

Frank.

Monday 27 March 1944.

Dear Kitty,

One very big chapter of our history in hiding should really be about politics, but as this subject doesn't concern me personally very much I've rather let it go. So I will write a letter devoted to politics today. It goes without saying that there are very many different opinions on this topic, and it's even more logical that it should be a favourite subject for discussion at such a critical time, but – it's just simply stupid that there should be so many quarrels over it! They may speculate, laugh, abuse, and grumble, let them do what they will, as long as they fry in their own fat and don't quarrel, because the consequences are usually unpleasant. The people from outside bring with them a lot of news that isn't true; however, so far our radio set hasn't lied to us. Jan, Miep, Kleiman, Bep, and Kugler are all up and down in their political moods, Jan least of all.

Political feeling here in the 'Secret Annexe' is always about the same. During the countless arguments about invasion, air raids, speeches etc., etc., one also always hears the countless cries of imposs'pul or Gottes Willen, if they're going to start now however long is it going to last. It's going shplendidly, first class, good!

Optimists and pessimists and above all don't let's forget the realists who give their opinions with untiring energy and, just as with everything else, they think all the time that they're right.

It annoys a certain lady that her spouse has such unparalleled faith in the British, and a certain gentleman attacks his lady because of her teasing and disparaging remarks about his beloved nation! From morning till late at night, and the best thing is that they never seem to tire of it. I have made a discovery – the effects are truly stupendous, just like pricking someone with pins, who then jumps out of his skin. This is exactly how I do it, begin on politics, one question, one word, one sentence and at once they're off!

— —

Just as if the German Wehrmacht news bulletins and the English BBC were not enough they started 'special air raid announcements' not so long ago. In one word, magnificent; but (the reverse of the coin) often disappointing too. The British are making a non-stop business of their air attacks, but with the same zest that the Germans make a business of lying!

The radio therefore goes on at 8 o'clock in the morning (if not earlier) and is listened to at all hours of the day until 9, 10 and often 11 o'clock in the evening.

This is certainly a sign that the grown-ups have infinite patience and brains with a pretty limited power of absorption (or rather some of them have, because I don't want to hurt anyone's feelings), one or two news bulletins would be ample per day! But the old geese, well, I've said my piece!

Arbeiter-program, Radio 'Oranje', Frank Philips or Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina, they each get their turn and an ever attentive ear, and if they are not eating or sleeping, then they are sitting around the radio and discussing food, sleep and politics. Ugh! It gets so boring, and it's quite a job not to become a dull old stick oneself. Politics can't do much more harm to the old folk!

— —

But I must mention one shining exception, a speech by our beloved Windston Churchill is quite perfect.

Nine o'clock on Sunday evening. The teapot stands, with the cosy over it, on the table, and the guests come in. Pfeffer next to the radio on the left, Mr van Pels in front of it, with Peter behind him Mummy next to Mr v.P. and Mrs v.P. in front. Margot and I right at the back and Daddy at the table I know I haven't described very clearly where our places are but it doesn't matter. The gentlemen puff non-stop at their pipes, Peter listens, eyes closed with the exertion, Mummy wearing a long dark negligée, Mrs v.P. trembling because of the planes, which take no notice of the speech but fly blithely on towards Essen, Daddy sipping tea, Margot and I sharing Mouschi in a sisterly fashion, the first with a scarf round her head because of her curlers, the second in a nightdress which is much too small, too narrow and too short. It all looked so intimate, snug, peaceful, and it was too this time, but I await the consequences with horror!

They can hardly wait and stamp their feet, so impatient are they to find out if there won't be another row! Brr, brr as if trying to coax a cat out of her basket, they egg each other on to discord and quarrels!

Tuesday 28 March 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

I could write a lot more about politics, about the news bulletin early this morning, about Miep's and Bep's questions and so on and so forth, but I have heaps else to tell you today.

First, Mummy has more or less forbidden me to go upstairs, because, according to her, Mrs van Pels is jealous. Secondly, Peter has invited Margot to join us upstairs, I don't know whether it's just out of politeness or whether he really means it. Thirdly, I went and asked Daddy if he thought I need pay any regard to Mrs v.P.'s jealousy, and he didn't think so.

What next? Mummy is cross, wants me to work inside with Pfeffer again, doesn't want to let me go upstairs and is perhaps jealous too. Daddy doesn't grudge us these times together, and thinks it's nice that we get on so well. Margot is fond of Peter too, but feels that two's company and three's a crowd.

Mummy also thinks that Peter is in love with me; quite frankly, I only wish he were, then we'd be quits and really be able to get to know each other. She also says that he keeps on looking at me; now I suppose that's true, but still I can't help it if he looks at my dimples and we wink at each other occasionally, can I?

I'm in a very difficult position. Mummy is against me and I'm against her, Daddy closes his eyes and tries not to see the silent battle between us. Mummy is sad, because she still really loves me, while I'm not in the least bit sad, because I'm through with her. And Peter – I don't want to give Peter up, he is such a darling and I admire him so, it can grow into something beautiful between us; why do the 'old'uns' have to poke their noses in all the time?

Luckily I'm quite used to hiding my feelings and I manage extremely well not to let them see how mad I am about him. Will he ever say anything? Will I ever feel his cheek against mine, like I felt Petel's cheek in my dream? Oh, Peter and Petel, you are one and the same! They don't understand us; won't they ever grasp that we are happy just sitting together and not saying a word. They don't understand what has drawn us together like this! Oh, when will all these difficulties be overcome? And yet it is good to overcome them, because then the end will be all the more wonderful. When he lies with his head on his arm with his eyes closed, then he is still a child; when he plays with Mouschi or talks about him, he is loving; when he carries potatoes or anything heavy, then he is strong. When he goes and watches the shooting, or looks for burglars in the darkness, then he is brave; and when he is so awkward and clumsy, then he is just a pet.

I like it much better if he explains something to me than when I have to teach him, I would really adore him to be my superior in almost everything!

What do we care about the two Mothers, Oh but if only he would speak.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Wednesday 29 March 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Bolkesteyn, an MP, was speaking in the Dutch News from London, and he said that they ought to make a collection of diaries and letters after the war. Of course they all made a rush at my diary immediately.

Just imagine how interesting it would be if I were to publish a romance of the 'Secret Annexe', the title alone would be enough to make people think it was a detective story. But, seriously, it would be quite funny 10 years after the war if people were told how we Jews lived and what we ate and talked about here. Although I tell you a lot, still, even so, you only know very little of our lives. How scared the ladies are here sometimes (for instance on Sunday they used 350 planes to drop 500,000 kg on IJmuiden) how the houses shake from the bombs, how many epidemics there are, such as diphtheria, scarlet fever etc. What the people eat, how they line up for vegetables and all kinds of other things, it is almost indescribable.

The doctors here are under incredible pressure, if they turn their backs on their cars for a moment they are stolen from the street, in the Hospitals there is no room for the many infectious cases, medicines are prescribed over the telephone.

Above all the countless burglaries and thefts are beyond belief. You may wonder whether the Dutch have suddenly turned into a nation of thieves. Little children of 8 and 11 years break the windows of people's homes and steal whatever they can lay their hands on, you can't leave your home unoccupied, for in the five minutes you are away your things are gone too. Each day there are announcements in the newspapers offering rewards for the return of lost property, typewriters, Persian rugs, electric clocks, sewing machines, as well as toys, jewellery, linen and cloth. The oddest things sometimes. And wanton destruction by youths also increases by the day, the removal of electric clocks in the street, of public telephones, the smashing of windows and pilfering of bicycles, everything is broken that can be.

Morale among the population can't be good either, they're all hungry, the weekly rations are not enough to stretch for 2 days except for coffee substitute. The invasion is a long time coming, and the men have to go to Germany, the children ill or undernourished, and all are wearing old clothes and old shoes. A new sole costs 7.50 florins in the black market but hardly any of the shoemakers will accept shoe repairs or customers, and if they do you have to wait 4 months for the shoes, if they haven't been stolen in the meantime. But one thing is good; sabotage is rife everywhere, everyone knows people with false identity cards or papers. Many people (particularly officials) will warn you when they know that a check is coming, the police quite often look the other way when it comes to coupon dealers. The people in the food offices issue ration cards all over the town to members of the 'Vrij Nederland' for nothing. From the milkman to the seamstress, everyone helps, but many, very many get caught or are too careless.

Just look at our vegetable suppliers, they know that someone is hiding here and yet keep supplying us with vegetables without coupons and at normal prices. The whole of the Netherlands, all the inhabitants, all of us have been kept in a closed prison for nearly 4 years now. Every day our living space grows smaller. Will it be over soon enough, before we suffocate and die of hunger?

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Friday 31 March 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Think of it it's still pretty cold but most people have been without coal for about a month – unpleasant, eh!

In general public feeling over the Russian front is optimistic again, because that is terrific! You know I don't write much about politics, but I must tell you where they are now; they are right by the Polish border and have reached the Pruth near Rumania. They are close to Odessa, they have surrounded Tarnopol etc. etc. Every evening here they expect an extra communiqué from Stalin. They fire off so many salvos in Moscow to celebrate their victories that the city must rumble and shake just about every day – whether they think it's fun to pretend the war is close at hand again or that they know of no other way of showing their joy, I don't know!

Hungary is occupied by German troops. There are still 1 million Jews there, so they too will have had it now! Nothing special here. Today was Mr v. Pels's birthday, he got 2 small packs of tobacco, enough coffee to make a cup, which his wife had managed to save, lemon punch from Kugler, sardines from Miep, eau de cologne from us, 2 lilac branches and some tulips. And I mustn't forget a currant-and-raspberry pie, a bit sticky because of the poor flour and the absence of butter, but nice all the same.

The chatter about Peter and me has calmed down a bit now, he's coming to fetch me this evening, nice of him don't you think, because he finds it such a bore himself! We are very good friends, are together a lot and discuss every imaginable subject. It is awfully nice never to have to keep a check on myself as I would have to with other boys, whenever we get on to precarious ground. We were talking, for instance, about blood and via that subject we began talking about menstruation etc.

He thinks we women are pretty tough, seeing that we can stand up to losing 1 to 2 litres of blood. He thinks I'm tough as well. I wonder why?

We are about to go and eat, my life here has improved, greatly improved.

God has not left me alone and will not leave me alone yours, Anne M. Frank.

Saturday 1 April 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

And yet everything is still so difficult; I expect you can guess what I mean, can't you? I am so longing for a kiss from him, the kiss that is so long in coming. I wonder if all the time he still regards me as a friend, am I nothing more?

You know and I know that I am strong, that I can carry most of my burdens alone, I have never been used to sharing troubles with anyone, I have never clung to a mother, but now I would so love to lay my head on 'his' shoulder just once and remain still.

I can't, I simply can't forget that dream of Peter's cheek, when it was all good, all so good! Wouldn't he long for it too? Is it that he is just too shy to acknowledge his love? Why does he want me with him so often? Oh, why doesn't he speak?

I'd better stop, I must be quiet, I shall remain strong and with a bit of patience the other will come too, but – and that is the worst of it – it looks just as if I am running after him; I am always the one who goes upstairs, he doesn't come to me. But that is just because of the rooms, and he is sure to understand the difficulty. Oh, yes, and there's more he'll understand.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Monday 3 April 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

Contrary to my usual custom, I will for once write more fully about food because it has become a very difficult and important matter, not only here in the 'Secret Annexe' but in the whole of Holland, all Europe, and even beyond.

In the twenty-one months that we have spent here we have been through a good many 'food cycles' – you'll understand what that means in a minute. When I talk of 'food cycles' I mean periods in which one has nothing else to eat but one particular dish or kind of vegetable. We had nothing but endive for a long time, day in, day out, endive, with sand, endive without sand, stew with endive, boiled or en casserole; then it was spinach, and after that followed kohlrabi, salsify, cucumbers, tomatoes, sauerkraut, etc., etc.

For instance, it's really disagreeable to eat a lot of sauerkraut for lunch and supper every day, but you do it if you're hungry. However, we have the most delightful period of all now, because we don't get any greens at all. Our weekly menu for supper consists of kidney beans, pea soup, potatoes with dumplings, potato cholent and, by the grace of God, occasionally turnip tops or rotten carrots, and then the kidney beans once again. We eat potatoes at every meal, beginning with breakfast, because of the bread shortage, but they are still a bit warm then. We make our soup from kidney or haricot beans, potatoes, Julienne soup in packets, thick chicken soup in packets, kidney beans in packets.

Everything contains beans, not to mention the bread!

In the evening we always have potatoes with gravy substitute and – thank goodness we've still got it – beetroot salad. I must tell you about the dumplings, which we make out of government flour, water and yeast. They are so sticky and tough, they lie like stones in one's stomach – ah, well!

The greatest attraction each week is a slice of liver sausage, and jam on dry bread. But we are still alive and even enjoy things quite often!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

As you've never been through a war, Kitty and despite all my letters know very little about life in hiding, just for fun I'm going to tell you each person's first wish when we go outside again.

Margot and Mr v. Pels long more than anything for a hot bath filled to overflowing and want to stay in it for half an hour. Mrs v.P. wants most to go and eat cream cakes immediately, Pf. thinks of nothing but seeing his Charlotte; Mummy of her cup of coffee; Daddy is going to visit the Voskuyls; Peter the town and a cinema, while I should find it so blissful, I shouldn't know where to start!

yours, Anne

Wednesday 5 April 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

For a long time I haven't had any idea of what I was working for any more, the end of the war is so terribly far away, so unreal, like a beautiful fairy tale. If the war isn't over by September I shan't go to school any more, because I don't want to be two years behind. Peter filled my days – nothing but Peter, dreams and thoughts until Saturday night, when I felt so utterly miserable; oh, it was terrible. I was holding back my tears all the while I was with Peter, then laughed madly with v.P. over a lemon punch, was cheerful and excited, but the moment I was alone I knew that I would have to cry my heart out. So, clad in my nightdress, I let myself go and slipped down on to the floor, first I said my long prayer, very intently, then I cried with my head on my arms, my knees bent under me, on the bare floor completely folded up. One large sob brought me back to earth again, and I quelled my tears because I didn't want them to hear anything in the next room.

Then I began trying to talk some courage into myself. I could only say: I must, I must, I must. . . . Completely stiff from the unnatural position, I fell against the side of the bed and fought on, until I climbed into bed again just before half past 10. It was over!

And now it's all over, I must work, so as not to be a fool, to get on to become a journalist, because that's what I want! I know that I can write, a couple of my stories are good, my descriptions of the 'Secret Annexe' are humorous, there's a lot in my diary that speaks, but – whether I have real talent remains to be seen.

'Eva's Dream' is my best fairy tale, and the queer thing about it is that I don't know where it comes from. Quite a lot of 'Cady's Life' is good too, but, on the whole, it's nothing!

I am the best and sharpest critic of my own work, I know myself what is and what is not well written. Anyone who doesn't write doesn't know how wonderful it is; I



used to bemoan the fact that I couldn't draw at all, but now I am more than happy that I can at least write.

And if I haven't any talent for writing books or newspaper articles, well, then I can always write for myself. But I want to get on; I can't imagine that I would have to lead the same sort of life as Mummy and Mrs v.P. and all the women who do their work and are then forgotten, I must have something besides a husband and children, something that I can devote myself to!

I can shake off everything if I write; my sorrows disappear, my courage is reborn! But, and that is the great question, will I ever be able to write anything great, will I ever become a journalist or a writer? I hope so, oh, I hope so very much, for I can recapture everything when I write, my thoughts, my ideals and my fantasies.

I haven't done anything more to 'Cady's Life' for ages; in my mind I know exactly how to go on, but somehow it doesn't flow from my pen. Perhaps I never shall finish it, it may land up in the wastepaper basket, or the fire. That's a horrible idea, but then I think to myself, at the age of fourteen and with so little experience, how could you write about philosophy? So I go on again with fresh courage; I think I shall succeed, because I want to write!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Thursday 6 April 1944.

Dear Kitty,

You asked me what my hobbies and interests were, so I want to reply, but I warn you that there are heaps of them, so don't get a shock!

First of all: writing, but that can hardly be reckoned as a hobby.

No. 2: is family trees. I have been searching for family trees of the French, German, Spanish, English, Austrian, Russian, Norwegian and Dutch royal families in all the newspapers, books and pamphlets I can find. I have made great progress with a lot of them, as, for a long time already, I've been taking down notes from all the biographies and history books that I read; I even copy out many passages of history.

My third hobby then is history, for which Daddy has already bought me a lot of books. I can hardly wait for the day that I shall be able to comb through the books in the public library.

No. 4 is Greek & Roman mythology. I have various books about this too. I can rattle off the 9 muses or the 7 loves of Zeus. I have the wives of Hercules etc. etc. at my fingertips.

Other hobbies are film stars, and family photos. Mad on books and reading. Have a great liking for history of art, poets and painters. I may go in for musicians later on. I have a great loathing for algebra, geometry and figures. I enjoy all the other school subjects, but history above all!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Tuesday 11 April 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

My head is spinning, I honestly don't know where to begin. Thursday (the last time that I wrote to you) was normal, Friday was Good Friday, we played a board game, on Saturday afternoon as well. These days passed quickly. On Saturday morning everyone was present, at about 2 o'clock some heavy firing started, automatic weapons the men said, besides that everything was quiet.

On Sunday afternoon, on my invitation, Peter came to my room at half past 4; at a quarter past 5 we went to the front attic, where we remained until 6 o'clock.

There was a beautiful Mozart concert on the radio from 6 o'clock until a quarter past 7. I loved it all, but especially the 'kleine Nachtmusik'. I can hardly listen in the room because I'm always so inwardly stirred when I hear lovely music.

On Sunday evening Peter couldn't have a bath, because the tub was standing in the kitchen downstairs full of laundry. So at 8 o'clock we went to the front attic together and, in order to sit comfortably, I took along the only divan cushion that I was able to lay my hands on. We seated ourselves on a packing case. Both the case and the cushion were very narrow, so we sat absolutely squashed together, leaning against other cases; Mouschi kept us company too, so we weren't unchaperoned. Suddenly, at a quarter to 9, Mr v.P. whistled and asked if we had one of Mr Pf.'s cushions. We both jumped up and went downstairs with cushion, cat and v.P. A lot of trouble arose out of this cushion, Pf. was annoyed because I had taken the cushion he used for a pillow and he was afraid that there might be fleas in it and made a great commotion about his beloved cushion! Peter and I put two hard brushes in his bed as a revenge for his nastiness, but they had to come out again later because he still had to use the room.

We laughed horribly over this little interlude!

Sunday evening 9 April 1944.

But our fun didn't last long; at half past 9 Peter knocked softly on the door and asked Daddy if he would just help him upstairs over a difficult English sentence. 'That's a blind,' I said to Margot 'anyone could see through that one, I can tell from the men's voices that there's been a break-in!' I was right, they were in the act of breaking into the warehouse. Daddy, v.P. and Peter were downstairs in a flash, Margot, Mummy, Mrs v.P. and I stayed upstairs and waited.

Four frightened women just have to talk, so talk we did, until we heard a bang downstairs. After this all was quiet, the clock struck a quarter to 10. The colour had vanished from our faces, but we were still quiet, although we were afraid. Where could the men be? What was that bang? Would they be fighting the burglars? No one knew what to think, we just waited.

10 o'clock, footsteps on the stairs, Daddy, white and nervous entered, followed by Mr v.P. 'Lights out, creep upstairs, we expect the police in the house!' There was no time to be frightened: the lights went out, I quickly grabbed a jacket and we were

upstairs. 'What has happened? Tell us quickly!' There was no one to tell us, the men having disappeared downstairs again.

Only at 10 past ten did they reappear; 2 kept watch at Peter's open window, the door to the landing was closed, the swinging cupboard shut. We hung a jersey round the night light and after that they told us:

'Peter heard two loud bangs on the landing, ran downstairs, and saw there was a large plank out of the left half of the door. He dashed upstairs, warned the 'Home Guard' of the family and the four of them proceeded downstairs. When they entered the warehouse, the burglars were busy stealing, without further thought v.P. shouted 'police!' a few hurried steps outside, and the burglars had fled. In order to avoid the hole being noticed by the police, a plank was put against it, but a good hard kick from outside sent it flying to the ground. The men were perplexed at such impudence, and both v.P. and Peter felt murder welling up within them, v.P. beat on the ground with a chopper, and all was quiet again. Once more a plank was put up against the hole, once more disturbance, a married couple outside shone a bright torch in and lit up the whole warehouse. 'Hell!' muttered one of the men, and now they switched over from their role of police to that of burglars. The four of them raced upstairs, Pf. and v.P. snatched up the former's books, Peter opened the doors and windows of the kitchen and private office, flung the telephone on the floor and loaded with the washtub the four of them landed behind the swinging cupboard.'

End of part one.

— —

The married couple with the torch were likely to warn the police: it was Sunday evening, Easter Sunday, no one at the office on easter Monday, so no one of us could budge until Tuesday morning. Think of it, waiting in such fear for two nights and a day! No one had anything to suggest, so we simply sat there in pitchy darkness, because Mrs v.P. in her fright had unintentionally turned the lamp right out; talked in whispers, and at every creak one heard sh, sh!

It turned half past 10, 11, but not a sound; Daddy and v.P. joined us in turns. Then, a quarter past 11, a bustle and noise downstairs. Everyone's breath was audible, in other respects no one moved. Footsteps in the house, in the private office, kitchen, then. . . . on our staircase, no one breathed audibly now, 8 hearts thumped, footsteps on our staircase, then a rattling of the swinging cupboard. This moment is indescribable:

'Now we are lost!' I said and could see all fifteen of us being carried off by the Gestapo that very night.

Twice they rattled the cupboard, then a tin can fell down, the footsteps withdrew, we were saved thus far! A shiver seemed to pass from one to the other, I heard someone's teeth chattering, no one said a word, and so we sat until half past 11.

There was not another sound in the house, but a light was burning on our landing, right in front of the cupboard. Could that be because it was our secret cupboard?

Perhaps the police had forgotten the light? Would someone come back to turn it off? Voices were heard, there was no one in the house any longer, perhaps there was someone on guard outside.

Next we did three things: we went over again what we supposed had happened, we shivered with fear, and number 3, we had to go to the lavatory. Buckets were in the attic, so we had to make do with Peter's tin wastepaper bin. V.P. went first, then came Daddy, but Mummy was too shy to face it. Daddy brought the wastepaper basket into the room, where Margot, Mrs v.P. and I gladly made use of it, finally Mummy decided to do so too. People kept on asking for paper – fortunately I had some in my pocket! The tin smelled ghastly, everything went on in a whisper, we were tired, it was twelve o'clock. 'Lie down on the floor then and sleep!' Margot and I were each given a pillow and one blanket. Margot lay just near the store cupboard and I between the table legs, the smell wasn't quite so bad when one was on the floor, but still Mrs v.P. quietly brought some chlorine, a tea towel over the pot serving as a second expedient. Talk, whispers, fear, stink, flatulence, and always someone on the pot, then try to go to sleep. However, by half past 2 I was so tired that I knew no more until half past 3. I awoke when Mrs v.P. laid her head on my feet.

'For heaven's sake, give me something to put on!' I asked. I was given something, but don't ask what – a pair of woollen knickers over my pyjamas, the red jumper and black skirt, white oversocks and a pair of holey sports stockings. Mrs v.P. sat then in the chair and her husband came and lay on my feet. I lay thinking till half past 3, shivering the whole time, which prevented v.P. from sleeping, I prepared myself for the return of the police, 'then we'd have to say that we were in hiding, they would either be good Dutch people then it's all right, or the NSB then they'd have to be bought off!'

'In that case, destroy the radio!' sighed Mrs v.P. 'Yes in the stove!' replied her husband 'if they find us, then let them find the radio as well!'

'Then they will find Anne's diary,' Daddy joined in! 'Burn it then,' suggested the most terrified member of the party.

This, and when the police rattled the cupboard door, were my worst moments; not my diary, if my diary goes I go with it! But luckily Daddy didn't answer! There is no object at all in recounting all the conversations that I can still remember, so much was said, I comforted Mrs v.P. who was very scared. We talked about escaping and being questioned by the Gestapo, about ringing up, and being brave.

'We must simply behave like soldiers, Mrs v.P. If all is up now, then let's go for Queen and Country, for freedom, truth and right, just what the Dutch news from England keeps telling us. The only thing that's really awful is that we'll drag a lot of other people into trouble too!'

Mr v.P. changed places again with his wife after an hour, and Daddy came and sat beside me. The men smoked non-stop, now and then there was a deep sigh, then someone went on the pot and everything began all over again.

Four o'clock, five o'clock, half past 5. Then I went and sat beside Peter and listened, we sat close against each other, so close that we could feel the quivering of each other's bodies; we spoke a word or two now and then, and listened attentively.

Inside they took down the blackout and wrote down all the points they wanted to mention to Kleiman on the telephone. For they intended to call up Kleiman at 7 o'clock and get him to send someone around. The risk that the police on guard at the door, or in the warehouse, might hear the telephone was very great, but that of the police returning was even greater.

Although I'm enclosing the memorandum, I'll copy it out again for clarity's sake:

*Burglars broken in: Police have been in the house as far as swinging bookcase; but no further.*

*Burglars were apparently disturbed, forced open the door in the warehouse and escaped through the garden. Main entrance bolted, Kugler must have used 2nd door when he left.*

*(That's where Peter got the sticks from!)*

*The typewriter and Adding machine are safe in the black case in private office.*

*Also Miep's and Bep's washing is in washtub in the kitchen. Only Bep and Kugler have key to 2nd door, lock possibly broken.*

*Try to warn Jan and fetch the key, and look round the office, must also feed the cat.*

— —  
For the rest everything went according to plan, Kleiman was phoned, the sticks removed, the typewriter put in the case. After that we sat around the table again and waited for Jan or the police.

Peter had fallen asleep and Mr v.P. and I were lying on the floor when we heard loud footsteps downstairs. I got up quietly: 'That's Jan!'

'No, no, it's the police!' all the others said. Someone knocked on our wall, Miep whistled. This was too much for Mrs v.P., she turned as white as a sheet and sank limply into a chair; had the tension continued one minute longer she would have fainted. Our room was a perfect picture when Jan and Miep entered, the table alone would have been worth photographing, a copy of Cinema & Theatre, covered with jam and pectin against diarrhoea, opened at a page of dancing girls, 2 jam pots, one half and one quarter bread roll, pectin, a mirror, comb, matches, ash, cigarettes, tobacco, ash tray, matches, books, a pair of pants, a torch, Mrs v.P.'s comb, toilet paper etc., etc.

Of course Jan and Miep were greeted with shouts and tears, Jan mended the hole in the door with some deal planks and soon went off again with Miep to tell the police about the burglary. Miep had also found a letter under the warehouse door from the night watchman Slegers, who had seen the hole and warned the police, whom he would also visit.

So we had half an hour to tidy ourselves I've never seen such a change take place in half an hour as in this half hour. Margot and I took the bedclothes downstairs, went to the w.c., washed our hands and did our teeth and hair. After that I tidied the room a

bit and went upstairs again, the table there was already cleared, so we ran off some water and made coffee and tea, boiled the milk, and laid the table for lunch, Daddy and Peter emptied the pee and shitpots and cleaned them with water and chlorine, the biggest was filled to the brim and so heavy that it was hard to lift, worse still it was leaking and had to be carried inside a bucket.

At 11 o'clock we sat round the table with Jan who was back by that time, and slowly things began to be more normal and cosy again.

Jan's story was as follows:

Mr Slegers was asleep, but his wife told Jan that he had found the hole in our door when he was doing his tour round the canals and that he had called a policeman, who had gone round the building with him. Mr Slegers is a private night watchman and cycles along the canals every evening with his two dogs. He would be coming to see Kugler on Tuesday and he would hear more then. At the police station they knew nothing of the burglary yet, but the policeman had made a note of it at once and would come and look round sometime on Tuesday. On the way back Jan happened to meet van Hoeven, our greengrocer, and told him that the house had been broken into. 'I know that,' van Hoeven said quite coolly. 'I was passing last evening with my wife and saw the hole in the door, my wife wanted to walk on, but I just had a look in (with my torch) then the thieves must have cleared off. To be on the safe side I didn't ring up the police, as with you I didn't think it was the thing to do. I don't know anything, but I guess a lot.' Jan thanked him and went on. Van Hoeven obviously guesses that we are here, because he always brings the potatoes after half past twelve and before half past two. Such a nice person!<sup>27</sup>

It was 1 by the time Jan had gone and we'd finished doing the dishes. We all went for a sleep. I awoke at a quarter to three and saw that Mr Pfeffer had already disappeared. Quite by chance, and heavy-eyed with sleep, I ran into Peter in the bathroom; he had just come down. We arranged to meet downstairs. I tidied myself and went down. Outside the lavatory door I heard, 'Pst, pst, I'm in here!' 'All right, I'll be waiting!' I sat down on a chair in the kitchen but didn't have to wait long for him.

'Do you still dare to go to the front attic?' he asked, I nodded, took my pillow with a piece of cloth round it and we went up to the attic. It was glorious weather and soon the sirens were wailing, we stayed where we were. Peter put his arm around my shoulder and I put mine around his and so we remained, our arms around each other, quietly waiting until Margot came to fetch us for coffee at 4 o'clock.

We finished our bread, drank lemondade and joked (we were able to again), otherwise everything went normally, in the evening I thanked Peter because he was the bravest of us all.

— —  
None of us has ever been in such danger as that night. God truly protected us, just think of it – the police at our secret cupboard, the light on right in front of it, and still

we remained undiscovered. 'Now we are lost!' I had said softly at that moment, but we had been saved once again.

If the invasion comes, and bombs with it, then it is each man for himself, but in this case our fear was for our good, innocent Christians. 'We are saved, go on saving us!' That is all we can say.

— —

This affair has brought quite a number of changes with it. Pf. now sits in the bathroom in the evenings, Peter goes round the house for a check-up at 8.30 and 9.30, Peter isn't allowed to have his window open any more because a man working for Keg noticed the open window, no one is allowed to pull the plug after half past 9, Mr Slegers has been engaged as night watchman, this evening a carpenter working for the underground is coming to construct barricades out of our white Frankfurt beds.

Debates are going on all the time now in the 'Secret Annexe'. Kugler reproached us for our carelessness, and we must never go downstairs, says Jan too. As it is we haven't told Kugler the whole truth yet.

Now everyone is going on about whether Slegers is reliable, whether the dogs will bark if they hear someone behind the door, how the barricades should be made, and this, that and the other.

We have been pointedly reminded that we are in hiding, that we are Jews in chains, chained to one spot, without any rights, with a thousand duties. We Jews mustn't show our feelings, must be brave and strong, must accept all inconveniences and not grumble, must do what is within our power and trust in God.

Sometime this terrible war will be over. Surely the time will come when we are people again, and not just Jews!

Who has inflicted this upon us? Who has made us Jews different from all other people? Who has allowed us to suffer so terribly up till now? It is God that has made us as we are, but it will be God, too, who will raise us up again. If we bear all this suffering and if there are still Jews left, when it is over, then Jews, instead of being doomed, will be held up as an example. Who knows, it might even be our religion from which the world and all peoples learn good, and for that reason and that reason only do we have to suffer now. We can never become just Netherlands or just English or any nation for that matter, we will always remain Jews, we must remain Jews, but we want to, too.

Be brave! Let us remain aware of our task and not grumble, a solution will come, God has never deserted our people; right through the ages there have been Jews, through all the ages they have had to suffer, but it has made them strong too, the weak are picked off and the strong will remain and never go under!

— —

During that night I really felt that I had to die, I waited for the police, I was prepared, as the soldier is on the battlefield. I was eager to lay down my life for the country, but now, now I've been saved again, now my first wish after the war is that I may become

Dutch! I love the Dutch, I love this country, I love the language and want to work here. And if I have to write to the queen myself, I will not give up until I have reached my goal!

— —

I am becoming still more independent of my parents, young as I am, I face life with more courage than Mummy; my feeling for justice is immovable, and truer than hers. I know what I want, I have a goal, have an opinion, have a religion and love. Let me be myself and then I am satisfied. I know that I'm a woman, a woman with inward strength and plenty of courage!

If God lets me live, I shall attain more than Mummy ever has done, I shall not remain insignificant, I shall work in the world for mankind!

And now I know that first and foremost I shall require courage and cheerfulness!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Friday 14 April 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

The atmosphere here is still extremely strained. Pim has just about reached boiling point, Mrs v.P. is in bed with a cold and grumbling away, Mr v.P. grows pale without his fags, Pf., who is giving up a lot of his comfort is full of observations, etc., etc.

There is no doubt that our luck's not in at the moment. The lavatory leaks and the washer of the tap has gone, but, thanks to our many connections, we shall soon be able to get these things put right.

— —

I am sentimental sometimes, you know that, but there is occasion to be sentimental here at times, when Peter and I are sitting somewhere together, on a hard, wooden crate in the midst of masses of rubbish and dust, our arms around each other's shoulders, and very close; he with one of my curls in his hand. When the birds sing outside and you see the trees changing to green, the sun invites one to be out in the open air, when the sky is so blue, then — oh, then I wish for so much!

— —

One sees nothing but dissatisfied, grumpy faces here, nothing but sighs and suppressed complaints; it really would seem as if suddenly we were very badly off here. If the truth is told, things are just as bad as you yourself care to make them. There's no one here to set us a good example; everyone must try to master his own moods.

Every day you hear, if only it was all over!

— —

My work, my love, courage and hope,  
make me go on and help me cope!

— —

I really believe Kits, that I'm slightly bats today, and yet I don't know why. Everything here is so mixed up, nothing's connected any more, and sometimes I very much doubt



whether in the future anyone will be interested in all my tosh.

‘The unbosomings of an ugly duckling’, will be the title of all this nonsense; my diary really won’t be much use to Messrs Bolkesteyn or Gerbrandi.

yours, Anne M. Frank

Saturday 15 April 1944.

Dear Kitty,

‘Shock upon shock;

Will there ever be an end?’

We honestly can ask ourselves that question now. Guess what’s the latest: Peter forgot to unbolt the front door. The result was that Kugler and the men could not get into the house, so he had to go to Keg and force open the kitchen window. What can they be thinking? And van Maaren? Miep is also badly frightened because M. & S. have been picked up, but that’s got nothing to do with us. Kugler is livid; he gets blamed for not having the doors seen to, and we make such a stupid mistake!

I can tell you, it’s upset Peter frightfully. At one meal, when Mummy said she felt more sorry for Peter than anyone else, he almost started to cry. We’re all just as much to blame as he is, because nearly every day we ask whether the door’s been unbolted, and Mr v.P. always asks as well. Perhaps I shall be able to console him a bit later on; I would so love to help him!

Here follow a few more disclosures from the ‘Secret Annexe’ about the last few weeks.

1. Miep has had flu for more than a fortnight; she was only just back on her feet when Jan got it as well. Because the doctor doesn’t visit patients with ordinary flu and Jan wasn’t as sick as she had been, she gave him some of the powders the doctor had made up for her and then gave him an aspirin on top of that. That’s the remedy for all ailments, from feeling sick to having a headache!
2. Saturday a week ago Boche suddenly fell ill, keeping very quiet and dribbling. Miep quickly picked him up, wrapped him in a cloth, put him in her shopping bag and took him to the dog-and-cat clinic. She was given some mixture to bring back by the doctor there, because there was something wrong with Boche’s insides. Peter gave him the mixture a few times but Boche very soon vanished and was out on the tiles day and night; presumably with his girl friend.
3. It didn’t take long for Boche to get well again. But now his nose is all swollen and he squeals if you touch him. He was probably given a smack somewhere where he was trying to steal something.
4. Our Mouschi’s voice was broken for a few days. Just as we had made up our minds to send him to the doctor too, he was halfway better again.
5. Our attic window is kept open a little bit now at night as well; Peter and I often sit upstairs in the evenings.
6. With the aid of some rubber cement and oil paint it will be possible to do some quick repairs to our lavatory.

7. And the tap that wouldn't turn off has been replaced by another one.
8. Mr Kleiman is a bit better thank goodness. He can go outside a bit and he's allowed to eat minced meat. Soon, at least as soon as his blood is up to the mark, he'll see a specialist. We can only hope that a stomach operation isn't going to be necessary.
9. Following this morning's fright we won't be opening our windows any longer before 9 o'clock. Let's hope that the head of our family will have enough sense not to leave the windows ajar day and night any more even in the summer.
10. This month we received 8 ration cards through Br. Unfortunately, for the first two weeks dried peas and beans are all that's available instead of rolled oats or groats.
11. Mr Pf. sits on a chair in the bathroom at night, reading. He keeps me up until half past 9 with stories about his wife and children.
12. Our latest delicacy is picalilly. If you're out of luck, all that's left in the jar is cucumbers and some mustard sauce.
13. There are hardly any vegetables. Lettuce and then more lettuce. Our meals now consist entirely of potatoes and imitation gravy.
14. The Russians have taken more than half the Crimea. The English are making no progress at Cassino. We'll have to count on the western wall.
15. There are a lot of incredibly heavy air raids.
16. In The Hague a bomb was thrown at the Pub. Registration Office. All Dutchmen are being issued with new identity cards.<sup>28</sup>

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Enough for today.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Sunday 16 April 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

Remember yesterday's date, for it is a very important day in my life. Surely it is a great day for every girl when she receives her first kiss? Well, then, it is just as important for me too! Bram's kiss on my right cheek doesn't count any more, likewise the one from Woudstra on my right hand.

How did I suddenly come by this kiss? Well, I will tell you:

Yesterday evening at 8 o'clock I was sitting with Peter on his divan, it wasn't long before he put his arm round me (because it was Saturday he wasn't wearing overalls) 'Let's move up a bit,' I said 'then I don't bump my head against the cupboard.' He moved almost completely into the corner, I put my arm under his arm and across his back, and he just about buried me, because his arm was hanging on my shoulders.

Now we've sat like that on other occasions, but never so close together as yesterday. He held me firmly against him; my left breast lay against his chest; already my heart began to beat, but we had not finished yet.

He didn't rest until my head was on his shoulder and his against it. When I sat up again after about five minutes, he soon took my head in his hands and laid it against him once more. Oh, it was so lovely, I couldn't talk much, the joy was too great; he stroked my cheek and arm a bit awkwardly, played with my curls and our heads lay touching most of the time.

I can't tell you Kitty, the feeling that ran through me all the while. I was too happy for words, and I believe so was he.

We got up at half past 8, Pfeffer came in and left again with his coat, Peter put on his gym shoes, so that when he toured the house a second time he wouldn't make a noise, and I stood beside him. How I suddenly made the right move, I don't know, but before we went downstairs he kissed me, through my hair, half on my left cheek, half on my ear; I tore downstairs without looking round, and am simply longing for today

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Sunday morning, just before 11 o'clock.

Monday 17 April 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Do you think that Daddy and Mummy would approve of my sitting and kissing a boy on a divan – a boy of seventeen and a half and a girl of just under fifteen? I don't really think they would, but I must rely on myself over this. It is so quiet and peaceful to lie in his arms and to dream, it is so thrilling to feel his cheek against mine, it is so lovely to know that there is someone waiting for me. But there is indeed a big 'but', because will Peter be content to leave it at this? I haven't forgotten his promise already, but . . . he is a boy!

I know myself that I'm starting very soon, not even fifteen and so independent already is certainly hard for other people to understand, I know almost for certain that Margot would never kiss a boy unless there had been some talk of an engagement or marriage, for neither Peter nor I have anything like that in mind. I am sure too that Mummy never touched a man before Daddy. What would my girl friends or Jacque say about it if they knew that I lay in Peter's arms, my heart against his chest, my head on his shoulder and with his head and face against mine! Oh Anne, how shameful! But honestly, I don't think it is; we are shut up here, shut away from the world, in fear and anxiety, especially just lately. Why, then, should we who love each other remain apart? Why should we not kiss each other in these times? Why should we wait till we've reached a suitable age? Why should we bother?

I have taken it upon myself to look after myself; he would never want to cause me sorrow or pain. Why shouldn't I follow the way my heart leads me, if it makes us both happy? All the same Kitty I believe you can sense that I'm in doubt, I think it must be my honesty which rebels against doing anything on the sly? Do you think it's my duty to tell Daddy what I'm doing? Do you think we should share our secret with a third person? A lot of the beauty would be lost, but would my conscience feel happier? I will discuss it with 'him'.

Oh, yes, there's still so much I want to talk to him about, for I don't see any use in just cuddling each other. To exchange our thoughts shows confidence and faith in each other, but we would both be sure to profit by it!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

*P.S. Yesterday morning we were up again at 6 o'clock, because the whole family had heard the burglary sounds again. Perhaps this time the victim was a neighbour of ours. When we checked at 7 o'clock our doors were shut tight, luckily!*

— —

*It all turned out all right with the forgotten bolt, Kugler was incredibly inventive; he has knocked together a piece of wood out of the broken window frame. Just think, the manager of Keg's had already fetched a ladder to climb through Pf.'s open window. Kugler was only able to stop him in time because the ladder was fortunately too short.*

*Quarrels with Pf., not I this time but Mr van Pels and Daddy, despite their ban he went to sit in Kugler's office again on Sunday. That is finished for good now, because the private office has been cleared for him. He is deeply offended and didn't turn up to listen to a Handel concert on the radio.*

*Mr v.P. was boiling, Mrs v.P. and Mummy both want the correspondence with Mrs Pf. to stop, I can't see him doing that in a hurry, although it certainly means running unnecessary risks. Our windows are now no longer opened before 9 o'clock, in the summer too we shan't be leaving them open day and night any longer; even Pfeffer's chink is banned, which was another cause for an argument.*

*Aunt R. must really be feeling low, she's now got a daughter and a son-in-law in Poland, her son and daughter-in-law have been picked up and L. is dead. Only P. is left (F.)*

*Miep is very distressed about the above situation. S.'s sister has had it, too. Luckily Miep was not involved.*

*On Saturday we had a visit from Kleiman. He and Kugler stayed here until a quarter to four. Kleiman is slowly getting a bit better,*

yours Anne.

*I must study, it's getting late,  
it's already 10 to 11, Monday morning.*

## Diary 3: 18 April 1944 to 1 August 1944

‘Secret Annexe’

A’dam C.

Partly letters to ‘Kitty’.

The owner’s maxim: Schwung muss der Mensch haben! [Zest is what man needs!]

18 April 1944.

Tuesday.

Dear Kitty,

Someone’s been a real darling again and has torn up a chemistry exercise book for me to make a new diary, this time the someone was Margot.

Everything goes well here; last night the carpenter came back and started to screw iron plates to the front door panels. Our lavatory is working again, but we are not allowed to pull the chain before and after office hours, just to rinse afterwards with water. When the staff is about we mustn’t pull the chain a lot either, because van Maaren mustn’t hear us. But one gets used to everything, even to that.

Daddy’s just been saying that he definitely expects large-scale operations to take place before the twentieth of May, both in Russia and Italy, and also in the West; I find it more and more difficult to imagine our liberation from here.

Yesterday Peter and I finally got down to our talk, which had already been put off for at least 10 days. I explained everything about girls to him and didn’t hesitate to discuss the most intimate things. I found it rather funny that he thought the female passage is simply left out of illustrations. That’s why he wasn’t able to picture the fact that it was actually positioned between the legs.

The evening ended by each giving the other a kiss, just about beside the mouth, it’s really a lovely feeling!

Perhaps I’ll take my diary up there sometime, to go more deeply into things for once, I don’t get any satisfaction out of lying in each other’s arms day in, day out, and would so like to feel that he’s the same.

We are having a superb spring after our long, lingering winter, April is really glorious, not too hot and not too cold, with little showers now and then. Our chestnut tree is already quite greenish and you can even see little blooms here and there.

Bep gave us a treat on Saturday, by bringing 4 bunches of flowers, 3 narcissus and 1 of grape hyacinths, the latter being for me.

Mr Kugler gets better and better at supplying us with journals, each week Cinema & Theatre, many Prinsen [Princes] and Rijk der Vrouw [Woman's Realm], each week the Haagse Post [Hague Post], sometimes das Reich and others.

I must do some algebra, Kitty – good-bye

yours, Anne M. Frank.

19 April 1944 Wednesday.

My Darling, (That is the title of a film with Dorit Kreysler, Ida Wüst and Harald Paulsen!)

Is there anything more beautiful in the world than to sit before an open window and enjoy nature, to listen to the birds singing, feel the sun on your cheeks and have a darling boy in your arms?

It is so soothing and peaceful to feel his arms around me, to know that he is close by and yet to remain silent, it can't be bad, for this tranquillity is good. Oh never to be disturbed again, not even by Mouschi!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

4,  
 mijn geheimschrift!  
 A = □ X = F  
 B = □ Y = # G  
 C = □ Z = S.  
 D = □  
 E = I  
 F = □  
 G = L  
 H = L  
 I = F  
 J = □  
 K = □  
 L = □  
 M = □  
 N = □  
 O = □  
 P = □  
 Q = □  
 R = □  
 S = Δ  
 T = □  
 U = I  
 V = □  
 W = Δ

Deine Frank.  
 omni foom.  
 Ik ben aan het lezen, daarna schrijf  
 ik een stuk van Carry van Bruggen  
 na:  
 f f c m o o m e i v a i s i m, f o o o o m q  
 Δ c c o o f f f i l m Δ v i e t v o m j q o o -  
 o o e v o m c o o i l l i m o o v i o o.  
 Wat gaat dat grappig he Kitty?!!  
 Δ o v l o o v f o v l o o o f f f l l i  
 e i f f v v e ?!

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Page 4 of the new diary. The Dutch reads as follows:

New secret code!

I am busy reading, after that I'll  
 copy out a piece from Carry van Bruggen:

That's fun isn't it Kitty?!

Friday 21 April 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

Yesterday afternoon I was lying in bed with a sore throat, but since I was already bored on the first day and did not have a temperature, I got up again today. The sore throat has in fact almost completely 'disappeared' today.

Yesterday, as you probably discovered for yourself, our Führer was 55. Today it's the 18th birthday of Her Royal Highness Princess Elizabeth of York. The BBC has said she will not be declared of age yet, though it's usually the case with royal children. We have been asking ourselves what Prince this beauty is going to marry, but cannot think of anyone suitable; perhaps her sister, Princess Margaret Rose, can have Prince Baudouin of Belgium one day!

Here we are having one misfortune after another, scarcely had the outside doors been strengthened than van Maaren appeared again. In all probability it was he who stole the potato meal and wants to put the blame on to Bep's shoulders. The whole 'Secret Annexe' is understandably het up again. Bep is beside herself with anger. Maybe Kugler will have that seedy-looking character shadowed now.

This morning the valuer from Beethoven Street was here, he wanted to give us 400 florins for our chest, his other offers are too low as well in our opinion.

I want to send in to 'the Prince' to see if they will take one of my stories, under a pseudonym, of course, but because all my stories so far have been too long, I don't think I have much of a chance.

Till next time darling<sup>29</sup>  
yours, Anne M. Frank.

Tuesday 25 April 1944

Dear Kitty,

Pfeffer has not been on speaking terms with v.P. for ± 10 days and just because, ever since the burglary, a whole lot of fresh security measures have been taken. One of these is that he cannot go downstairs any longer in the evening, as I have already told you. At half past 9 every night Peter and Mr van Pels do a last round and after that no one may go downstairs any more. The chain may not be pulled in the lavatory any more after eight o'clock in the evening, nor in the morning at 8 o'clock. In the morning the windows can only be opened when there is a light on in Kugler's office, and no sticks may be used in the evening to prop them up. This last measure has produced sulks from Pf. He maintains that v.P. has been shouting at him, but then he has only himself to blame. He says he can manage more easily without food than without air, and that some way must be found to keep the windows open. 'I shall have to speak to Mr Kugler about it,' he told me, and I said that it had nothing to do with Mr Kugler but should be decided by all of us. 'Everything is being done behind my back here, I'll have to speak to your father about it.' He is not supposed to sit in Kugler's office on Saturday afternoons and Sundays any more, because if the manager of Keg's should turn up he would hear him. Pf. promptly went and sat there all the same.



V.P. was furious and Father went downstairs to talk to him. Naturally he kept on inventing excuses, but this time he could not get around even Father.

Father now talks to him as little as possible, as Pf. has insulted him, none of us knows in what way, but it must have been very bad. And Pf.'s correspondence with his wife has been almost completely suspended.

Unfortunately it's the fellow's birthday next week. Having a birthday, not opening your mouth, sulking and getting presents, how does that all fit in together? In the meantime there has been another unpleasant incident, which hasn't been explained so far. Van Maaren is trying to blame Bep for all the things that have been stolen and spreads the most barefaced lies about her. A lot of potato flour has gone and more's the pity, our private chest in the front attic has been almost completely emptied.

Van Maaren probably has his suspicions about us as well; he places books and bits of paper on the very edges of things in the warehouse so that if anyone walks by they fall off. Bep isn't the last to leave any more; Kugler locks up. Kleiman, who has been here in the meantime, Kugler and the two men have been looking into the question of how to get this fellow out of the place from every possible angle. Downstairs they think it is too risky. But isn't it even riskier to leave things as they are?

— —

Mr Voskuyl has taken a turn for the worse, he has been running a temperature of almost 104 for more than 10 days. Yesterday it was even over 105. In the mornings it is only  $\pm$  100. The doctor thinks his condition is hopeless, they think the cancer has spread to his lungs. Poor man, we would so love to help him, but no one but God can help here!

I have written a lovely story called *Blurry, the Explorer*, which pleased the 3 to whom I read it very much.

I've still got a cold and have given it to Margot as well as to Mummy and Daddy. As long as Peter doesn't get it! He called me his Eldorado and wanted a kiss. Of course, I couldn't! Funny boy! But still, he's a darling.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Thursday 27 April 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Mrs v.P. was in such a bad mood this morning, nothing but complaints, first there's her cold and she can't get any sweets, and so much nose-blowing is unendurable. Next, it's that the sun's not shining. That the invasion doesn't come. That we can't look out of the windows etc., etc. We all had to laugh at her; and she was sporting enough to join in. Recipe for our potato cholent modified for want of onions:

*Take peeled potatoes, put them through a mincing machine. Add a little dry government flour and salt. Grease the fireproof dishes with mineral oil or ste[a]rin, bake this mixture for 2½ hours. Eat with rotten stewed strawberries. (onions not available, nor fat for the mould or the dough!)*

At the moment I'm reading The Emperor Charles V, written by a professor at Göttingen university; he worked at the book for forty years. I read fifty pages in 5 days; it's impossible to do more. The book has 298 pp.; so now you can work out how long it will take me – and there is a second volume to follow. But very interesting!

What doesn't a schoolgirl get to know in a single day! Take me for example. First I translated a piece from Dutch into English, about Nelson's last battle. After that, I went through some more of Peter the Great's war against Norway (1700–1721), Charles XII, Augustus the Strong, Stanislaus Lescinsky, Mazeppa, Von Görz, Brandenburg, Pomerania and Denmark + the usual dates.

After that I landed up in Brazil, read about Bahia tobacco, the abundance of coffee and the 1½ million inhabitants of Rio de Janeiro, of Pernambuco and São Paulo, not forgetting the river Amazon; about Negroes, Mulattos, Mestizos(!), Whites, more than fifty per cent of the population being illiterate, and the malaria. As there was still some time left, I quickly ran through a family tree; Jan the Elder, Willem Lodewijk, Ernst Casimir I, Hendrick Casimir I, right up to the little Margriet Franciska (born in 1943) in Ottawa.

12 o'clock: in the attic I continued my programme with deacons, parsons, ministers, popes and. . . . . Phew! Till 1 o'clock.

Just after 2, the poor child sat working (mm) again, this time studying Narrow- and broad-nosed monkeys. Kitty, tell me quickly how many toes a hippopotamus has! Then followed the Bible, Noah and the Ark, Shem, Ham and Jafeth. After that Charles V.

Then with Peter: the Colonel, in English, by Thackeray. Heard my French verbs and then compared the Mississippi with the Missouri!

Enough for today, good-bye!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Friday 28 April 1944.

Dear Kitty,

I have never forgotten my dream about Peter Schiff (see beginning of January), if I think of it, I can still feel his cheek against mine now, and recall that lovely feeling that made everything good. Sometimes I have had the feeling here with Peter, but never to such an extent, until yesterday, when we were, as usual, sitting on the divan, our arms around each other's waist, then suddenly the ordinary Anne slipped away and a 2nd Anne took her place, a second Anne who is not reckless and jocular, but one who just wants to love and be gentle. I sat pressed closely against him and felt a wave of emotion come over me, tears sprang into my eyes, the left one trickled on to his dungarees, the right one ran down my nose and also fell on to his dungarees. Did he notice? He made no move or sign to show that he did. I wonder if he feels the same as I do? He hardly said a word. Does he know that he has two Annes before him? These questions must remain unanswered. At half past 8 when Pf. had already gone through,

I stood up and went to the window, where we always say good-bye, I was still trembling, I was still Anne No. 2. He came towards me, I flung my arms around his neck and gave him a kiss on his left cheek, and was about to kiss the other cheek, when my lips met his and we just pressed them together. In a whirl we were clasped in each other's arms, again and again, never to leave off.

— —

Oh, Peter does so need tenderness. For the first time in his life he has discovered a girl, has seen for the first time that even the most irritating girls have another side to them, that they have hearts and can be different when you are alone with them.

For the first time in his life he has given of himself and, having never had a boy or girl friend in his life before, shown his real self. Now we have found each other. For that matter, I didn't know him either, like him having never had a trusted friend, and this is what it has come to. . . . . Once more there is a question which gives me no peace: 'Is it right?' Is it right that I should have yielded so soon, that I am so ardent, just as ardent and eager as Peter himself? May I, a girl, let myself go to this extent?

There is but one answer: 'I have longed so much and for so long – I am so lonely – and now I have found consolation.'

— —

In the mornings we behave in an ordinary way, in the afternoons more or less so (except just occasionally) but in the evenings the suppressed longings of the whole day, the happiness and blissful memories of all the previous occasions come to the surface and we only think of each other. Every evening, after the last kiss, I would like to dash away, not to look into his eyes any more – away, away, alone in the darkness. And what do I have to face when I reach the bottom of the staircase? Bright lights, questions, and laughter; I have to swallow it all and not show a thing.

My heart still feels too much; I can't get over a shock like the one I received yesterday all at once, the Anne who is gentle shows herself too little anyway and, therefore, will not allow herself to be suddenly driven into the background; Peter has touched my emotions more deeply than anyone has ever done before – except in my dreams. Peter has taken possession of me and turned me inside out; surely it goes without saying that anyone would require a rest and a little while to recover from such an upheaval? Oh Peter, what have you done to me? What do you want of me? Where will this lead us? Oh, now I understand Bep; now, now that I am going through this myself, now I understand her doubt; if I were older and he should ask me to marry him, what should I answer. Anne, be honest! You would not be able to marry him, but yet, it would be hard to let him go. Peter hasn't enough character yet, not enough will power, too little courage and strength. He is still a child in his heart of hearts, he is no older than I am; he is only searching for tranquillity and happiness.

Am I only fourteen? Am I really still a silly little schoolgirl? Am I really so inexperienced about everything? I have more experience than most; I have been through things that hardly anyone of my age has undergone.

I am afraid of myself, I am afraid that in my longing I'm giving myself too quickly. How, later on, can it ever go right with other boys? Oh it is so difficult, always battling with one's heart and reason; in its own time each will speak, but do I know for certain that I have chosen the right time?

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Tuesday 2 May 1944.

Dear Kitty,

On Saturday evening I asked Peter whether he thought that I ought to tell Daddy a bit about us; when we'd discussed it a little, he came to the conclusion that I should: I was glad, for it shows that he's a good boy. As soon as I got downstairs I went off with Daddy to get some water; and while we were on the stairs I said, 'Daddy I expect you've gathered that when we are together, Peter and I don't sit miles apart. Do you think it's wrong?' Daddy didn't reply immediately, then said, 'No I don't think it's wrong, but you must be careful, Anne; you are in such a confined space here.' When we went upstairs he said something else on the same lines.

On Sunday morning he called me to him and said: 'Anne, I have thought more about what you said (I felt scared already!), it's not really very right – here in this house; I thought that you were just pals, is Peter in love?'

'Oh, of course not,' I replied.

'You know that I understand both of you, but you must be the one to hold back; don't go upstairs so often, don't encourage him more than you can help. It is the man who is always the active one in these things; the woman can hold him back. It is quite different under normal circumstances, when you are free, you see other boys and girls, you can get away sometimes, play games and do all kinds of other things; but here if you're together a lot and you want to get away you can't; you see each other every hour of the day – in fact all the time. Be careful Anne, and don't take it too seriously!'

'I don't Daddy, but Peter is a decent boy, really a nice boy!'

'Yes, but he's not a strong character; he can be easily influenced, for good, but also for bad; I hope for his sake that his good side will remain uppermost, because, by nature, that is how he is.'

We talked on for a bit and agreed that Daddy should talk to him too.

On Sunday morning in the attic he asked: 'And have you talked to your father, Anne?'

'Yes,' I replied 'I'll tell you about it. Daddy doesn't think it's bad, but he says that here, where we're so close together all the time, clashes may easily arise.'

'But we agreed, didn't we, never to quarrel, and I'm determined to stick to it.'

'So will I Peter, but Daddy didn't think that it was like this, he thought we were pals; do you think that we still can be?'

'I can – what about you?'

‘Me too, I told Daddy that I trusted you. I do trust you, Peter, just as much as I trust Daddy, and I believe you to be worthy of it. You are, aren’t you?’

‘I hope so (He was very shy and rather red in the face).

‘I believe in you Peter,’ I went on ‘I believe that you have good qualities, and that you’ll get on in the world.’

After that we talked about other things. Later I said, ‘If we come out of here, I know quite well that you won’t bother about me any more’! He flared right up ‘that’s not true Anne, oh no, I won’t let you think that of me!’

Then we were called away.

— —

Daddy has talked to him; he told me about it on Monday. ‘Your father thought that the friendship might develop into love sooner or later he said, ‘but I replied that we would keep a check on ourselves!’

— —

Daddy doesn’t want me to go upstairs so much in the evenings now, but I don’t want that, not only because I like being with Peter; but I have told him that I trust him, I do trust him and I want to show him that I do, which can’t happen if I stay downstairs through lack of trust.

No, I’m going!’

— —

In the meantime the Pf. drama has righted itself again, at supper on Saturday evening he apologized in beautiful Dutch. V.P. was nice about it straight away, it must have taken Pf. a whole day to learn that little lesson off by heart.

Sunday, his birthday passed peacefully. We gave him a bottle of good 1919 wine, from the v.P.s (who could give their present now after all) a bottle of picalilly and a packet of razor blades, a jar of lemon (lemonade) from Kugler a book ‘Little Martin’ from Miep a plant from Bep. He treated each one of us to an egg.

yours, Anne M. Frank. in the evening!

(the food is calling!) half past 6.

Wednesday 3 May 1944.

Dear Kitty,

First, just the news of the week! We’re having a holiday from politics there is nothing absolutely nothing to announce. I too am gradually beginning to believe that the invasion will come. After all, they can’t let the Russians clear up everything; for that matter, they’re not doing anything either at the moment.

Mr Kleiman comes to the office every morning again now, his blood is still not back to normal and so he can’t see the specialist. He’s got a new spring for Peter’s divan, so Peter will have to do some upholstering, about which, quite understandably, he doesn’t feel a bit happy. Kleiman has also brought some flea powder for the cats.

Have I told you that Boche has disappeared? Simply vanished – we haven't seen a sign of him since Thursday of last week. I expect he's already in the cats' heaven, while some animal lover is enjoying a succulent meal from him. Perhaps some little rich girl will be given a fur cap out of his skin. Peter is very sad about it. Bep has won a real victory, she's going swimming with Bertus, how long will she be able to keep it up?

Since Saturday (two weeks ago) we have been having lunch at half past 11 in the mornings once a week; so we have to last out with one cupful of porridge. From tomorrow it will be like that every day, this saves us a meal. Vegetables are still very difficult to get hold of, we had rotten boiled lettuce this afternoon. Ordinary lettuce, spinach and boiled lettuce, there's nothing else. With these we eat rotten potatoes, so it's a delicious combination!

I hadn't had a period for over 2 months, but it finally started again on Sunday. Still, in spite of all the unpleasantness and bother, I'm glad it hasn't failed me any longer.

— —  
As you can easily imagine we often ask ourselves here despairingly: 'What, oh, what is the use of the war, why can't people live peacefully together, why all this destruction?'

The question is very understandable, but no one has found a satisfactory answer to it so far, yes, why do they make still more gigantic planes in England, still heavier bombs and then prefabricated houses for reconstruction? Why are millions spent daily on the war and not a penny on medical services, artists or on poor people? Why do some people have to starve while there are surpluses rotting in other parts of the world? Oh why are people so crazy?

I don't believe that the big men, the politicians and the capitalists alone are responsible for the war, oh no, the little man is just as guilty, otherwise the peoples of the world would have risen in revolt long ago! There's in people simply an urge to destroy, an urge to kill, to murder and rage and until all mankind without exception, undergoes a great change wars will be waged, everything that has been built up, cultivated and grown will be cut down and disfigured, to begin all over again after that!

— —  
I have often been downcast, but never in despair; I regard our hiding as a dangerous adventure, romantic and interesting at the same time. In my diary I treat all the privations as amusing. I have made up my mind now to lead a different life from other girls and, later on, different from ordinary housewives. My start has been so very full of interest, and that is the sole reason why I have to laugh at the comical side of the most dangerous moments.

I am young and I possess many buried qualities; I am young and strong and am living a great adventure; I am still in the midst of it and can't grumble the whole day long because I don't do anything but enjoy myself!

I have been given a lot, a happy nature, a great deal of cheerfulness and strength. Every day I feel that I am developing inwardly, that the liberation is drawing nearer and how beautiful nature is, how good the people about me, how interesting and amusing this adventure! Why, then, should I be in despair?

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Friday 5 May 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

Daddy is not pleased with me, he thought that after our talk on Sunday I automatically wouldn't go upstairs every evening. He doesn't want any 'necking', a word I can't bear. It was bad enough talking about it, why must he make it so unpleasant now! I shall talk to him today, Margot has got some good advice for me, so listen; this is roughly what I want to say:

'I believe Daddy that you expect a declaration from me, so I will give it to you. You are disappointed in me, as you had expected more reserve from me, and I suppose you want me to be just as a fourteen-year-old should be, but that's where you're mistaken!

'Since we've been here, from July 1942 until a few weeks ago, I can assure you that I haven't had an easy time. If you only knew how I cried my fill in the evenings, how desperate and unhappy I was, how lonely I felt, then you would understand that I want to go upstairs! I have now reached the stage that I can live entirely on my own, without Mummy's support or anyone else's for that matter. But it hasn't just happened in a night; it's been a bitter, hard struggle and I've shed many a tear, before I became as independent as I am now. You can laugh at me and not believe me, but that can't harm me. I know that I'm a separate individual and I don't feel in the least bit responsible to any of you. I am only telling you this because I thought that otherwise you might think that I was underhand, but I don't have to give an account of my deeds to anyone but myself.

'When I was in difficulties you all closed your eyes and stopped up your ears and didn't help me; on the contrary, I received nothing but warnings not to be so boisterous. I was only boisterous so as not to be miserable all the time. I was reckless so as not to hear that persistent voice within me continually. I played a comedy for a year and a half, day in, day out, I never grumbled, never missed my cue, nothing like that, and now, now the battle is over. I have won! I am independent both in mind and body. I don't need a mother any more, for all this conflict has made me strong!

'And now that I'm on top of it, now that I know that I've fought the battle, now I want to be able to go on in my own way too, the way that I think is right. You can't and mustn't regard me as fourteen, for all these troubles have made me older; I shall not be sorry for what I have done but shall act as I think I can! You can't coax me into not going upstairs; either you forbid it, or you trust me through thick and through thin, but then leave me in peace as well!'

yours, Anne M. Frank.

± a week ago there was a report in the paper about a man who caught hold of a cat that had entered his home uninvited and killed it with a poker. The judge sentenced him to 1 month in prison.

In this connection the following poem<sup>30</sup>  
*Catastrophes.*

*This paper your obedient servant  
Receives from this source and from that  
Several catty notes and strictures  
And all about the neighbour's cat  
The neighbour's cat digs up the garden  
Scatters seeds just neatly sown  
Laps up milk without a coupon  
Wolfs the poor canary down  
Then without your kind permission  
In your house decides to stay  
Steals your meat and never falters  
If there is no litter tray  
'Tis small wonder that your neighbour  
Works himself into a state,  
Not least when the cat serenely  
Laughs at his unhappy fate  
If he can no longer bear it  
And does to death the neighbour's cat:  
Two camps soon are on the warpath:  
Both have got their cases pat.  
Each side raises in the paper,  
A major question of its own:  
Why can't cats pay friendly visits?  
No, why not put the cat plague down?  
.. .. .  
There are two sides to every question,  
As this case makes clear again;  
And the wise man will endeavour,  
To keep his distance from the twain.  
Then he'll see the next-door cat  
Also has another side  
(Would King Solomon the Wise  
To this day with us abide!)*



*Not because he owns a cat,  
But because it is a fact,  
And because he senses that  
Justice is mere tit for tat.  
Very likely (I'm not certain)  
Solomon would have decreed:  
Over quarrels draw a curtain  
Peaceful be in thought and deed!  
Be you cat fans or cat foes,  
Let the latter buy a hose  
Banish cats with water spray.  
But on no account them slay;  
Let the former keep his cats,  
Safe as houses in his home,  
For they are domestic pets,  
And as such they must not roam. . . . .*

*Clinge Doorenbos.*

Saturday 6 May 1944.

Dear Kitty,

I put my letter in his pocket before supper yesterday, according to Margot he was very upset for the rest of the evening after he read it. (I was upstairs doing the dishes!) Poor Pim, I might have known what the effect of such an epistle would be! He is so sensitive! I immediately told Peter not to ask or say anything more.

Pim hasn't yet said anything about it to me. Is that yet in store I wonder?

Here everything is going on more or less normally again. Kleiman didn't feel very well yesterday, and went home early, Miep is cross with us; she always sides with Pf. and isn't being very friendly towards us. Bep went to the hairdresser today, a new perm! What Jan, Kugler and Kleiman tell us about the prices and people outside is almost unbelievable, a ½ pound of tea costs 350 florins. A ½ pound of coffee 80 florins. Butter 35 florins per pound, an egg 1.45 florins. People pay 14 florins for an ounce of Bulgarian cigarettes! Everyone deals in the black market, every errand boy has something to offer. Our baker's boy got hold of some sewing silk for us, 0.9 florin for a thin little skein, the milkman manages to get clandestine ration cards, the undertaker delivers the cheese. Burglaries, murders, and theft go on daily. The police and night watchmen join in just as strenuously as the professionals, everyone wants something in their empty stomachs and because wage increases are forbidden the people simply have to cheat. The police are continually on the go tracing girls of fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, 18 and older who are reported missing every day.

Nellie Voskuyl is in L'aône in France. There has been terrible bombing and she wants to come home at any price. She rang one of her many friends, an airman from

Eindhoven, in the middle of the night and begged him to help her. A good opportunity for her to leave came with the illness of her father, but she was only able to return home if the old man died.

Nellie is deeply worried about her past behaviour and has asked for forgiveness in her letters. Is it any wonder that the Voskuyls have long since been placated? It certainly isn't!

I want to try and finish the story of Ellen, the fairy.<sup>31</sup> I can give it to Daddy for fun on his birthday, together with all author's rights. See you soon (that's not really the right phrase, in the German-language broadcasts from England they say: until you hear us again; so what I should write is, until I write again!)

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Sunday morning 7 May 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Daddy and I had a long talk yesterday afternoon, I cried terribly and he joined in. Do you know what he said to me, Kitty? 'I have received many letters in my life, but this is certainly the most unpleasant! You, Anne, who have received such love from your parents, you, who have parents who are always ready to help you, who have always defended you whatever it might be, you talk of feeling no responsibility towards us! You feel wronged and deserted; no Anne, you have done us a great injustice!

'Perhaps you didn't mean it like that, but it is what you wrote; no Anne, 'we' haven't deserved such a reproach as this!'

Oh I have failed miserably; this is certainly the worst thing I've ever done in my life. I was only trying to show off with my crying and my tears, just trying to appear big, so that he would respect me. Certainly, I had had a lot of unhappiness, and as far as Mummy is concerned all of it is true, but to accuse the good Pim, who has done and still does do everything for me – no, that was too low for words.

It's right that for once I've been taken down from my inaccessible pedestal, that my pride has been shaken a bit, for I was becoming much too taken up with myself again. What Miss Anne does is by no means always right! Anyone who can cause such unhappiness to someone else, someone he professes to love, and on purpose, too, is low, very low!

And the way Daddy has forgiven me makes me feel more than ever ashamed of myself, he is going to throw the letter in the fire and is so sweet to me now, just as if he had done something wrong. No, Anne, you still have a tremendous lot to learn, begin by doing that first, instead of looking down on others and accusing them!

I have had a lot of sorrow, but who hasn't at my age? I have played the clown a lot too, but I was hardly conscious of it; I felt lonely but hardly ever in despair! I have never been in such a state as Daddy, who once ran out on to the street with a knife in his hand to put an end to it all.

I ought to be deeply ashamed of myself, and indeed I am; what is done cannot be undone, but one can prevent it happening again. I want to start from the beginning again and it can't be difficult, now that I have Peter. With him to support me I can and will! I'm not alone any more; he loves me. I love him, I have my books, my storybook and my diary, I'm not so frightfully ugly, not utterly stupid, have a cheerful temperament and want to have a good character!

Yes, Anne, you've felt deeply that your letter was too hard and that it is untrue. To think that you were even proud of it! I will take Daddy as my example, and I will improve.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Monday 8 May 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Have I ever really told you anything about our family? I don't think I have, so I will begin now. Daddy was born in Frankfurt am Main, his parents were immensely rich, Michael Frank owned a bank and became a millionaire and Alice Stern had very rich and distinguished parents. Michael Frank had not been at all rich when he was young, but he duly worked his way up. In his youth Daddy had a real little rich boy's upbringing, parties every week, balls, festivities, beautiful girls, waltzing, dinners, a large home, etc., etc. After Grandpa's death all the money was lost and after the World War and the inflation nothing was left at all. Before the war they still had quite a few rich relatives, such as Olga Spitzer in Paris and Milly Stanfield in London. And Jacob and Hermann in Luxembourg couldn't complain of lack of money either. Daddy was therefore extremely well brought up and he laughed very much yesterday when, for the first time in his fifty-five years, he scraped out the frying pan at table.

Mummy was not so rich, but was still very well off and we listen open-mouthed to the stories of engagement parties of two hundred and fifty people, private balls and dinners.

One certainly could no longer call us rich, but all my hopes are pinned on after the war, I can assure you I'm not at all keen on having a narrow cramped existence, like, say, Mummy and Margot. I'd adore to go to Paris for a year and London for a year to learn the languages and study the history of art. Compare that with Margot, who wants to be a midwife in Palestine.

I always long to see beautiful dresses and interesting people, I want to see something of the world and do all kinds of exciting things, I've already told you this before, and a little money as well won't do any harm!

— —

Miep told us this morning about the party she went to on Saturday to celebrate the engagement of her cousin. The cousin in question is 27 years old and the bridegroom is 23. The cousin is a nice, buxom girl with rich parents, the bridegroom a short, weedy boy with even richer parents. Both are only children and can therefore count on

inheriting from both sides. Miep made our mouths water telling us about the food they had: Vegetable soup with minced meat balls in it, cheese, rolls with minced meat, hors d'oeuvres with eggs and roast beef, cheese rolls, fancy cakes, wine and cigarettes, as much as you wanted of everything.

Miep had ten drinks and smoked 3 cigarettes; can that be the woman who calls herself a teetotaler? If Miep had all those, I wonder however many her spouse managed to knock back? Naturally all those at the party were a bit tipsy; there were two policemen from the homicide branch, who took photos of the engaged couple; you can see that we are never far from Miep's thoughts, because she memorized the addresses of these men at once, in case anything should happen at some time or other, and good Dutchmen might come in useful. She made our mouths water. We, who get nothing but two spoonfuls of porridge for our breakfast and whose tummies were so empty that they were positively rattling, we, who get nothing but half-cooked spinach (to preserve the vitamins!) and rotten potatoes day after day, we, who get nothing but lettuce, cooked or raw, spinach and yet again spinach in our hollow stomachs. Perhaps we may yet grow to be as strong as Popeye, although I don't see much sign of it at present!

If Miep had taken us to the party we shouldn't have left any rolls for the other guests. If we had been at the party we should undoubtedly have snatched up the whole lot and left not even the furniture in place!

I can tell you, we positively drew the words from Miep's lips, we gathered round her as if we'd never heard about delicious food or smart people in our lives before! And these are the granddaughters of a renowned millionaire, the world is a queer place!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Tuesday 9 May 1944.

Dear Kitty,

I've finished my story of Ellen, the fairy. I have copied it out on nice notepaper, decorated it in red ink and sewn it together. It certainly looks very attractive, but I don't really know if it's enough. Margot and Mummy have both written birthday poems.

We are going to be able to get almost 50 pre-war petit fours from Siemons the baker.

Mr Kugler came upstairs this afternoon with the news that Mrs Broks wants to eat her box lunch here at 2 o'clock every afternoon from Monday onwards. Think of it! No one can come upstairs any more, the potatoes cannot be delivered, Bep can't have any lunch, we can't go to the w.c., we mustn't move and all sorts of other unpleasantnesses! We thought up the wildest and most varied suggestions to wheedle her away. Mummy told Mr Kugler her ideas on the subject, v.P. thought that a good

laxative in her coffee would be sufficient. 'No,' replied Kleiman 'I beg of you not, then we'd never get her off the box!'

Resounding laughter 'off the box', asked Mrs v.P., 'what does that mean?' An explanation followed 'can I always use it?' she then asked stupidly. 'Imagine it,' Bep giggled 'if one asked for the box in Bijenkorf's they wouldn't even understand what you mean!'

Pf. now sits down promptly at half past 12 'on the box', to continue using that expression, this afternoon I resolutely picked up a piece of pink paper and wrote on it: W.C. regulations for Mr Pfeffer.

in the mornings 7.15–7.30  
in the afternoons after 1 o'clock

at other times according to requirement!

I fastened this to the green w.c. door while he was still inside, I could easily have added: Anyone breaking this law will be locked in!

Because our lavatory can be locked from the outside as well as the inside.

Latest joke from v.P.:

After a bible lesson about Adam and Eve, a 13-year-old boy asked his father: 'Tell me Daddy, how exactly was I born?'

'Well,' answered his father 'the stork lifted you out of the big sea, laid you in your mother's bed and then pecked her leg hard. That made her bleed so much she had to stay in bed for over a week.'

Not fully satisfied the boy asked his mother for further details. 'Tell me Mummy,' he asked 'how exactly were you born and how was I born?'

His mother told him precisely the same story, whereupon the boy turned to the fount of all wisdom, that is to say his grandfather. 'Tell me Grandpa,' he said 'how were you born and how was your daughter born?' And for the third time he heard the same story.

In the evening he made the following entry in his diary: 'Following very careful inquiries I have had to conclude that there has been no sexual intercourse in our family for the last three generations!'

I still have work to do, it's 3 o'clock already.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

P.S. I have already told you about the new charwoman, so I just want to add that this lady is married, 60 years old and hard of hearing! Most acceptable because of the sounds that might filter through from 8 people in hiding.

Oh Kit, it's such wonderful weather, if only I could go outdoors!

yours, Anne

Wednesday 10 May 1944.

Dear Kitty,

We were sitting in the attic doing some French yesterday afternoon when I suddenly heard water pattering down behind me, I asked Peter what it could be, but he didn't even reply, simply tore up to the loft, where the site of the disaster was, and pushed Mouschi, who, because of the wet earth box, had sat down beside it, harshly back to the right place. A great din and disturbance followed, and Mouschi, who had finished peeing by that time, dashed downstairs.

Mouschi, seeking the convenience of something similar to his box, had chosen some wood shavings over a crack in the porous floor of the loft, the pool had trickled down from the loft into the attic immediately and, unfortunately, landed just beside and in the barrel of potatoes.

The ceiling was dripping, and as the attic floor is not free from holes either, several yellow drips came through the ceiling into the dining room between a pile of stockings and a book lying on the table.

I was doubled up with laughter, it really was such a scream. There was Mouschi crouching under a chair, Peter with water, bleaching powder, and floor cloth and v.P. trying to soothe everyone. The calamity was soon over, but it's a well-known fact that cats' puddles positively stink, the potatoes proved this only too clearly and also the wood shavings, that Daddy took downstairs in a bucket to be burned. Poor Mouschi! How were you to know that peat is unobtainable?

Anne.

— —

Thursday 11 May 1944.

Dear Kitty,

A new piece of drama to make you laugh:

Peter's hair was due to be cut, the hairdresser to be his mother, as usual. At 25 past 7 Peter disappeared into his room, on the stroke of half past he came out again, stripped down to his blue swimming trunks and gym shoes.

'Are you coming?' he asked his mother.

'Yes, but I'm still looking for the scissors!'

Joining in the search, Peter rummaged about clumsily in Mrs v.P.'s dressing table drawer. 'Don't make such a mess, Peter,' she grumbled, I didn't catch Peter's reply, but it must have been rude, because Mrs v.P. gave him a slap on the arm, he gave her one back, then she hit out as hard as she could and Peter pulled his arm back with a funny expression. 'You're coming along with me, old girl!' Mrs v.P. stayed put, Peter grabbed her by the wrists and pulled her by them right across the room, Mrs v.P. wept, laughed, scolded and stamped, none of it helped, Peter carried his prisoner off as far as the attic stairs, where he had to let go of her. Mrs v.P. came back to the room and sighing loudly collapsed into a chair.

‘The Escape of the Mother,’<sup>32</sup> I joked.

‘Yes, but he hurt me.’

I went to look and cooled her hot, red wrists with some water. Peter, still by the stairs, grew impatient again and stepped into the room, belt in hand like a lion tamer. But Mrs v.P. didn’t budge, she stayed where she was sitting by the desk and looking for a handkerchief. ‘First you’ve got to apologize!’ ‘All right, then, I offer you my apologies herewith, because it’s getting late!’ Mrs v.P. had to laugh despite herself, got up and went to the door. Here she felt obliged to give us an explanation first. (us were Daddy, Mummy and myself, we were busy doing the dishes) ‘At home he was never like that,’ she said ‘he would have had a slap from me that would have sent him flying down the stairs (!), he has never been so rude, it’s not the first time he’s had a slap, but this is what modern education does for you, modern children, I would never grab my mother like that, did you ever behave like that with your mother, Mr Frank?’ She was terribly worked up, walked up and down, talked nineteen to the dozen and still hadn’t gone upstairs. At long, long last off she slunk.

She hadn’t been upstairs for 5 minutes when she stormed down again, cheeks puffed out, flung down her apron and when I asked if she had finished answered by saying that she was just going downstairs and then flew down like a whirlwind, probably straight into the arms of her Putti.

She didn’t come up again until 8 o’clock, her husband came with her, Peter was taken to the attic, was given a merciless dressing down and called a few names, lout, good-for-nothing, ill-mannered, a bad example, Anne is this, Margot does that, I couldn’t hear the rest.

It looks as if things have settled down again today!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

P.S. On Tuesday and Wednesday night our beloved queen spoke to us. She is taking a holiday in order to be strong for her return to Holland. She used words like, soon, when I am back, speedy liberation, heroism and heavy burdens.

A speech by Gerbrandi followed, he has such a whining little child’s voice that Mummy could not help saying ‘oh, dear.’ A clergyman, who must have pinched his voice from Mr Edel, concluded by asking God to take care of the Jews, the people in concentration camps, prisons and in Germany.<sup>33</sup>

yours, Anne

Thursday 11 May 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Because I’ve left my entire ‘junk box’ including my fountain pen upstairs and since I can’t disturb their siesta (half past 2) you will have to make do with a letter written in pencil.

I'm frightfully busy at the moment, and although it sounds mad, I haven't time to get through my pile of work. Shall I tell you briefly what I have got to do? Well, then, by tomorrow I must finish reading the first book of Galileo Galilei, as it has to be returned to the library. I only started it yesterday, I'm now on p. 220, it has 320 pages in all so I shall manage. Next week I have got to read Palestine at the Crossroads and the 2nd part of Galilei. Next I finished reading the first part of the life of emperor Charles V yesterday, and it's essential that I work out all the diagrams and family trees that I have collected from it. After that I have 3 pp. of foreign words gathered from various books, which have all got to be recited, entered and learned.

Number 4 is that my film stars are all mixed up together and are simply gasping to be tidied up, however, as such a clearance would take quite a few days, and since professor Anne, as she's already said, is choked with work, the chaos will have to remain a chaos. Next Theseus, Oidipus, Peleus, Orpheus, Jason and Hercules are awaiting their turn to be arranged, as their different deeds lie crisscross in my mind like fancy threads in a dress; it's also high time Myron and Phidias had some treatment, if they are to be placed in context. Likewise it's the same as the seven and nine years' war; I'm mixing everything up together at this rate. Yes, but what can one do with such a memory! Think how forgetful I shall be when I'm 80!

Oh, something else, the bible; how long is it still going to take before I meet the bathing Susanna? And what do they mean by the guilt of Sodom and Gomorrah? Oh, there is still such a terrible lot to find out and to learn. And in the meantime I've left Liselotte von der Pfaltz completely in the lurch.

Kitty, can you see that I'm just about bursting?

I mustn't forget the latest news, Nellie Voskuyl is back from L'aône, and arrived here with tin hat and gas mask. For the past few weeks they did nothing over there but sit in an air raid shelter, Nellie was terribly frightened. And then she was longing for home and for her father, each evening she went to the commander of the airfield and asked him for leave, the commander was annoyed and asked if she couldn't have come before instead of after supper. 'Out of the question,' replied Nellie, 'I don't want to have my appetite spoiled as well.' She also told the commander that she would never forgive the Germans if her father died without her having been able to say goodbye to him. But because she was the only good worker on the airfield the commander didn't want to let her go, but finally he did give in to her pleas.

The radio has said more than once that certain people, girls as well as boys, women as well as men, will be punished after the war for treason. In the Dutch underground movement there is talk about concentration camps in Dutch Guinea. For Nellie the best solution would be to marry a German, then she would be treated like an ordinary German citizen.

They are sure here that Nellie is not one hundred per cent right in the head. Just take for example the queen's photograph which she carried in her handbag to L'aône



and about which she had a row with a colleague. Next to the queen there was quite probably a photograph of the Führer!

Now about something else: you've known for a long time that my greatest wish is to become a journalist someday and later on a famous writer. Whether these leanings towards greatness (insanity!) will ever materialize remains to be seen, but I certainly have the subjects in my mind. In any case, I want to publish a book entitled het Achterhuis after the war, whether I shall succeed or not, I cannot say, but my diary will be a great help. Cady's life must also be finished; this is how I've imagined the continuation of the story, after being cured in the sanatorium Cady goes back home and continues to correspond with Hans. It's 1941, and it doesn't take her long to discover that Hans leans towards the NSB and because Cady is deeply concerned about the fate of the Jews and of her friend Marianne, the two draw apart. The final break comes after a meeting where they make it up again, but then Hans gets himself another girl. Cady is deeply hurt and decides to get a good job and to become a nurse. Once she has learned how to do that, she goes at the insistence of one of her father's friends to Switzerland to do nursing in a sanatorium. During her first holiday she goes to Lake Como where she runs into Hans. Hans tells her that he got married two years before to Cady's successor, but that his wife took her life during a fit of depression.

Walking beside her he suddenly remembered how much he used to love little Cady and asked for her hand again. Cady refused, though she still loved him despite herself, her pride wouldn't let her. Hans then left and years later Cady learned that he had finished up in England where he was in poor health.

When Cady was 27, she married a well-to-do farmer, Simon, she began to like him very much, but not as much as Hans. She had two daughters and a son, Lilian, Judith and Nico. Simon and she were happy together, but Hans always remained in the back of Cady's mind, until one night she took her leave of him in a dream.

It isn't sentimental nonsense for it's modelled on the story of Daddy's life.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Saturday 13 May 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

It was Daddy's birthday yesterday, Mummy and Daddy have been married nineteen years. The charwoman wasn't below and the sun shone as it has never shone before in 1944. Our horse chestnut is in full bloom, chock-full of leaves and much more beautiful than last year.

Daddy received a biography of the life of Linnaeus from Kleiman, a nature book from Kugler as well, 'Amsterdam by the Water' from Pf., a gigantic box from v.P., beautifully done up and almost professionally decorated, containing 3 eggs, 1 bottle of beer, 1 yoghurt, and a green tie. It made our pot of syrup seem rather small. My roses

smelled lovely compared with Miep's and Bep's red carnations. He was certainly spoiled.

Fifty fancy pastries arrived from Siemons, heavenly! Daddy also treated us to spiced gingerbread, beer for the gentlemen and yoghurt for the ladies. Enjoyment all around!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Tuesday 16 May 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

Just for a change (as we haven't had them for so long) I want to tell you about a little discussion that went on between Mr and Mrs v.P. yesterday.

Mrs v.P.: 'The Germans are sure to have made the Atlantic wall very strong indeed, in the meantime, they will certainly do all in their power to hold back the English. It's amazing how strong the Germans are!'

Mr v.P.: 'Oh yes incredibly!'

Mrs v.P.: 'Ye-es!'

Mr v.P.: 'The Germans are so strong they're sure to win the war in the end in spite of everything.'

Mrs v.P.: 'It's quite possible, I'm not convinced of the opposite yet.'

Mr v.P.: 'I won't bother to reply any more.'

Mrs v.P.: 'Still you always do answer me, you can't resist capping me every time.'

Mr v.P.: 'Of course not, but my replies are the bare minimum.'

'Mrs v.P.: 'But still you do reply, and you always have to be in the right! Your prophecies don't always come true by a long shot!'

Mr v.P.: 'They have up till now.'

Mrs v.P.: 'That's not true. The invasion was to have come last year, and the Finns were to have been out of the war by now. Italy was finished in the winter, but the Russians would already have Lemberg; oh, no, I don't think much of your prophecies.'

Mr v.P.: (standing up) It's about time you shut your mouth. I'll still show you that I'm right; sooner or later you'll have had enough of it. I can't bear any more of your grouching. You're so infuriating but you'll stew in your own juice one day.'

End of Part I.

— —

I really couldn't help laughing. Mummy too, while Peter sat biting his lip, oh, those stupid grown-ups, they'd do better to start learning themselves, before they have so much to say to the younger generation!

— —

Since Friday the windows have been kept open again at night.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

*What the 'Secret Annexe' family is interested in.*

*(Systematic survey of subjects being learned and reading matter).*

*Mr v.P.: learns nothing. Looks up a great deal in Knaur's Lexicon. Likes to read detective stories, medical books, exciting and trivial romances.*

*Mrs v.P.: learns English by correspondence, likes to read fictional biography & some novels.*

*Mr Fr.: learns English (Dickens!) and a little Latin, never reads novels but likes serious and dry-as-dust descriptions of people and countries.*

*Mrs Fr.: learns English by correspondence, reads everything except detective stories.*

*Mr Pf.: learns English, Spanish and Dutch, without noticeable results. Reads everything, agrees with the majority.*

*Peter v.P.: learns English, French (written), Dutch shorthand, German shorthand, English commercial correspondence, woodwork, economics and some arithmetic. Reads little. Some geog.*

*Margot Fr.: learns English, French, Latin by correspondence, English shorthand, German shorthand, Dutch shorthand, Mechanics, Trigonometry, Solid Geometry, Physics, Chemistry, Algebra, Geometry, English literature, French literature, German literature, Dutch literature, Bookkeeping, Geography, Modern History, Biology, Economics, reads everything, preferably on religion and medicine*

*Anne Fr.: learns French, English, German, Dutch Shorthand, Geometry, Algebra, History, Geography, History of Art, Mythology, biology, Bible history. Dutch literature, loves reading biographies, dull or exciting, historical books (novels and light reading sometimes).*

Friday 19 May 44.

Dear Kitty,

I felt rotten yesterday, really out of sorts (unusual that for Anne!) with headache, tummy-ache and anything else you can imagine, I'm much better again today, feel very hungry but I won't touch the kidney beans we're having today.

Bep went to a wedding reception on Wednesday evening, true the bride was a widow with a 2½ year old child, but that didn't mean less fun, she drank a great deal and has a bit of a hangover, everything else passed off smoothly.

The Ans Broks danger has been staved off until next Monday, perhaps it can still be averted altogether. Miep has brought us two white blouses, the ones that have been with the seamstress for a year, the new one has turned out very nice, with a lace border on the front, sleeves and collar. The Voskuyls are having the old trouble again, Nellie is never at home, must be that attractive Eindhoven, Dad stays in bed and sobs a lot. Is it any wonder? He himself says that he may not be able to get out of bed anymore and now they are so worried about him. Nellie has written a rude letter to the commander in L'aône saying that she can't come back until she gets new shoes, because she can't go around in such worn out rubbish. All goes well with Peter and me. The poor boy seems to need a little love even more than I do, he blushes every evening when he gets

his good-night kiss and simply begs for another. I wonder if I'm a good substitute for Boche? I don't mind, he is so happy now that he knows that someone loves him. After my laborious conquest I've got the situation a bit more in hand now, but I don't think my love has cooled off, he's a darling, but I soon closed up my inner self from him, if he wants to force the lock again he'll have to work a good deal harder than before!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Saturday 20 May 1944.

Dear Kitty,

At long last after a great deal of reflection I have started my 'Achterhuis', in my head it is as good as finished, although it won't go as quickly as that really, if it ever comes off at all.

Last evening I came downstairs from the attic and as I entered the room saw at once the lovely vase of carnations lying on the floor, Mummy down on hands and knees mopping up and Margot fishing up my papers from the floor. 'What's happened here?' I asked, full of misgivings and, not even waiting for their answer, tried to sum up the damage from a distance. My whole portfolio of family trees, writing books, textbooks, everything was drenched. I nearly wept and was so worked up that I began to speak in German, I can hardly remember what I said but Margot said that I let fly something about 'incalculable loss, schrecklich, entzetslich, nie zu ergänzen', and still more. Daddy burst out laughing, Mummy and Margot joined in, but I could have cried over all the toil that was wasted, and the diagrams I'd so carefully worked out.

On closer inspection the incalculable loss didn't turn out to be quite as bad as I thought. I carefully sorted out all the papers that were stuck together and separated them in the attic. After that I hung them all up on the clothes lines to dry. It was a funny sight and I couldn't help laughing myself, Maria de Medici beside Charles the Fifth, William of Orange and Marie Antoinette, it's a 'racial outrage' was Mr v. Pels's joke on the subject. After I'd entrusted my pamphlets into Peter's care I went downstairs again.

'Which books are gone?' I asked Margot who was looking them over. 'Algebra,' Margot said. I hurried to her, but unfortunately not even the Algebra book was spoiled.

I wish it had fallen right in the vase, I've never loathed any other book so much as that one. There are the names of at least twenty girls in the front all previous owners; it is old, yellow, full of scribbles, crossings out and improvements. If I'm ever in a really very wicked mood I'll tear the blasted thing to pieces!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Monday 22 May 1944.

Dear Kitty,

On May 20th Daddy lost 5 bottles of yoghurt, having had a bet with Mrs v.P. The invasion still hasn't come yet, it's no exaggeration to say that all Amsterdam, all

Holland, yes, the whole west coast of Europe, right down to Spain talks about the invasion day and night, debates about it, makes bets, and . . . . hopes.

The suspense is rising to its peak; by no means all those we regard as 'good' Dutch have stuck to their faith in the English; by no means everyone thinks the English bluff a masterly piece of strategy, oh no the people want to see deeds at last, great, heroic deeds.

Nobody sees beyond his own nose, no one thinks that the English are fighting for their own land and their own people; everyone thinks that it's their duty to save Holland as quickly and as well as they can. What obligations do the English really have? how have all the Dutch earned the generous help that they seem so explicitly to expect? Oh no, the Dutch will have made a big mistake, the English, in spite of all their bluff, are certainly no more to blame than all the other countries great and small which are not under occupation. The English really won't apologize, they were sleeping while Germany was rearming, but all the other countries, especially those that bordered on Germany, also slept. You don't get anywhere by following an ostrich policy, England and the whole world have seen that only too well now, and they all, one by one, England no less than the rest, will have to pay dearly for it.

No country is going to sacrifice its men for nothing and certainly not in the interests of another. England is not going to do that either. The invasion, with liberation and freedom, will come sometime; but England can choose the day, not all the occupied countries put together.

— —

To our great horror and regret we hear that the attitude of a great many people towards us Jews has changed. We hear that there is anti-Semitism now in circles that never thought of it before. This news has affected all 8 of us very very deeply. The cause of this hatred of the Jews is understandable, even human sometimes, but not good. The Christians blame the Jews for giving secrets away to the Germans, for helping to betray them and for the fact that, through the fault of the Jews, a great many Christians have gone the way of so many others before them, and suffered terrible punishments and a dreadful fate. This is all true. But they should look at these things from both sides; would Christians behave differently in our place? Can a person, whether Jew or Christian, remain silent in the face of German methods? Everyone knows that it is practically impossible. Why, then, should people demand the impossible of the Jews?

It's being murmured in underground circles that the German Jews who emigrated to Holland and who are now in Poland will not be allowed to return here, they once had the right of asylum in Holland but when Hitler is gone they will have to go back to Germany again.

When one hears this one naturally wonders why we are carrying on with this long and difficult war. We always hear that we're all fighting together for freedom, truth and right! Is discord going to show itself while we are still fighting, is the Jew once again worth less than another? Oh, it is sad, very sad, that once more, for the umpteenth

time, the old truth is confirmed: What one Christian does is his own responsibility, what one Jew does is thrown back at all Jews.

Quite honestly, I can't grasp that the Dutch, who are such a good, honest, upright people, should judge us like this, we, the most oppressed, unhappiest, perhaps the most pitiful of all peoples of the whole world.

I hope one thing only, and that is that this hatred of the Jews will be a passing thing, that the Dutch will show what they are after all, and that they will never totter and lose their sense of right, for this is unjust!

And if this terrible threat should actually come true, then the pitiful little collection of the Jews that remain in Holland will have to leave. We, too, shall have to move on again with our little bundles, and leave this beautiful country, which offered us such a warm welcome and which now turns its back on us.

I love Holland. I who, having no native country, had hoped that it would become my fatherland, and I still hope it will!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Thursday 25 May 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Bep is engaged! In itself the fact is not so astonishing although none of us is very happy about it. Bertus may be a steady, kind, sportsmanlike young man, but Bep doesn't really love him and for me that's reason enough to advise her not to get married.

Bep's only ambition is to work her way up and Bertus keeps pulling her down; he is a working man without interests and without any urge to get ahead and I don't believe that Bep will be happy with that.

It's easy to understand why Bep wanted to bring this half-hearted business to an end; only 4 weeks ago she wrote him off but then she felt even more miserable and so she took him back again and now they are engaged.

There are a great many factors involved in this engagement, firstly her sick father, who likes Bertus a lot, secondly that she is the oldest of the Voskuyl girls and that her mother nags her about being a spinster, thirdly that she is still only 24 and that matters a great deal to Bep.

Mummy says she would have preferred it if Bep had just had an affair with him, I can't agree, I feel sorry for Bep and can understand how lonely she was. In any case, they can only get married when the war is over because Bertus does illegal things on the black market and neither of them has a penny or any kind of trousseau. What a dreary outlook for Bep, whom all of us wish so well. I only hope Bertus will change under her influence, or that Bep will yet find a nice man who is worthy of her!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

The same day.

There's something fresh every day. This morning v. Hoeven was picked up for having two Jews in his house. It is a great blow to us, not only that those poor Jews are balancing on the edge of an abyss, it's terrible for v. Hoeven.

The world has turned topsy-turvy, the most respectable people are being sent off to concentration camps, prisons, and lonely cells, and the dregs that remain govern young and old, rich and poor. One person walks into the trap through the black market, a second through Jews or other people who've had to go 'underground'; anyone who isn't one of the NSBers doesn't know what may happen to him from one day to another.

V. Hoeven is a great loss to us too. First it was Br. but v. Hoeven is even worse. Bep can't and isn't allowed to haul along our share of potatoes, so the only thing to do is to eat less. I will tell you how we shall do that; but it's certainly not going to make things any pleasanter. Mummy says we shall cut out breakfast altogether, have porridge and bread for lunch, and for supper fried potatoes and possibly once or twice per week vegetables or lettuce, nothing else.

We're going to be hungry, but nothing is worse than being discovered.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Friday 26 May 1944

Dearest Kitty,

At last, at last I can sit quietly at my table in front of a crack of open window and write you everything.

I feel more miserable than I have for months, even after the burglary I didn't feel so utterly broken. On the one hand van Hoeven, the Jewish question, which is being discussed minutely over the whole house, the invasion delay, the bad food, the strain, the miserable atmosphere, my disappointment in Peter; and on the other hand, Bep's engagement, Whitsun reception, flowers, Kugler's birthday, fancy cakes and stories about cabarets, films and concerts. That difference, that huge difference, it's always there, one day we laugh and see the comical side of the situation, but the next we are afraid, fear, suspense and despair staring from our faces. Miep and Kugler carry the heaviest burden of us and all those in hiding, Miep in all she does, and Kugler through the enormous responsibility for the 8 of us, which is sometimes so much for him that he can hardly talk from pent-up nerves and strain. Kleiman and Bep look after us well too, but they can forget us at times, even if it's only for a few hours, or a day, or even two days. They have their own worries, Kleiman over his health, Bep over her engagement, which is not altogether rosy, but they also have their little outings, visits to friends, the whole life of ordinary people, for them the suspense is sometimes lifted, even if it is only for a short time, but for us it has never lifted for a moment, not for two years now and how long will it still keep bearing down on us with its almost unbearable, ever more oppressive hand?

The sewer is blocked again, so we mustn't run water or rather only a trickle; when we go to the w.c. we have to take a lavatory brush with us, and we keep dirty water in a large cologne pot. We can manage for today, but what if the plumber can't do the job alone, the municipality doesn't come until Tuesday. Miep sent us a currant cake, made up in the shape of a doll with the words 'Happy Whitsun' on the note attached to it, it's almost as if she's ridiculing us; our present frame of mind and our uneasiness could hardly be called 'happy'.

The van Hoeven affair has made us more nervous, you hear sh from all sides again and we're being quieter over everything. The police forced the door there, so they could do it to us too! If one day we too should. . . . no, I mustn't write it down, but I can't put the question out of my mind today. On the contrary all the fear I've already been through seems to face me again in all its frightfulness.

This evening at 8 o'clock I had to go to the downstairs lavatory all alone; there was no one down there, as everyone was listening to the radio; I wanted to be brave, but it was difficult. I always feel much safer here upstairs than alone in that large, silent house; alone with the mysterious clattering noises from upstairs and the tooting of motor horns in the street, I have to hurry for I start to quiver if I begin thinking about the situation.

Miep has become much nicer and warmer towards us after her talk with Daddy. But I haven't told you about that. One afternoon Miep came to Daddy with a red face and asked him straight out if we thought that they were contaminated with anti-Semitism as well. Daddy was terribly shocked and talked her out of it completely, but a little of Miep's suspicion still lingers. They are fetching and carrying more for us, take more interest in our troubles, although we certainly mustn't ever be a nuisance to them. Oh what very good people they really are!

Again and again I ask myself, would it not have been better for us all if we had not gone into hiding, and if we were dead now and not going through all this misery, especially as we should be sparing the others. But we all shrink away from that too, for we still love life; we haven't yet forgotten the voice of nature, we still hope, hope about everything.

I hope something will happen soon now, shooting if need be – nothing can crush us more than this restlessness, let the end come, even if it is hard; then at least we shall know whether we are finally going to win through or go under.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Wednesday 31 May 1944.

Dear Kitty,

It was so frightfully hot on Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday that I simply couldn't hold a fountain pen in my hand, that's why it was impossible to write to you. The drains went phut again on Friday, were mended again on Saturday, Mrs Kleiman



came to see us in the afternoon and told us masses about Jopie and her being in the same hockey club as Jacque van Maarssen. On Sunday Bep came to make sure no one had broken in and stayed for breakfast, on Whit Monday Mr Gies acted as the hide-out watchman and finally on Tuesday the windows could be opened again at last. There's seldom been such a beautiful and warm, one can even say hot, Whitsun. The heat here in the 'Secret Annexe' is terrible, I will briefly describe these warm days by giving you a sample of the sort of complaints that arise:

Saturday: 'Lovely, what perfect weather,' we all said in the morning, 'if only it wasn't quite so warm' in the afternoon when the windows had to be closed.

Sunday: 'It's positively unbearable, this heat, the butter's melting, there's not a cool spot anywhere in the house, the bread's getting so dry, the milk's going sour, windows can't be opened, and we, wretched rejects, sit here suffocating while other people enjoy their Whitsun holiday', all this from Mrs v.P.

Monday: 'My feet hurt me, I haven't got any thin clothes, I can't wash the dishes in this heat', complaints from early morning till late at night, it was extremely unpleasant.

I still can't put up with heat and am glad that there's a stiff breeze today, and yet the sun still shines.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Friday 2 June 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

'Anyone going up to the attic must take a large umbrella, preferably a gentleman's!' That's for sheltering from the rain coming down. There is a saying: 'High and dry, safe and sound', but that obviously doesn't apply to wartime (gunfire) and to people in hiding (cat's box!) In fact Mouschi has been making it something of a habit to do his business on some newspapers or between a crack in the floorboards, so that not only the fear of making a clatter but the even greater dread of an appalling stench are very well founded. If I add that the new Moortje in the warehouse suffers from the same complaint, then everyone who has ever owned an uncivilized cat can form an idea of the sort of smells other than pepper and thyme that are wafting about our house.

Apart from that I have a brand-new prescription against gunfire: During particularly loud bangs hasten to the nearest wooden stairs, run up and down a few times and make sure that you fall gently downstairs at least once. What with the scratches and the noise of the running + falling, you are too busy to listen to the gunfire let alone worry about it. The writer of these lines has certainly used this ideal recipe with success!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Monday 5 June 1944,

Dear Kitty,

Fresh 'Secret Annexe' troubles, a quarrel between Pf. and Fr. over the sharing out of the butter. Pf.'s capitulation. Mrs v.P. and the latter very thick, flirtations, kisses and friendly little laughs, Pf. is beginning to long for women.

The v.P.s don't see why we should bake gingerbread for Kugler's birthday because we don't get any to eat ourselves. What pettiness. Tempers bad upstairs. Mrs v.P. has got a cold. Pf. was caught with brewer's yeast tablets, while we don't get any.

The Fifth Army has taken Rome, the city has been spared devastation by both armies and air forces, and is undamaged. Tremendous propaganda for Hitler.

Very few vegetables and potatoes, a load of bread has gone rotten. Little Scraggy (name of the new warehouse cat) can't stand the pepper. She uses the cat's box as her bed and the wood wool packaging as a w.c. Impossible to keep.

Bad weather. Bombardments against the French West coast and the Pas de Calais continue.

Kleiman is about to have a new stomach operation. Dollars can't be sold, gold even less, we can see the bottom of our black chest, what are we going to live on next month?

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Tuesday 6 June 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

'This is the day,'<sup>34</sup> came the announcement over the English news at 12 o'clock and quite rightly 'this is the day',<sup>34</sup> the invasion has begun!

The English gave the news at 8 o'clock this morning: Calais, Boulogne, Le Havre and Cherbourg, also the Pas de Calais (as usual) were heavily bombed. Moreover, as a safety measure for all occupied territories, all people who live within a radius of thirty-five km. from the coast are warned to be prepared for bombardments. If possible the English will drop pamphlets one hour beforehand.

According to German news, English parachute troops have landed on the French coast. English landing craft are in battle with the German Navy. So says the BBC.

Conclusion during the 'Annexe' breakfast at 9 o'clock: This is just a trial landing like Dieppe 2 years ago.

English broadcast in German, Dutch, French, etc. at ten o'clock: The invasion has begun! – that means the 'real' invasion.

English broadcast in German at eleven o'clock, speech by the Supreme Commander, General Dwight Eisenhower.

The English news at twelve o'clock in English: 'This is the day.'<sup>34</sup> General Eisenhower said to the French people: 'Stiff fighting will come now, but after this the victory. The year 1944 is the year of the complete victory, good luck.'<sup>34</sup>

English news in English at 1 o'clock: (translated) 11,000 planes stand ready, and are flying to and fro non-stop, landing troops and attacking behind the lines; 4,000 landing boats + the smaller craft are plying incessantly between Cherbourg and Le Havre. English and American armies are already engaged in hard fighting. Speeches by Gerbrandy, by the Prime Minister of Belgium, king Haakon of Norway, De Gaul of France, the king of England, and last, but not least, Churchill.

Great commotion in the 'Secret Annexe'. Would the long-awaited liberation about which so much has been said, but which still seems too wonderful, too much like a fairy tale, ever come true. Could we be granted victory this year, this 1944? We don't know yet, but hope lives on; it gives us fresh courage, it makes us strong again. Since we must put up bravely with all the fears, privations, and sufferings, the great thing now is to remain calm and steadfast, now we must clench our teeth rather than cry out! France, Russia, Italy, and Germany, too, can all cry out and give vent to their misery, but we haven't the right to do that yet!

Oh, Kitty, the best part of the invasion is that I have the feeling that friends are approaching. We have been oppressed by those terrible Germans for so long, they have had their knives so at our throats, and now friends and delivery are all before us! Now it doesn't concern the Jews any more; no, it concerns Holland, Holland and all occupied Europe. Perhaps, Margot says, I may yet be able to go back to school in September or October.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

P.S. I'll keep you up to date with all the latest news!

Anne.

*This morning and also during the night straw dolls and dummies were dropped from the air behind the German positions, these dolls exploited<sup>35</sup> as soon as they hit the ground. Many paratroopers landed as well, they were all painted black so as not to attract attention at night. At 6 o'clock in the morning the first vehicles were landed after the coast had been bombarded during the night with 5,000,000 kg. of bombs. 20,000 airplanes were in action today. The German coastal batteries were all put out of action during the landing; a small bridgehead has already been formed, everything is going well, although the weather is bad.*

*The army and the people are 'one will and one hope'.<sup>36</sup>*

Anne.

Friday 9 June 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Super-duper news of the invasion. The Allies have taken Bayeux, a small village on the French coast, and are now fighting for Caen. It is obvious that they intend to cut off the peninsula where Cherbourg lies. Every evening war correspondents give news

from the battle front, telling us of the difficulties, courage and enthusiasm of the army, they report the most incredible stories, also some of the wounded who are already back in England again came to the microphone. The air force are up all the time in spite of the miserable weather. We heard over the BBC that Churchill wanted to set out with the troops on D-day, however, Eisenhower and the other generals managed to get him out of the idea. Just think of it, what pluck he has for such an old man, he must be seventy at least.

The excitement here has worn off a bit; still, we're hoping that the war will be over at the end of the year, it'll be about time too. Mrs v.P.'s grizzling is absolutely unbearable; now she can't any longer drive us crazy over the invasion, she nags us the whole day long about the bad weather, it really would be nice to dump her in a bucket of cold water and put her up in the loft!

— —

The whole of the 'Secret Annexe' except v.P. and Peter have read the trilogy 'Hungarian Rhapsody'; this book deals with the life history of the composer, virtuoso and child prodigy Frans Liszt. It is a very interesting book, but in my opinion there is a bit too much about women in it; in his time Liszt was not only the greatest and most famous pianist, but also the greatest ladies' man right up to the age of 70. He lived with the Duchess Marie d'Agoult, Princess Caroline Sayn-Wittgenstein, the dancer Lola Montez, the Pianist Agnes Kingworth, the pianist Sophie Menter, Princess Olga Janina, Baroness Olga Meyendorff, the actress Lilla what's-her-name etc. etc. it is just endless. The parts of the book that deal with music and other arts are much more interesting, among those mentioned are: Schumann & Clara Wieck, Hector Berlioz, Johannes Brahms, Beethoven, Joachim, Richard Wagner, Hans von Bülow, Anton Rubinstein, Frederic Chopin, Victor Hugo, Honoré de Balzac, Hiller, Hummel, Czerny, Rossini, Cherubini, Paganini, Mendelsohn, etc. etc.

Liszt was personally a fine man, very generous and modest about himself though exceptionally vain, he helped everyone, his art was everything to him, he was mad about cognac and about women, could not bear to see tears, was a gentleman, would never refuse to do anyone a favour, didn't care about money, loved religious liberty and world freedom.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Suggested by an article by Prof. Dr Sleeswijk in the Telegraaf, on bacteria and kissing.<sup>37</sup>

*The Kissing Peril.*

*Professor Sleeswijk's sound advice:*

*From all kissing henceforth cease*

*Lest unwittingly you spread*

*The dreaded Sore-Throat Germ Disease*

*Kiss no baby in its cradle,  
Nor give any a caress;  
As if love were now on ration,  
Daily growing less and less.  
For platoons of deadly microbes  
Ever ready to attack:  
Travel by their millions from him  
In a kiss to her and back.*

-----  
*Let me tell you, dear Professor,  
That the theory you provide  
Is most perfect, but the practice  
Has a much more complex side.  
People sometimes have the outlook  
Of the hardened fatalist:  
Taking chances on bronchitis,  
Rather than forgo a kiss.  
They prefer themselves to please,  
The more so as hygienic measures  
Though a barrier to disease  
Do not compensate for pleasures.  
If we put it to the vote  
Of old and young and big and small:  
Asking what they think of kissing,  
Would they like a kiss at all,  
I am sure that of the voters  
Most would signify the view:  
He who seeks a plover's egg,  
A little hardship must go through. . . . .*

*Clinge Doorenbos.*

(All rights reserved!)

Tuesday 13 June 1944.

Dear Kit,

My birthday has gone by again, so now I'm fifteen. I received quite a lot of presents.

the 5 Springer books, a set of underwear, two belts, a handkerchief, two yoghurts, a pot of jam, 2 Honey cakes, (small size) book on botany from Mummy and Daddy, a plated bracelet from Margot, a Patria book from the v.P.s, biomalt and sweet peas from Pf., sweets from Miep, sweets and exercise books from Bep and, the high spot of all the book Maria Theresa and 3 slices of full-cream cheese from Kugler. A lovely bunch

of peonies from Peter; the poor boy took a lot of trouble to try and find something but didn't have any luck.

— —

There's still excellent news of the invasion in spite of the wretched [weather], the countless gales, heavy rains, and high sea. Yesterday Churchill, Smutz, Eisenhower and Arnold visited French villages which have been conquered and liberated. The torpedo boat that Churchill was in shelled the coast, he appears, like so many men, not to know what fear is; makes me envious!

It's difficult for us to judge from our secret redoubt how people outside have reacted to the news. Undoubtedly people are pleased that the idle (!) English have rolled up their sleeves and are doing something at last. They don't realize how unfair they are when they keep saying they don't want to have an English occupation. This sort of argument boils down to saying that the English must fight, struggle and sacrifice their sons for the Netherlands and other occupied countries. The English must not stay in the Netherlands, must offer their most abject apologies to all the occupied countries, must return India to its original owners and then return weakened and impoverished to England!

Poor idiots, who argue like that, but as I've already said, many Netherlands must be counted among such idiots. What, I wonder, would have become of the Netherlands and her neighbours had England signed a peace with Germany, which she could have done on so many occasions? The Netherlands would have become German and that would have been that!

Any Dutch people who still look down on the English, scoff at England and her government of old gentlemen, call the English cowards, and yet hate the Germans, deserve a good shaking, perhaps it would put some sense into their woolly brains!

— —

My head is haunted by so many wishes and thoughts, accusations and reproaches. I'm really not as conceited as so many people seem to think, I know my own faults and shortcomings better than anyone does, but the difference is that I also know that I want to improve, shall improve and have already improved a great deal!

Why is it then, I so often ask myself, that everyone still thinks I'm so terribly knowing and forward? Am I so knowing? Is it that I really am, or that maybe the others aren't? That sounds queer, I realize now, but I shan't cross out the last sentence, because it really isn't so crazy. Everyone knows that Mrs v.P. and Pf., my chief accusers, are both completely unintelligent. I might as well put it plainly and say 'stupid!' Stupid people usually can't take it if others do better than they do; the best examples are indeed those two stupid people, Mrs v.P. and Pf. Mrs v.P. thinks I'm stupid because being unwell doesn't make me suffer as frightfully as she does, she thinks I'm forward because she's even more so; she thinks my dresses are too short, because hers are even shorter and that's also the reason that she thinks I'm knowing, because she's two times worse about joining in over subjects about which she knows

absolutely nothing; the same is true of Pf. But one of my favourite sayings is: 'there's no smoke without fire', and I readily admit that I'm knowing.

Now the trying part about me is that I scold myself more and am much harder on myself than anyone else; then if Mummy adds her share of advice the pile of sermons becomes so insurmountable that in my despair I become rude and start contradicting and then, of course, the old well-known Anne watchword comes back: no one understands me! This phrase sticks in my mind: I know it sounds silly, yet there is some truth in it. I often accuse myself to such an extent that I simply long for a word of comfort, for someone who could give me sound advice and also draw out some of my real self; but, alas, I keep on looking, but I haven't found anyone yet.

I know that you'll immediately think of Peter, won't you, Kit? It's like this: Peter loves me not as a lover but as a friend, and grows more affectionate every day. But what is the mysterious something that holds us both back? I don't understand it myself.

Sometimes I think that my terrible longing for him was exaggerated, yet that's really not it, because if I don't go up to see him for two days, then I just long for him more desperately than ever before. Peter is good and he's a darling, but still there's no denying it, a lot disappoints me. Especially his dislike of religion and all his talk about food and various other things, don't appeal to me. Yet I feel quite convinced that we shall never quarrel now that we've made that straightforward agreement together, Peter is a peace-loving person; he's tolerant and gives in very easily. He lets me say a lot of things to him that he would never accept from his mother, he tries most persistently to remove the blots from his copybook and to keep his innermost self to himself and why am I never allowed there? By nature he is more closed up than I am, I agree; but I know and from my own experience (remember the 'Anne in theory' who keeps popping up) that at some time or other even uncommunicative people long just as much, if not more, to find someone in whom they can confide.

Both Peter and I have spent our most meditative years in the 'Secret Annexe'. We often discuss the future, the past and the present, but as I've already said, I still seem to miss the real thing and yet I know it's there!

— —

I wonder if it's because I haven't been able to poke my nose outdoors for so long that I've grown so crazy about everything to do with nature? I can perfectly well remember that there was a time when a deep blue sky, the song of the birds, moonlight and flowers could never have kept me spellbound. That's changed since I've been here, e.g. at Whitsun when it was so warm, I stayed awake on purpose until half past eleven one evening in order to have a good look at the moon for once by myself, alas, the sacrifice was all in vain, as the moon gave far too much light and I didn't dare risk opening a window. Another time, some months ago now, I happened to be upstairs one evening when the window was open. I didn't go downstairs until the window had to be shut, the dark, rainy evening, the gale, the scudding clouds held me entirely in their power, it was the first time in 1½ years that I'd seen the night face to face. After that evening

my longing to see it again was greater than my fear of burglars, rats and raids on the house. I went downstairs all by myself and looked outside through the private office and kitchen windows. A lot of people are fond of nature, many sleep outdoors occasionally, and people in prisons and hospitals long for the day when they will be free to enjoy the beauties of nature, but few are so shut away and isolated from that which can be shared alike by rich and poor. It's not imagination on my part when I say that to look up at the sky, the clouds, the moon and the stars makes me calm and patient. It's a better medicine than either Valerian or bromine; Mother Nature makes me small and prepared to face every blow bravely!

It has had to be that I am only able to look at nature on odd occasions and then only through dirty net curtains hanging before very dusty windows and it's no pleasure looking through these any longer, nature is just the one thing that really must be unadulterated!

— —

A question that has been raised more than once and that gives me no inner peace is why did so many nations in the past, and often still now, treat women as inferior to men? Everyone can agree how unjust this is, but that is not enough for me, I would also like to know the cause of the great injustice!

Presumably man, thanks to his greater physical strength, achieved dominance over woman from the very start; man, who earns the money, who begets children, who may do what he wants . . . . It is stupid enough of women to have borne it all in silence for such a long time, since the more centuries this arrangement lasts, the more deeply rooted it becomes. Luckily schooling, work and progress have opened women's eyes. In many countries women have been granted equal rights; many people, particularly women, but also men, now realize for how long this state of affairs has been wrong, and modern women demand the right of complete independence!

But that's not all, respect for woman, that's going to have to come as well! Generally, man is held in high esteem all over the world; why shouldn't women have a share in this? Soldiers and war heroes are honoured and celebrated, explorers acquire immortal fame, martyrs are revered, but how many will look upon woman as they would upon a soldier?

There is something in the book 'The Fight for Life' that has affected me deeply, along the lines that women suffer more pain, more illness and more misery than any war hero just from giving birth to children. And what reward does woman reap for coming successfully through all this pain? She is pushed to one side should she lose her figure through giving birth, her children soon leave her, her beauty passes. Women are much braver, much more courageous soldiers, struggling and enduring pain for the continuance of mankind, than all the freedom-fighting heroes with their big mouths!

In no way do I mean by this that women should turn against childbearing, on the contrary, nature has made them like that and that is all to the good. I merely condemn



all the men, and the whole system, that refuse ever to acknowledge what an important, arduous, and in the long run beautiful part, women play in society.

I fully agree with Paul de Kruif, the author of the above-mentioned book, when he says that men must learn that birth has ceased to be something natural and ordinary in those parts of the world we consider civilized. It's very easy for men to talk, they don't and will never have to bear the miseries of women!

I believe that the idea that a woman's duty is simply to bear children will change over the centuries to come and will make way for respect and admiration for one who without complaint and a lot of talk shoulders all these burdens!

— —

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Friday 16 June 1944.

Dear Kitty,

New problems: Mrs v.P. is desperate, talks of a bullet through her head, prison, hanging and suicide. She's jealous that Peter confides in me and not her, she's offended that Pf. doesn't enter into her flirtations with him, as she'd hoped, afraid that her husband is smoking all the fur-coat money away, she quarrels, uses abusive language, cries, pities herself, laughs and then starts a fresh quarrel again. What on earth can one do with such a foolish, blubbering specimen? No one takes her seriously, she hasn't any character, she grumbles to everyone too. The worst of it is that it makes Peter rude, Mr v.P. irritable and Mummy cynical. Yes it's a frightful situation here! There's one golden rule to keep before you: Laugh about everything and don't bother yourself about the others! It sounds selfish, but it's honestly the only cure for anyone suffering from self-pity.

— —

Kugler has to go digging for 4 weeks in Alkmaar, he's trying to get out of it with a doctor's certificate and a letter from Opekta.

Kleiman wants to have an operation on his stomach soon. All private telephones were cut off at eleven o'clock last night.<sup>38</sup>

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Friday 23 June 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Nothing special going on here. The English have begun their big attack on Cherbourg; according to Pim and v.P. we're sure to be free by Oct. 10. The Russians are taking part in the campaign, and yesterday started their offensive near Vitebsk; it's exactly 3 years to the day since the Germans attacked.

Bep's spirits are still below zero. We've hardly got any potatoes, from now on we're going to count them out for each person everyone will know what he's getting. Miep is taking a week's early vacation on Monday. Kleiman's doctors have found

nothing on the X-ray photographs, now he's torn between having an operation or letting things take their course.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Tuesday 27 June 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

The whole mood has changed, everything is going wonderfully. Cherbourg, Vitebsk and Slobin fell today. There are bound to be lots of prisoners and booty. 5 German generals killed at Cherbourg, 2 captured. Now the English can land what they want now they've got a harbour; the whole Contentin Peninsula 3 weeks after the English invasion! A tremendous achievement! In the three weeks since D-day not a day has gone by without rain and gales, both here and in France, but a bit of bad luck didn't stop the enormous strength of the English and Americans from showing, and how! Certainly the 'wonder weapon' is in full swing, but of what consequence are a few scratches apart from a bit of damage in England and pages full of it in the Boche newspapers? For that matter, when they really realize in 'Bocheland' that the Bolsheviks really are on the way, they'll get even more jittery.

All German women and children not in military service are being evacuated to Groningen, Friesland and Gelderland with their children.<sup>39</sup> Mussert has declared that if the invasion comes here he will put on a soldier's uniform.<sup>40</sup> Does that old fatty want to do some fighting? He could have done so in Russia before now. Some time ago Finland turned down a Peace offer, now the negotiations have just been broken off again, they'll be sorry for it later, the silly fools!

How far do you think we'll be on July 27?

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Friday 30 June 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Bad weather, or bad weather from one at a stretch to thirty June.<sup>41</sup> Isn't that well said! Oh yes, I have a smattering of English already; just to show that I can, I'm reading 'An Ideal Husband' with the aid of a dictionary! War going wonderfully: Broboisk, Mogilef and Orsa have fallen, lots of prisoners.

Everything's all right here. Tempers are improving, the super-optimists are irritating, the v.P.s are juggling with the sugar, Bep has changed her hair style and Miep has the week off. That's the latest news!

I am having some really horrible nerve-treatment and in one of my front teeth too, it's been hurting me dreadfully and was so bad that Pf. thought I was going to faint. It wouldn't have taken much. Mrs v.P. promptly got toothache as well!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

P.S. We've heard from Basel that Bernd took the part of Innkeeper in Minna von Barnhelm. Artistic temperament Mummy says.

Thursday 6 July 1944.

Dear Kitty,

It strikes fear to my heart when Peter talks of later being a criminal, or of gambling; although it's meant as a joke, of course, it gives me the feeling that he's afraid of his own weakness. Again and again I hear from both Margot and Peter: 'Yes, if I was as strong and plucky as you are, if I always stuck to what I wanted, if I had such persistent energy, yes then . . . !'

I wonder if it's really a good quality not to let myself be influenced. Is it really good to follow almost entirely my own conscience?

Quite honestly, I can't imagine how anyone can say: 'I'm weak', and then remain so. After all, if you know it, why not fight against it, why not try to train your character? The answer was: 'Because it's so much easier not to!' This reply rather discouraged me. Easy? Does that mean that a lazy, deceitful life is an easy life? Oh no, that can't be true, it mustn't be that people can so easily be tempted by ease . . . and by money. I thought for a long time about the best answer to give Peter, how to get him to believe in himself and, above all, to try and improve himself; I don't know whether I've got it across though.

I've so often thought how lovely it would be to have someone's complete confidence, but now, now that I am that far, I realize how difficult it is to think what the other person is thinking and then to find the right answer. More especially because the very ideas of 'easy' and 'money' are something entirely foreign and new to me. Peter is beginning to lean on me a bit and that mustn't happen under any circumstances. It's difficult to stand on one's own feet, but it's even more difficult to stand alone with character and soul and yet to remain constant through it all.

I'm just drifting around, have been searching for a good argument against the terrible word 'easy', something to settle it once and for all. How can I make it clear to them that what appears easy and attractive will drag him down into the depths, depths where there is no comfort to be found, no friends and no beauty, depths from which it is almost impossible to raise oneself?

We all live but we don't know the why or the wherefore. We all live with the object of being happy; our lives are all different and yet the same. We three have been brought up in good circles, we have the chance to learn, the possibility of attaining something, we have all reason to hope for much happiness, but . . . we must earn it for ourselves. And that is never easy. You must work and do good, not be lazy and gamble, if you wish to earn happiness. Laziness may appear attractive, but work gives satisfaction.

I can't understand people who don't like work, yet that isn't the case with Peter; he just hasn't got a fixed goal to aim at, and he thinks he's too stupid and inferior to

achieve anything. Poor Boy, he's never known what it feels like to make other people happy, and I can't teach him that either. He has no religion, scoffs at Jesus Christ, and swears, using the name of God; although I'm not orthodox either, it still hurts every time I see how deserted, how scornful and how poor he really is. People who have a religion should be glad, for not everyone has the gift of believing in heavenly things. You don't necessarily even have to be afraid of punishment after death; purgatory, hell and heaven are things that a lot of people can't accept, but still a religion, it doesn't matter which, keeps a person on the right path. It isn't the fear of God but the upholding of one's own honour and conscience. How noble and good everyone could be if, every evening before falling asleep, they were to recall to mind the events of the whole day and consider exactly what has been good and bad. Then, without realizing it, you try to improve yourself at the start of each new day; of course, you achieve quite a lot in the course of time. Anyone can do this, it costs nothing and is certainly very helpful. Whoever doesn't know it must learn and find by experience that 'a quiet conscience makes one strong!'

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Saturday 8 July 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Broks has been in Beverwijk and managed, just like that, to get strawberries at the auction sale. They arrived here very dusty, covered with sand, but in large quantities. No less than twenty-four trays for the office people and us + the rest for Broks himself. That very same evening we preserved the first six jars and made 8 pots of jam. The next morning Miep wanted to make jam for the office people.

At half past 12, front door bolted, trays fetched, Peter, Daddy, v.P. clattering on the stairs, Anne, get hot water; Margot, bring a bucket; all hands on deck! I went into the kitchen, which was chock-full, with a queer feeling in my tummy, Miep, Bep, Kleiman, Jan, Daddy, Peter the families in hiding and their supply column all mingling together, and in the middle of the day too! The curtains drawn, the windows open, the loud voices and banging doors, positively gave me the jitters. Are we really still supposed to be in hiding? that's what flashed through my mind, and it gives one a very queer feeling to be able to appear in the world again. The pan was full, and I dashed upstairs again. The rest of the family was seated round the table in the kitchen busy stalk-picking – at least that's what they were supposed to be doing; more went into mouths than into the bucket. Another bucket would soon be required. Peter went to the kitchen again, there were two rings at the door, the bucket stayed where it was, Peter tore upstairs, locked the cupboard doors. We were kicking our heels impatiently, couldn't turn on a tap and the strawberries were only half washed, but the rule: If anyone in the house, use no water, because of the noise, was strictly maintained.

At 1 O'clock arrival of Jan, it was the postman, Peter hurried downstairs again. Ting-a-ling . . . the bell, right about-turn. I go and listen to see if I can hear anyone

coming, first at our cupboard door and then at the top of the stairs. Finally Peter and I both lean over the banisters like a couple of thieves, listening to the din downstairs. No strange voices. Peter goes quietly down, stops halfway and calls out: Bep. No answer, once more: Bep. Peter's voice is drowned by the din in the kitchen. He runs downstairs and goes into the kitchen. I stand looking down tensely: 'Get upstairs at once Peter, v. Erp is there, clear out', it was Kleiman speaking. Peter comes upstairs sighing, the cupboard door stays closed. Finally Kugler arrives at half past 1! 'Oh, Dearie me, I see nothing but strawberries, strawberries at breakfast, Jan eats strawberries, Kleiman tucks into strawberries, strawberries stewed by Miep, Bep picks strawberry stalks, I smell strawberries, must have a rest from them and go upstairs – what is being washed up here . . . . strawberries The remainder are being bottled. In the evening: two jars unsealed. Daddy quickly makes them into jam. The next morning: two more unsealed. In the afternoon: 4 unsealed. V.P. hadn't brought them to the right temperature for sterilizing, now Daddy makes jam every evening.

We eat strawberries with our porridge, skimmed milk with strawberries, bread and butter with strawberries, strawberries for dessert, strawberries with sugar, strawberries with sand. For two whole days strawberries and nothing but strawberries, then the supply was finished or in pots and under lock and key.

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'I say Anne,' Margot calls out 'Mrs van Hoeven has let us have some green peas, 18 pounds.' 'That's nice of her,' I replied. And it certainly is, but oh, the work . . . Ugh! 'You've all got to help shelling peas on Saturday morning,' Mummy announced when we were at table. And, sure enough, the biggest enamel pan duly appeared this morning, filled to the brim. Shelling peas is a boring job, but you ought to try skinning the pods. I don't think many people realize how rich in vitamins, soft and tasty the pod is when the skin on the inside has been removed. However, even more important than the three above-named advantages is the fact that the quantity which can be eaten is about 3 times as much as you get when you only eat the peas. It's an exceptionally precise, finicky job pulling out the skins, perhaps it's all right for pedantic dentists or precise spice merchants, But for an impatient teenager like me, it's frightful. We began at half past nine, I sat down to it at half past ten, at 11 I got up again, at half past 11 I sat down. This refrain hummed in my ears: bend the top, pull the skin, remove the string, throw out the pod; bend the top, pull the skin, remove the string, throw out the pod etc. etc., they dance before my eyes, green, green, green maggots, rotten pods, green, green, green. Just for the sake of doing something, I keep chattering the whole morning, any nonsense that comes into my head, make everyone laugh, and feel nearly stifled by my own stupidity. But every string that I pull makes me feel more certain that I never, never want to be just a housewife only!

We finally have breakfast at 12 o'clock, but from half past 12 until quarter past 1 we've got to go skinning pods again. I'm just about seasick when I stop, the others a bit too, I go and sleep till 4 o'clock, but I'm still upset by those wretched peas.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Saturday 15 July 1944.

Dear Kitty,

We have had a book from the library with the challenging title of: 'What Do You Think of the Modern Young Girl?' I want to talk about this subject today.

The author criticizes 'the youth of today' from top to toe, without, however, condemning the whole of the young brigade as 'incapable of anything good'. On the contrary, she is rather of the opinion that if young people wished, they have it in their hands to make a bigger, more beautiful and better world, but that they occupy themselves with superficial things, without giving a thought to real beauty.

In some passages the writer gave me very much the feeling she was directing her criticisms at me, and that's why I want to lay myself completely bare to you for once and defend myself against this attack.

I have one outstanding trait in my character, which must strike anyone who knows me for any length of time, and that is my self-knowledge. I can watch myself and my actions, just like an outsider. The Anne of every day I can face entirely without prejudice, without being full of excuses for her, and watch what's good and bad about her. This self-consciousness haunts me, and every time I open my mouth I know as soon as I've spoken whether that ought to have been different, or, that was right as it was! There are so many things about myself that I condemn; I couldn't begin to name them all. I understand more and more how true Daddy's words were when he said: 'All children must look after their own upbringing.' Parents can only give good advice or put them on the right paths, but the final forming of a person's character lies in their own hands. In addition to this, I have lots of courage, I always feel so strong and as if I can bear a great deal, I feel so free and so young! I was glad when I first realized it, because I don't think I shall easily bow down before the blows that inevitably come to everyone.

But I've talked about these things so often before. Now I want to come to the chapter of: Daddy and Mummy don't understand me. Daddy and Mummy have always thoroughly spoiled me, were sweet to me, defended me against upstairs, and have done all that parents could do. And yet I've felt so terribly lonely for a long time, so left out, neglected and misunderstood. Daddy tried everything possible to check my rebellious spirit, but it was no use, I have cured myself, by confronting myself with what was wrong in my behaviour. How is it that Daddy was never any support to me in my struggle, why did he completely miss the mark when he wanted to offer me a helping hand? Daddy tried the wrong methods, he always talked to me as a child who was going through difficult phases. It sounds crazy, because Daddy's the only one who has always taken me into his confidence, and no one but Daddy has given me the feeling that I'm sensible. But there's one thing he's omitted, you see, he hasn't realized that for me the fight to get on top was more important than everything else. I didn't want to

hear about symptoms of your age, or other girls, or it wears off by itself; I didn't want to be treated as a girl-like-all-others, but as Anne-on-her-own-merits and that Pim didn't understand. For that matter, I can't confide in anyone, unless they tell me a lot about themselves, and as I know nothing about Pim, I don't feel I can tread upon more intimate ground with him. Pim always adopts the older fatherly attitude, tells me that he too has had similar passing tendencies. But he's not able to be more to me than a young girl's friend, however hard he tries. These things have made me never mention my views on life nor my well-considered theories to anyone but my diary and, occasionally, to Margot. I concealed from Daddy everything that perturbed me, never shared my ideals with him, I was aware of the fact that I was pushing him away from me.

I couldn't do anything else. I have acted entirely according to my feelings, I have acted selfishly, but I have acted in the way that was best for my peace of mind. Because I should completely lose my repose and self-confidence, which I have built up so shakily, if, at this stage, I were to accept criticisms of my half-completed task. And I can't do that even from Pim, although it sounds very hard, for not only have I not shared my secret thoughts with Pim but I have often pushed him even further from me, by my irritability.

This is a point that gives me much thought: Why is it that Pim sometimes annoys me? So much so that I can hardly bear him teaching me, that his many affectionate ways strike me as being put on, that I want to be left in peace and would really prefer it if he dropped me a bit, until I felt more certain in my attitude towards him! Because I still have a gnawing feeling of guilt over that horrible letter that I dared to fling in his teeth when I was so wound up. Oh how hard it is to be really strong and brave in every way!

Yet this is not my greatest disappointment; no, I ponder far more over Peter than Daddy. I know very well that I conquered him instead of he conquering me. I created an image of him in my mind, pictured him as the quiet, sensitive, lovable boy, who needed affection and friendship! I needed a living person to whom I could pour out my heart; I wanted a friend who'd help to put me on the right road. I achieved what I wanted, and, slowly but surely, I drew him towards me.

Finally, when I had made him feel friendly, it automatically developed into an intimacy which, on second thought, I don't think I ought to have allowed. We talked about the most private things and yet up till now we have never touched on those things that filled, and still fill, my heart and soul. I still don't quite know what to make of Peter, is he superficial, or does he feel shy, even of me? But dropping that, I committed one error in my desire to make a real friendship: I switched over and tried to get at him by developing it into a more intimate relation, whereas I should have explored all other possibilities. He longs to be loved and I can see that he's beginning to be more and more in love with me. He gets satisfaction out of our meetings,

whereas they just have the effect of making me want to try it out with him again but never to touch on the subjects that I'm so longing to bring out into the daylight. I drew Peter towards me, far more than he realizes, now he clings to me, and for the time being, I don't see any way of shaking him off and putting him on his own feet. When I realized that he could not be a friend for my understanding, I thought I would at least try to lift him up out of his narrow-mindedness and make him do something with his youth.

'For in its innermost depths, childhood is lonelier than old age.' I read this saying in some book and I've always remembered it, and found it to be true. Is it true then that grown-ups have a more difficult time here than we do? No. I know it isn't. Older people have formed their opinions about everything and don't waver before they act. It's twice as hard for us young ones to hold our ground, and maintain our opinions, in a time when all ideals are being shattered and destroyed, when people are showing their worst side, and do not know whether to believe in truth and right and in God.

Anyone who claims that the older ones have a more difficult time here certainly doesn't realize to what extent our problems weigh down on us, problems for which we are probably much too young, but which thrust themselves upon us continually, until, after a long time, we think we've found a solution, but the solution doesn't seem able to resist the weapons which reduce it to nothing again. That's the difficulty in these times, ideals, dreams and cherished hopes rise within us, only to meet the horrible truth and be shattered. It's really a wonder that I haven't dropped all my ideals, because they seem so absurd and impossible to carry out. Yet I keep them, because in spite of everything I still believe that people are really good at heart.

I simply can't build up my hopes on a foundation consisting of confusion, misery, and death, I see the world gradually being turned into a wilderness, I hear the ever approaching thunder, which will destroy us too, I can feel the sufferings of millions and yet, if I look up into the heavens, I think that it will all come right, that this cruelty too will end, and that peace and tranquillity will return again. In the meantime, I must uphold my ideals, for perhaps the time will come when I shall be able to carry them out!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Friday 21 July 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Now I'm getting really hopeful, now things are going well at last. Yes, really, they're going well! Super news! An attempt has been made on Hitler's life and not even by Jewish communists or English capitalists this time but by a thoroughbred German general, and what's more, he's a count, and still quite young. The Führer's life was saved by Divine Providence and, unfortunately, he managed to get off with just a few



scratches and burns. A few officers and generals who were with him have been killed and wounded. The chief culprit was shot.

Anyway, it certainly shows that there are lots of officers and generals who are sick of the war and would like to see Hitler descend into a bottomless pit, to set up a military dictatorship and make peace with the Allies, then to rearm and start the war again in about 20 years' time. Perhaps the Divine Power tarried on purpose in getting him out of the way, because it would be much easier and more advantageous to the Allies if the impeccable Germans kill each other off, it'll make less work for the Russians and the English and they'll be able to begin rebuilding their own towns all the sooner. But still, we're not that far yet, and the last thing I want to do is anticipate the glorious events. Still, you must have noticed that what I say is the truth; for once, I'm not jabbering about high ideals.

And what's more, Hitler has even been so kind as to announce to his faithful, devoted people that from now on everyone in the armed forces must obey the Gestapo, and that any man or any soldier who knows that one of his commanders had a part in this low, cowardly attempt upon his life may shoot him on the spot!

What a perfect shambles it's going to be. Little Johnnie's feet begin hurting him during a long march, he's snapped at by his boss, the officer, Johnnie grabs his rifle and cries out: 'You wanted to murder the Führer, so there's your reward.' One bang and the proud chief who had dared to tick off little Johnnie has passed into eternal life (or is it eternal death?)! In the end, whenever an officer finds himself up against a soldier, or having to take the lead, he'll be wetting his pants from anxiety, because the soldiers will have more say than they do.

Do you gather a bit what I mean, or have I been skipping too much from one subject to another? I can't help it; in anticipation of sitting on school benches next October I feel far too cheerful to be logical! Oh, dearie me, hadn't I just told you that I didn't want to be too hopeful? Forgive me, I haven't got the reputation of being a 'little bundle of contradictions' for nothing!

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Tuesday 1 Aug. 1944.

Dear Kitty,

'Little bundle of contradictions'. That's how I ended my last letter and that's how I'm going to begin this one. 'A little bundle of contradictions', can you tell me exactly what it is? What does contradiction mean? Like so many words (it can be interpreted in two ways) it can mean two things, contradiction from without and contradiction from within. The first is the ordinary not giving in easily, always knowing best, getting in the last word, enfin, all the unpleasant qualities for which I am renowned, the second nobody knows about, that's my own secret.

I have already told you (said) before that I have, as it were, a dual personality. One half embodies my exuberant cheerfulness, making fun of everything, vivacity, and

above all the way I take everything lightly. This includes not minding flirtation, a kiss, an embrace, a dirty joke. This side is usually lying in wait and pushes away the other, which is much better, deeper and purer. You must realize that no one knows Anne's better side and that's why most people find me so insufferable. Certainly I'm a giddy clown for one afternoon, but then for another month everyone's had enough of me. Really, it's just the same as a love film is for deep-thinking people, simply a diversion, amusing just for once, something which is soon forgotten, not bad, but certainly not good. I loathe having to tell you this, but why shouldn't I, if I know it's true anyway? My lighter, superficial side will always be too quick for the deeper side of me and that's why it will always win. You can't imagine how often I've already tried to push this Anne away, to slap her down, to hide her, because after all, she's only half of what's called Anne, but it doesn't work and I know, too, how it is that it doesn't work.

I'm awfully scared that everyone who knows me as I always am will discover that I have another side, a finer and better side. I'm afraid they'll laugh at me, think I'm ridiculous, sentimental, not take me in earnest. I'm used to not being taken seriously but it's only the light-hearted Anne that's used to it and can bear it; the deeper Anne is too frail for it. Sometimes, if I really compel the good Anne to take the stage for a quarter of an hour, she simply shrivels up as soon as she has to speak, and lets Anne no. 1 take over, and before I realize it, she has disappeared.

Therefore the nice Anne is never present in company, has not appeared one single time so far, but almost always predominates when we're alone. I know exactly how I'd like to be, how I am too . . . inside. But alas I'm only like that for myself. And perhaps that's why, no I'm sure it's the reason why I say I've got a happy nature within and why other people think I've got a happy nature without. I am guided by the pure Anne within, but outside I'm nothing but a frolicsome little goat who's breaking loose.

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As I've already said, I never utter my real feelings about anything and that's how I've acquired the name of chaser-after-boys, flirt, know-all, reader of love stories. The cheerful Anne laughs about it, answers back cheekily, shrugs her shoulders indifferently, behaves as if she doesn't care, but oh no, the quiet Anne's reactions are just the opposite. If I'm to be quite honest, then I must admit that it does hurt me, that I try terribly hard to change myself, but that I'm always fighting against a more powerful enemy.

A voice sobs within me: 'There you are, that's what's become of you, you're uncharitable, you look supercilious and peevish, people you meet dislike you and all just because you won't listen to the advice given you by your own better half.' Oh, I would like to listen, but it doesn't work, if I'm quiet and serious they all think that it's a new comedy and then I have to get out of it by turning it into a joke, not to mention my own family, who are sure to think I'm ill, make me swallow pills for headaches and sedatives, feel my neck and my head to see whether I'm running a temperature, ask if I'm constipated and criticize me for being in a bad mood, I can't keep that up, if

I'm watched to that extent I start by getting snappy, then unhappy, and finally I twist my heart round again, so that the bad is on the outside and the good is on the inside and keep on trying to find a way of becoming what I would so like to be and what I could be, if . . . . there weren't any other people living in the world.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Soit gentil et tiens courage!

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1 In this edition, [here](#).

2 A brand of substitute coffee based on chicory.

3 In November 1985, Mrs Elfriede Frank-Markovits, Otto Frank's widow, stated that it was her recollection, and that of the family, that Anne arrived in Amsterdam in March 1934.

4 Otto Frank's letter was written in German.

5 Blankevoort's Subscription Library was at 62, Zuider Amstellaan, now Rooseveltlaan (1942 Amsterdam Telephone Directory).

6 On Saturday 4 July 1942 the Zentralstelle für jüdische Auswanderung (Central Office for Jewish Emigration) issued the first few thousand call-up notices to Jews. Most of those called up were German Jews and their number included many boys and girls aged from fifteen to eighteen, who had to leave without their parents. The call-up notices were sent by registered post and delivered by the Post Office one day later. (L. de Jong, *Het Koninkrijk der Nederlanden in de Tweede Wereldoorlog*, vol. 6, The Hague: Nijhoff, 1975, p. 5.)

7 Mirjam Pressler, the German translator of the present work, pointed out in the German edition (S. Fischer Verlag, 1988) that the names mentioned here by Anne Frank come from a series of Dutch books for young girls named after the heroine, Joop ter Heul. This series, also referred to in the diaries, concerns a club founded by Joop ter Heul and her girlfriends, including one by the name of Kitty Francken. The author, Cissy van Marxfeldt (1893–1948) describes their schooldays, marriage, motherhood and marital problems in four volumes.

8 In German.

9 Yom Kippur, or the Day of Atonement, is the most important day in the Jewish calendar. It is a fast day and a day of repentance.

10 A stew cooked in the oven overnight and normally intended to meet the need for a hot dish on the Jewish Sabbath.

11 Anne wrote 'good bye my girl, jour' in the original.

12 These pages were stuck in by Anne with brown adhesive tape at the beginning of Diary 1.

13 The word 'down' is in English.

- 14 On Friday 2 and Saturday 3 October 1942, there were large-scale raids in Amsterdam and nearly 5,000 Jews were seized.
- 15 People from the Jordaan, a district of Amsterdam.
- 16 The word 'Lord' is in English.
- 17 'My darling' is in English.
- 18 The word 'cream' is in English.
- 19 On 16 October 1942 the papers reported that fifteen hostages had been shot by the Germans in response to a number of acts of sabotage in Twente Province. (L. de Jong, *Het Koninkrijk der Nederlanden in de Tweede Wereldoorlog*, vol. 6, p. 79.)
- 20 German for 'by way of exception'.
- 21 'Happy as anything one minute, down in the dumps the next.'
- 22 Among other things, Sis Heyster wrote instructive articles for the women's magazine *Libelle*.
- 23 *Vrij Nederland* (*The Free Netherlands*) was one of the main underground newspapers; the Vrij-Nederland group was also involved with helping people in hiding. (L. de Jong, *Het Koninkrijk der Nederlanden in de Tweede Wereldoorlog*, vol. 5, p. 814.)
- 24 Literally 'raven's mother', i.e., a cruel mother. Anne Frank wrote this sentence in German.
- 25 Anne Frank's play on words in the Dutch expression '*ik zie ze vliegen* [I see them flying]', which means 'my imagination is running riot'.
- 26 Anne meant *Präservativmittel*, the German word for 'condom'.
- 27 H. van Hoeven ran a greengrocery at 58, Leliegracht, from where he helped Jews who wanted to go, or had already gone, into hiding. Following his arrest he ended up in Vught concentration camp and four German concentration camps, all of which he survived. (Interview with Van Hoeven in *Het Parool*, 26 Feb. 1972.)
- 28 On Tuesday 11 April 1944 the Kleykamp building in The Hague was successfully bombed. It was in this building that the State Inspectorate of the Public Registration Office kept all receipts for identity cards. (L. de Jong, *Het Koninkrijk der Nederlanden in de Tweede Wereldoorlog*, vol. 7, pp. 797ff.)
- 29 The word 'darling' is in English.
- 30 The report was published in *De Telegraaf* on 27 April 1944 and the poem by Clinge Doorenbos appeared on 4 May in the same newspaper.
- 31 Anne Frank wrote this story on four loose pages.
- 32 In German in the original ('*Die Entführung der Mutter*'), no doubt a reference to Mozart's opera *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*.
- 33 The address Queen Wilhelmina gave on the night of Tuesday 9 May 1944 on Radio Orange was repeated on the afternoon of Thursday 11 May. Her address on the afternoon of Wednesday, 10 May was repeated that same evening. Prime Minister Gerbrandy and the Rev. J. van Dorp spoke on 10 May. (State Institute for War Documentation, *Radio Oranje-uitzendingen* (Radio Orange Broadcasts)).

34 Anne's English.

35 Anne's error in Dutch.

36 Quotation in English.

37 This article was published in *De Telegraaf* on 7 June 1944 and Clinge Doorenbos's poem followed on 8 June in the same paper.

38 All non-essential telephone lines were disconnected on 15 June 1944. (*Kroniek van Amsterdam*, p. 130.)

39 After the invasion on 6 June 1944, Seyss-Inquart ordered the families of German citizens in the western Netherlands to move to the east of the country. (L. de Jong, *Het Koninkrijk der Nederlanden in de Tweede Wereldoorlog*, vol. 10 a, p. 184.)

40 At a large rally of the NSB on 10 June 1944 in the Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Mussert, the Dutch Nazi leader, told his audience that if the Netherlands were invaded he would volunteer for the Wehrmacht. This announcement was greeted with derision by the underground press. (L. de Jong, *Het Koninkrijk der Nederlanden in de Tweede Wereldoorlog*, vol. 10 a, pp. 188–90.)

41 Anne's English.

## DIARY VERSION B

20.6.42

It's an odd idea for someone like me, to keep a diary; not only because I have never done so before, but because it seems to me that neither I – nor for that matter anyone else – will be interested in the unbosomings of a thirteen-year-old schoolgirl. Still, what does that matter? I want to write but more than that, I want to bring out all kinds of things that lie buried deep in my heart. There is a saying that 'paper is more patient than man'; it came back to me on one of my slightly melancholy days while I sat chin in hand, feeling too bored and limp even to make up my mind whether to go out, or stay at home. Yes there is no doubt that paper is patient and as I don't intend to show this cardboard-covered notebook, bearing the proud name of diary to anyone, unless I find a real friend, boy or girl, probably nobody cares.

And now I touch the root of the matter the reason why I started a diary; it is that I have no such real friend.

Let me put it more clearly, since no one will believe that a girl of 13 feels herself quite alone in the world, nor is it so. I have darling parents and a sister of sixteen. I know about thirty people whom one might call friends, I have strings of boy friends, anxious to catch a glimpse of me and who, failing that, peep at me through mirrors in class. I have relations, darling aunts and a good home, no I don't seem to lack anything, save 'the' friend. But it's the same with all my friends, just fun and joking, nothing more. I can never bring myself to talk of anything outside the common round or we don't seem to be able to get any closer, that is the root of the trouble. Perhaps I lack confidence, but anyway, there it is, a stubborn fact and I don't seem to be able to do anything about it. Hence, this diary. In order to enhance in my mind's eye the picture of the friend for whom I have waited so long I don't want to set down a series of bald facts in a diary like most people do, but I want this diary itself to be my friend, and I shall call my friend Kitty.

No one will grasp what I'm talking about if I begin my letters to Kitty just out of the blue so I'll start by sketching in brief the story of my life, much as I don't like to. My father, the dearest darling of a father I have ever seen, was thirty-six when he married my mother who was then twenty-five. My sister Margot, was born in 1926 in Frankfurt-am-main in Germany. I followed on 12 June 1929 and, as we are Jewish we emigrated to Holland in 1933, where my father was appointed Managing Director of

the Netherlands Opekta Co., which manufactures jam. The rest of our family who were left in Germany felt the full impact of Hitler's anti-Jewish laws, so life was filled with anxiety. In 1938 after the Pogroms, my two uncles (my mother's brothers) escaped to North America, my old grandmother came to us, she was then seventy-three. After May 1940 good times rapidly fled, first the war, then the capitulation, followed by the German invasion which is when the sufferings of us Jews really began. Anti-Jewish decrees followed each other in quick succession and our freedom was strictly limited. Yet things were still bearable, despite the star, separate schools, curfew, etc. etc.

Granny died in January 1942, Margot and I transferred to the Jewish Secondary School in Oct. 1941, she into the 4th, I into the 1st form. So far everything is all right with the four of us and here I come to the present day and to the solemn inauguration of my diary.

Amsterdam

20 June 1942.

Anne Frank.

20 June 1942

Saturday

Dear Kitty,

I'll start straight away. It is so peaceful at the moment, Mummy and Daddy are out and Margot has gone to play ping-pong with some young people at her friend Trees's. I've been playing ping-pong a lot myself lately, so much that five of us girls have started a club. The club is called the little bear minus 2; it is a very silly name but then it's based on a mistake. We wanted to have a very special name for our club and to compare our 5 members to stars. We all thought the great bear had 7 stars and the little bear 5, but on closer inquiry it turned out that both have 7. Hence the minus 2. Ilse Wagner has a ping-pong set and the Wagners' large dining room is always at our disposal, Susanne Ledermann is our president, Jacqueline van Maarsen the secretary, Elizabeth Goslar, Ilse and I are the other members. We 5 ping-pongers are very partial to an ice cream, especially in summer, when one gets warm at the game, so we usually finish up with a visit to the nearest ice-cream shop, Oasis or Delphi,<sup>1</sup> where Jews are allowed. We've quite given up scrounging for extra pocket money. Oasis is usually full and among our large circle of friends we always manage to find some kind-hearted gentleman or boy friend, who presents us with more ice cream than we could devour in a week.

I expect you will be rather surprised at the fact that I (the youngest member of the club) should talk of boy friends at my age. Alas, or in some cases not alas, one simply can't seem to avoid it at our school. As soon as a boy asks if he may bicycle home with me and we start a conversation, 9 out of 10 times I can be sure that he will fall head over heels in love immediately and simply won't allow me out of his sight. After a while it cools down of course, especially as I take little notice of ardent looks and pedal blithely on.

If it gets so far that they begin asking about Father, I swerve slightly on my bicycle, my satchel falls, the young man is bound to get off and hand it to me, by which time I have introduced a new topic of conversation. These are the most innocent types; you get some who blow kisses or try to get hold of your arm, but then they are definitely knocking at the wrong door. I get off my bicycle and refuse to go further in their company, or I pretend to be insulted and tell them in no uncertain terms to clear off.

There, the foundation of our friendship is laid, till tomorrow

Yours, Anne

21 June 1942.

Sunday.

Dear Kitty,

Our whole 1 L II is trembling, the reason is of course that the teachers' meeting is to be held soon. There is much speculation as to who will move up and who will stay put, G.Z., my neighbour, and I are highly amused at C.N. and Jacques Kokernoot, the two boys behind us. They won't have a florin left for the holidays, it will all be gone on betting. 'You'll move up', 'shan't', 'shall', from morning till night. Even G.'s pleas for silence and my angry outbursts don't calm them. According to me, a quarter of the class should stay where they are; there are some absolute cuckoos, but teachers are the most biggest freaks on earth, so perhaps they will be freakish in the right way for once.

I am not afraid about my girl friends and myself, some holiday tasks and re-examinations and we'll squeeze through somehow, though I am not too certain about my maths. Still, we can but wait patiently. Till then, we cheer each other along.

I get along quite well with all my teachers, 9 in all, 7 masters and 2 mistresses. Mr. Keesing, the old man who teaches maths, was very annoyed with me for a long time because I chatter so much, so I had to write a composition with 'a chatterbox' as the subject. A chatterbox, whatever could one write? However, deciding I would puzzle that out later, I wrote it in my notebook and tried to keep quiet.

That evening when I'd finished my other homework, my eyes fell on the title in my notebook. I pondered, while chewing the end of my fountain pen, that anyone can scribble some nonsense in large letters with the words well spaced, but the difficulty was to find a proof beyond doubt of the necessity of talking. I thought and thought and then, suddenly having an idea, filled my three allotted sides and felt completely satisfied. My arguments were that talking is a feminine characteristic and that I would do my best to keep it under control, but I should never be cured, for my mother talked as much as I, probably more, and what can one do about inherited qualities?

Mr Keesing had to laugh at my arguments but when I carried on holding forth in the next lesson, another composition followed. This time it was 'Incurable Chatterbox', I handed this in and Keesing made no complaints for two whole lessons. But in the third lesson it was too much for him again. 'Anne Frank, as punishment for



talking, will do a composition entitled “Quack, quack, quack says Mrs Natterbeak.” Shouts of laughter from the class. I had to laugh too, although I felt that my inventiveness on this subject was exhausted. I had to think of something else, something entirely original. I was in luck, as my friend Susanne writes good poetry and offered to help by doing the composition from beginning to end in verse. I jumped for joy. Keesing wanted to make a fool of me with this absurd theme, I would get my own back and make him the laughing stock of the whole class. The poem was finished and was perfect! It was about a mother duck and a father swan who had 3 baby ducklings. The baby ducklings were bitten to death by Father because they quacked too much. Luckily Keesing saw the joke, he read the poem out loud to the class, with comments, and also to various other classes. Since then I am allowed to talk, never get extra work, in fact Keesing always jokes about it.

Yours, Anne

Wednesday 24 June 1942.

Dear Kitty,

It is boiling hot, we are all positively melting and in this heat I have to go on foot everywhere. Now I can fully appreciate how nice a tram is, but that is a forbidden luxury for Jews. Shanks's pony is good enough for us. I had to visit the dentist in the Jan Luikenstraat in the lunch hour yesterday, it is a long way from our school in the Stadstimmertuinen, I nearly fell asleep in school that afternoon. Luckily, the dentist's assistant was very kind and gave me a drink – she's a good sort. We are allowed to go on the ferry and that is about all, there is a little boat from the Jozef Israëlskade, where the man took us at once when we asked him.<sup>2</sup> It is not the Dutch people's fault that we are having such a miserable time. I do wish I didn't have to go to school, as my bicycle was stolen in the Easter holidays and Daddy has given Mummy's to some Christian acquaintances for safekeeping. But thank goodness, the holidays are almost here, one more week and the agony is over. Something amusing happened yesterday, I was passing the bicycle sheds when someone called out to me. I looked around and there was the nice-looking boy I met on the previous evening, at Wilma's home. He came shyly towards me and introduced himself as Hello Silberberg. I was rather surprised and wondered what he wanted, but I didn't have to wait long, he asked if I would allow him to accompany me to school. ‘As you are going my way in any case, I will,’ I replied and so we went together. Hello is sixteen and can tell all kinds of amusing stories, he was waiting for me again this morning and I expect he will from now on.

Anne.

Wednesday 1 July 1942.

Dear Kitty,

I have not had a moment to write to you until today. I was with friends all day on Thursday. On Friday we had visitors, and so it went on until today.

Hello and I have got to know each other well in a week, and he has told me a lot about his life, he comes from Gelsenkirchen and came to Holland alone and is living with his grandparents. His parents are in Belgium but he has no chance of getting there himself. Hello had a girl friend called Ursula, I know her too, a very soft, dull creature, now that he has met me he realizes that he was just daydreaming in Ursula's presence. I seem to act as a stimulant to keep him awake, you see we all have our uses and queer ones too at times!

On Monday night Hello visited us to meet Daddy and Mummy, I had bought a cream cake, sweets, tea and fancy biscuits, quite a spread, but neither Hello nor I felt like sitting stiffly side by side indefinitely, so we went for a walk and it was already ten past eight when he brought me home. Daddy was very cross, and thought it was very wrong of me to be home so late and I had to promise to be in at ten to 8 in future. Next Saturday I've been invited to his house. My girl friend Jacque teases me the whole time about Hello; I'm honestly not in love, oh, no, I can surely have boy friends, no one thinks anything of that.

Daddy has been at home a lot lately, as there is nothing for him to do at business, it must be rotten to feel so superfluous. Mr Kleiman has taken over Opekta and Mr Kugler Gies and Co, which deals in (substitute) spices and was only founded in 1941. When we walked across our little square together a few days ago Daddy began to talk of us going into hiding, he is very worried that it will be very difficult for us to live completely cut off from the world. I asked him why on earth he was beginning to talk of that already 'Yes Anne,' he said 'you know that we have been taking food, clothes, furniture to other people for more than a year now, we don't want our belongings to be seized by the Germans, but we most certainly don't want to fall into their clutches ourselves. So we shall disappear of our own accord and not wait until they come and fetch us.'

'But Daddy, when would it be?'

he spoke so seriously that I grew very anxious.

'Don't you worry about it, we shall arrange everything. Make the most of your carefree young life while you can.'

That was all. Oh, may the fulfilment of these sombre words remain far distant yet.

Yours, Anne

Sunday morning 5 July  
1942.

Dearest Kitty,

Our examination results were announced in the Jewish Theatre last Friday, I couldn't have hoped for better, my report is not at all bad, I had one unsatisfactory, a 5 for algebra, and the rest were all sevens, two eights, and two sixes. They were certainly pleased at home, although over the question of marks my parents are quite different from most, they don't care a bit whether my reports are good or bad as long as I am

well and happy, and not too cheeky, then the rest will come by itself. I am just the opposite. I don't want to do badly; I should really have stayed in the 7th form in the Montessori School, but was accepted for the Jewish Secondary, but when all the Jewish children had to go to Jewish schools, Mr Elte took Lies Goslar and me conditionally after a bit of persuasion. Lies also went up, but after a tough re-examination in geometry. Poor Lies, she can never work properly at home; her little sister plays in her tiny room all day, a spoilt baby nearly 2 years old. If Gabi doesn't get her way she starts yelling and if Lies doesn't bother with her then Mrs Goslar starts yelling. Lies can't possibly work properly like that and the hundreds of extra lessons she's getting won't be of much use to her.

And the kind of household the Goslars run; of the five rooms on Zuider Amstellaan one is rented out, Mrs Goslar's parents live in the porch next to it but eat with the family, then there is a maid, the baby, the always absent-minded and absent Mr Goslar, and the always nervous and irritable Mrs Goslar, who is expecting again. Lies with her two left hands is as good as lost in this bear garden.

My sister Margot has her report too, brilliant as usual. She would move up cum laude if that existed at school, she is so brainy! There goes the doorbell, Hello's here, I'll stop

yours, Anne

Wednesday 8 July 1942.

Dear Kitty,

Years seem to have passed between Sunday and now, so much has happened, it is as if the whole world had turned upside down, but I am still alive, Kitty, and that is the main thing, Daddy says.

Yes, I'm still alive indeed, but don't ask where or how. You wouldn't understand a word, so I will begin by telling you what happened on Sunday afternoon.

At three o'clock (Hello had just gone, but was coming back later) someone rang the front doorbell, I was lying lazily reading a book on the veranda in the sunshine so I didn't hear it. A bit later, Margot appeared at the kitchen door looking very excited. 'The S.S. have sent a call-up notice for Daddy,' she whispered. 'Mummy has gone to see Mr van Pels already.'<sup>3</sup>

It was a great shock to me, a call-up; everyone knows what that means, I picture concentration camps and lonely cells – should we let him be doomed to this? 'Of course he won't go,' declared Margot while we waited together. 'Mummy has gone to the v.P.s to ask whether we should move into our hiding place tomorrow. The v.P.s are going with us, there will be 7 of us in all.' Silence. We couldn't talk any more, thinking about Daddy, who, little knowing what was going on, was visiting in the Joodse invalide;<sup>4</sup> waiting for Mummy, the heat and suspense all made us very overawed and silent.

Suddenly the bell rang again. 'That is Hello,' I said. 'Don't open the door.' Margot held me back, but it was not necessary as we heard Mummy and Mr v.P. downstairs, talking to Hello, then they came in and closed the door behind them. Each time the bell went Margot or I had to creep softly down to see if it was Daddy, not opening the door to anyone else.

Margot and I were sent out of the room, v.P. wanted to talk to Mummy alone. (V.P. is an acquaintance and a partner in Daddy's business.) When we were alone together in our bedroom, Margot told me that the call-up did not concern Daddy but her. I was more frightened than ever and began to cry. Margot is 16, would they really take girls of that age away alone? But thank goodness she won't go, Mummy said so herself, that must be what Daddy meant when he talked about us going into hiding.

Into hiding, where would we go, in a town or the country, in a house or a cottage, when, how, where? . . . These were many questions I could not ask but I couldn't get them out of my mind. Margot and I began to pack some of our most vital belongings into a school satchel, the first thing I put in was this diary, then hair curlers, handkerchiefs, schoolbooks, a comb, old letters, I put in the craziest things with the idea that we were going into hiding, but I'm not sorry, memories mean more to me than dresses.

At five o'clock Daddy finally arrived, and we phoned Mr Kleiman to ask if he could come round in the evening. V.P. went and fetched Miep. Miep came and took some shoes, dresses, coats, underwear, and stockings away in a bag, promising that she would return in the evening. Then silence fell on the house; not one of us felt like eating anything, it was still hot and everything was very strange. We let our large upstairs room to a certain Mr Goldschmidt, a divorced man in his thirties, who appeared to have nothing to do on this particular evening, we simply could not get rid of him without being rude, he hung around until ten o'clock. At eleven o'clock Miep and Jan Gies arrived, Miep has been in the business with Daddy since 1933 and has become a close friend, likewise her brand-new husband, Jan. Once again shoes, stockings, books and underclothes disappeared into Miep's bag and Jan's deep pockets; and at eleven-thirty they too disappeared.

I was dog-tired and although I knew it would be my last night in my own bed, I fell asleep immediately and didn't wake up until Mummy called me at 5.30 the next morning. Luckily it was not so hot as Sunday; warm rain fell steadily all day. We put on heaps of clothes as if we were going to the North Pole, the sole reason being to take clothes with us. No Jew in our situation would have dreamed of going out with a suitcase full of clothing. I had on two vests, three pairs of pants, a dress, on top of that a skirt, jacket, summer coat, two pairs of stockings, lace-up shoes, woolly cap, scarf, and still much more; I was nearly stifled before we started, but no one inquired about that. Margot filled her satchel with schoolbooks, fetched her bicycle and rode off behind Miep into the unknown as far as I was concerned. You see I still didn't know where our secret hiding place was to be.

At 7.30 the door closed behind us, Moortje, my little cat, was the only creature to whom I said farewell. She would have a good home with the neighbours. This was all written in a letter addressed to Mr Goldsmith. The stripped beds, the breakfast things lying on the table, a pound of meat in the kitchen for the cat, all giving the impression that we had left helter-skelter. But we didn't care about impressions, we only wanted to get away, only escape and arrive safely, nothing else.

Continued tomorrow.

Yours, Anne

Thursday 9 July 1942.

Dear Kitty,

So we walked through the pouring rain, Daddy, Mummy and I, each with a school satchel and shopping bag filled to the brim with all kinds of things thrown together anyhow. We got sympathetic looks from people on their way to work. You could see by their faces how sorry they were they couldn't offer us a lift, the gaudy yellow star spoke for itself.

Only when we were on the road did Mummy and Daddy begin to tell me bits and pieces about the plan. For months as many of our goods and chattels and our necessities of life as possible had been sent away, and they were sufficiently ready for us to have gone into hiding of our own accord on July 16. The plan had had to be speeded up 10 days because of this call-up, so our quarters would not be so well organized but we had to make the best of it.

The hiding place itself would be in the building where Daddy had his office. It will be hard for outsiders to understand, but I shall explain that later on. Daddy didn't have many people working for him, Mr Kugler, Kleiman and Miep, and Bep Voskuyl, a twenty-three-year-old typist, who all knew of our arrival. Mr Voskuyl, Bep's father, who had not been told and two men worked in the warehouse.

I will describe the building, there is a large warehouse on the ground floor which is used as a store and that is subdivided into various little compartments, such as the milling room, where cinnamon, clove and substitute pepper were ground up, the stockroom and the veranda, The front door to the house is next to the warehouse door, and inside the front door is a second doorway which leads to a staircase. There is another door at the top of the stairs with a frosted glass window in it, which has 'Office' written in black letters across it. This is the large main office, very big, very light, and very full. Bep, Miep and Mr Kleiman work there in the daytime, a small dark room containing the safe, a wardrobe and a large cupboard, leads to a small, stuffy, dark director's office. Mr Kugler and Mr v.P. used to sit here, now it is only Mr Kugler. One can reach Kugler's office from the passage, but only via a glass door which can be opened from the inside but not easily from the outside; from Kugler's office a long passage goes past the coal store, up four steps and leads to the showroom of the whole building, the private office. Dark, dignified furniture, linoleum and

carpets on the floor, radio, smart lamp, everything first class, next door there is a roomy kitchen with a hot-water tap and a gas stove and next door the w.c. That is the first floor. A wooden staircase leads from the downstairs passage to the next floor. There is a small landing at the top. There is a door to the right and left of the landing, the left one leading to the front of the house, with spice room, corridor room, a front room, and to the attics. One of those really steep Dutch staircases runs from the side to the other door opening on to the street.

To the right of the landing lies our 'Secret Annexe'. No one would ever guess that there would be so many rooms hidden behind that plain door painted grey. There's a little step in front of the door and then you are inside. There is a steep staircase immediately opposite the entrance. On the left a tiny passage brings you into a room, this room was to become the Frank family's bed-sitting-room, next door an even smaller room, study and bedroom for the two young ladies of the family. On the right a little room without windows, containing the washbasin and small w.c. compartment, with another door leading to Margot's and my room. If you go up the next flight of stairs and open the door, you are simply amazed that there could be such a big light room in such an old house by the canal. There is a stove in this room (thanks to the fact that it was used before as Kugler's laboratory) and a sink. this is now the kitchen as well as bedroom for the v.P. couple, besides being general living room, dining room and scullery. A tiny little corridor room will become Peter v.P.'s apartment. Then just as on the lower landing there is a large attic. So there you are I have introduced you to the whole of our beautiful 'Secret Annexe'!

yours, Anne

Friday 10 July 1942.

Dear Kitty,

I expect I have thoroughly bored you with my long-winded descriptions of our dwelling. But still I think you should know where I've landed up; how I've landed up is something you will gather only too well from all the letters that follow.

But first to continue my story – you see, I've not finished yet – when we arrived at 263, Prinsengracht, Miep led us quickly through the long passage, up the wooden stairs, straight to the 'Secret Annexe'. She closed the door behind us and we were alone. Margot was already waiting for us, having arrived much more quickly on her bicycle. Our living room and all the other rooms were chock-full of rubbish, indescribably so, all the cardboard boxes which had been sent to the office in the previous months lay piled on the floor and the beds; the little room was filled to the ceiling with bedclothes.

We had to start clearing up immediately, if we wished to sleep in decent beds that night. Mummy and Margot were not in a fit state to take part; they were tired and lay down on their unmade beds, they were wretched, and lots more besides, but the two 'clearers-up' of the family, Daddy and myself, wanted to start at once.

The whole day long we unpacked boxes, filled cupboards, hammered and tidied, until we were dead beat. We sank into clean beds that night. We hadn't had a bit of anything warm the whole day but we didn't care, Mummy and Margot were too tired and keyed up to eat and Daddy and I were too busy. On Tuesday morning we went on where we had left off the day before, Bep and Miep collected our rations for us, Daddy improved the poor blackout, we scrubbed the kitchen floor, and were on the go the whole day long once more. I hardly had time to think about the great change in my life until Wednesday; then I had a chance, for the first time since our arrival, to tell you all about it, and at the same time to realize myself what had happened to me, and what was still going to happen.

Yours, Anne

Saturday 11 July 1942.

Dear Kitty,

Daddy, Mummy and Margot can't get used to the sound of the Westertoren clock yet, which tells us the time every quarter of an hour. I can. I loved it from the start, and especially in the night it's like a faithful friend. I expect you will be interested to hear what it feels like to hide; well, all I can say is that I don't know myself yet. I don't think I shall ever feel really at home in this house but that does not mean that I loathe it here, it is more like being on vacation in a very peculiar boarding house. Rather a mad way of looking at being in hiding perhaps but that is how it strikes me. The 'Secret Annexe' is an ideal hiding place, although it leans to one side and is damp, you'd never find such a comfortable hiding place anywhere in Amsterdam, no perhaps not even in the whole of Holland. Our little room looked very bare at first with nothing on the walls; but thanks to Daddy who had brought my picture postcards and film-star collection on beforehand, and with the aid of paste pot and brush I have transformed the walls into one gigantic picture. This makes it look much more cheerful, and when the v.Ps. come we'll get some wood from the attic and make a few little cupboards for the walls and other odds and ends to make it look more lively. Margot and Mummy are a little bit better now, Mummy felt well enough to cook some soup for the first time yesterday, but then forgot all about it, while she was downstairs talking, so the peas were burnt to a cinder and utterly refused to leave the pan. Mr Kleiman has brought me 'the young people's annual'. The four of us went to the private office yesterday evening and turned on the radio, I was so terribly frightened that someone might hear it that I simply begged Daddy to come upstairs with me; Mummy understood how I felt and came too. We are very nervous in other ways too that the neighbours might hear us or see something going on. We made curtains straight away on the first day, really one can hardly call them curtains they are only loose, draughty strips of material, all different shapes, quality and pattern, which Daddy and I sewed together in a most unprofessional way; these works of art are fixed in position with drawing pins not to come down until we emerge from here. To the right of us is the local branch of

the Keg company from Zaandam, and on the left a furniture workshop, so those people are not there after working hours, but even so, sounds could travel through the walls. We have forbidden Margot to cough at night, although she has a bad cold, and make her swallow large doses of codeine.

I am looking forward to Tuesday when the v.P.s arrive; it will be much more fun and not so quiet. It is the silence that frightens me so in the evenings and at night. I wish like anything that one of our protectors could sleep here at night.

Yesterday we had a lot of work, we had to stone two baskets of cherries for the office, Mr Kugler wants to preserve them. We are turning the cherry boxes into little bookshelves. We have to whisper and tread lightly during the day, otherwise the people in the warehouse might hear us.

Someone is calling me  
yours, Anne

Friday 14 August 1942.

Dearest Kitty,

I have deserted you for a whole month, but honestly, there is so little news here that I can't find amusing things to tell you every day. The v.Ps. arrived on July 13. We thought they were coming on the 14th, but between 13 and 16 July the Germans called up people right and left which created more and more unrest, so they played for safety, better a day too early than a day too late. At nine-thirty in the morning (we were still having breakfast) Peter arrived, the v.P.s' son, not sixteen yet, rather soft, shy, gawky youth; can't expect much from his company. Mr and Mrs v.P. arrived half an hour later; and to our great amusement she had a large potty in her hat box. 'I don't feel at home anywhere without my chamber,' she declared, so it was the first thing to find its permanent resting place under her divan. Mr v.P. did not bring his but carried a folding tea table under his arm. From the day they arrived we all had meals cosily together and after three days it was just as if we 7 were one large family. Naturally the v.P.s were able to tell us a lot about the extra week they had lingered in the inhabited world. Among other things we were very interested to hear what had happened to our house and to Mr Goldsmith. Mr v.P. told us.

'Mr Goldsmith phoned at nine o'clock on Monday morning and asked if I could come around. I went immediately and found G. in a state of great agitation. He let me read a letter that the Franks had left behind and wanted to take the cat to the neighbours as indicated in the letter, which pleased me. Mr G. was afraid that the house would be searched so we went through all the rooms, tidied up a bit and cleared the table. Suddenly I discovered a writing pad on Mrs Frank's desk with an address in Maastricht<sup>5</sup> written on it. Although I knew that this was done on purpose, I pretended to be very surprised and shocked and urged Mr G. to tear up this unfortunate little piece of paper without delay. I went on pretending that I knew nothing of your disappearance all the time, but after seeing the paper I got a brain wave. "Mr G" – I



said – “it suddenly dawns on me what this address may refer to. It all comes back to me very clearly, a high-ranking officer was in the office about six months ago, he appeared to be very friendly with Mr F. and offered to help him, should the need arise. He was indeed stationed in Maastricht. I think he must have kept his word and somehow or other managed to take Mr F. along with him to Belgium and then on to Switzerland. I should tell this to any friends who may inquire, don’t of course mention Maastricht.”

‘With these words I left the house. Most of your friends know already, because I have been told myself several times by different people.’ We were highly amused at the story and, when Mr v.P. gave us further details laughed still more at the way people can let their imagination run away with them.

One family from the Merwedeplein had seen all four of us pass on bicycles very early in the morning and another lady knew quite definitely that we were fetched by a military car in the middle of the night.

Yours, Anne

Friday 21 August 1942.

Dearest Kitty,

The entrance to our hiding place has now been properly concealed. Mr Kugler thought it would be better to put a cupboard in front of our door (because a lot of houses are being searched for hidden bicycles) but of course it had to be a movable cupboard that can open like a door.

Mr Voskuyl made the whole thing; but first the walls of the corridor had to be papered. (We had already let Mr Voskuyl into the secret and he can’t do enough to help.) If we want to go downstairs we have to first bend down and then jump. The first 3 days we were all going about with masses of lumps on our foreheads because we all knocked ourselves against the low doorway. So Peter has made it as soft as possible by nailing a cloth filled with wood wool against the top of the door. Let’s see if that helps! I am not working much at present, I’m giving myself holidays until September. Then Daddy is going to give me lessons, but first we must buy all the schoolbooks again.

Miep and Jan have been to see G. to fetch some more of our clothes, but all the wardrobes were empty. G. said that he couldn’t make out how we had managed to eat in the end since there had been only one plate and one cup left in the house. Isn’t that awful? Goodness knows what he’s done with our stuff, it was mean of him not to give anything to Miep. It can’t be that he’s afraid to hand our things over to some stranger because he knows Miep very well. We were really indignant but there’s nothing we can do about it.

It is lovely weather and in spite of everything we make the most we can of it by lying on a camp bed in the attic.

I still don’t like Peter any better, he is so boring he flops lazily on his bed half the time, does a bit of carpentry and then goes back for another snooze. What a fool!

Yours, Anne.

Wednesday 2 September 1942.

Dear Kitty,

Mr and Mrs v.P. have had a terrific quarrel, I've never seen anything quite like it before. Mummy and Daddy would never dream of shouting at each other. The cause was so trivial that the whole thing was a pure waste of breath, but still, everyone to his own liking.

Naturally it is very unpleasant for Peter, who has to stand by, but then no one takes him seriously, he is so frightfully touchy and lazy. Yesterday he was badly upset as he found that his tongue was blue instead of red; this unusual phenomenon of nature disappeared just as quickly as it had come. Today he is going about with a thick scarf on, as he has a stiff neck, in addition 'M'lord' complains of lumbago. Pains around the heart, kidneys and lungs are not unusual either, he is a real hypochondriac (that's the word for such people, isn't it?)

It is not all honey between Mummy and Mrs v.P., there is plenty of cause for unpleasantness, to give a small example I will tell you that Mrs v.P. has taken all three of her sheets out of the common linen cupboard, she takes it for granted that Mummy's sheets will do for all of us. It will be a nasty surprise for her when she finds that Mummy has followed her good example.

Also she is thoroughly piqued that her dinner service and not ours is in use. She is always trying to find out where we have actually put our plates; they are in a cardboard box behind a lot of Opekta advertising stuff in the attic. Our plates are ungettable as long as we are here, and a good thing too!

I always have bad luck; I smashed one of Mrs v.P.'s soup plates into a thousand pieces yesterday.

'Oh,' She angrily, 'couldn't you be careful for once, that's the only one I've got left.' Please bear in mind, dear Kitty, that the two ladies here speak terrible Dutch. (I daren't say anything about the gentlemen, because they would be very offended.), if you could hear their bickerings you would burst out laughing; we don't pay any attention to it any more, it's no good correcting them either. when I write about Mummy or Mrs v.P. I shan't repeat their actual words but put them in proper Dutch. Last week we had a little interruption in our monotonous life, it was over a book about women, and Peter. First I must tell you that Margot and Peter are allowed to read nearly all the books that Mr Kleiman lends us, but the grown-ups held back this particular book on the subject of women. Peter's curiosity was aroused at once. what was it the two of them were not allowed to read in this book? He got hold of the book on the sly while his mother was downstairs talking and disappeared with his missive to the attic. All went well for two days, his mother knew what he was doing but didn't tell tales, until Mr v.P. found out. He was very angry, took the book away and thought that

that would finish the whole business. However he had not allowed for his son's curiosity, which waxed rather than waned because of his father's attitude.

Peter, determined to finish it, thought of a way to get hold of this enthralling book. In the meantime Mrs v.P. had asked Mummy what she thought about it all, Mummy thought this particular book was not suitable for Margot, but she saw no harm in letting her read most others. 'There is a great difference, Mrs v.P.,' said Mummy, 'between Margot and Peter. In the first place Margot is a girl and girls are always more grown-up than boys, secondly Margot has read quite a lot of serious books and does not go in search of things that are no longer forbidden her, and thirdly, Margot is far more developed and intelligent, shown by the fact of her being in the 4th form at school.' Mrs v.P. agreed, but still thought it wrong in principle to let children read books which were written for grown-ups.

In the meantime Peter had found a time of the day when no one bothered about him or the book: seven-thirty in the evening – then everyone was in the private office listening to the radio. That was when he took his treasure to the attic again. He should have been downstairs again by eight-thirty, but because the book was so thrilling he forgot the time and was just coming downstairs as his father came into the room. You can imagine the consequences, with a slap and a snatch the book lay on the table and Peter was in the attic. That's how matters stood as we sat down to table. Peter stayed upstairs – no one bothered about him, and he had to go to bed without any supper. We went on with the meal chattering gaily when suddenly we heard a piercing whistle; we all stopped eating and looked with pale changed faces from one to another. Then we heard Peter's voice calling down the chimney, 'I say, I'm not coming down anyway.'

Mr v.P. sprang to his feet, napkin falling to the floor, and scarlet in the face he shouted, 'I've had enough of this.'

Daddy took his arm, afraid of what might happen, and the two men went together to the attic; after a good deal of resistance and stamping Peter ended up in his room with the door closed and we went on eating. Mrs v.P. wanted to leave one slice of bread for the dear boy but his father stood firm 'if he doesn't apologize soon he will have to sleep in the attic.' Loud protests from the rest of us as we thought missing supper was quite enough punishment, besides Peter might catch cold and we couldn't call a doctor.

Peter did not apologize; he was already in the attic, v.P. did nothing more about it, but I noticed the next morning that Peter's bed had been used, Peter was back in the attic at seven o'clock, but Daddy managed with a few friendly words to persuade him to come down again. Sour faces and obstinate silences for three days, and everything went smoothly once more.

yours, Anne

Monday 21 Sept. 1942.

Dear Kitty,

Today I'm going to tell you our general news. A small light has been fitted above my divan with a bit of string I shall be able to pull when there is shooting. I can't use it at the moment, because our window is always slightly ajar.

The male v.P. division has built a very convenient, varnished store cupboard with real fly screens. This magnificent object used to stand in Peter's room but has been moved to the attic for better ventilation. Mrs v.P. is unbearable. I get nothing but 'blow ups' from her for my continuous chatter. But I don't take any notice of what she says! Now and then we have news of other Jews, unfortunately things are going badly for them. For instance a girl I know from my class has been carried off with her family. Mr Kleiman brings a few special books for me every other week I'm thrilled with the Joop ter Heul series. I've enjoyed the whole of Cissy van Marxveldt very much, and I've read 'een Zomerzothed' 4 times and I still laugh about some of the ludicrous situations that arise.

Term time has begun again, I am working hard at my French and manage to pump in 5 irregular verbs per day, Peter sighs and groans over his English. Some schoolbooks have just arrived, we have a good stock of exercise books, pencils, rubbers and labels, as I brought these with me. I sometimes listen to the Dutch news from London, heard Prince Bernhard recently, he said that they are expecting a baby about next January.<sup>6</sup> I think it is lovely; the others don't understand why I'm so keen on the Royal Family.

— —  
I was being discussed and they decided that I'm still rather silly, which had the effect of making me work extra hard the next day, I certainly don't want to still be in the first form when I'm fourteen or fifteen.

Also the fact that I'm hardly allowed to read anything was mentioned;

Mummy is reading 'Heren, knechten en vrouwen', which I'm not allowed (Margot is!). First I must be more developed, like my talented sister. Then we talked about my ignorance of philosophy, psychology and physiology, about which I admittedly know nothing, perhaps by next year I shall be wiser! (I looked up these difficult words quickly in *Koenen*!)<sup>7</sup> I have just woken up to the disturbing fact that I have one long-sleeved dress and 3 cardigans for the winter; I've received permission from Daddy to knit a jumper of white sheep's wool, it's not very nice wool but as long as it provides warmth that's all that matters. We have some clothes deposited with friends (including the Brokses), but unfortunately we shall not see them until after the war, that is if they are still there then.

I had just written something about Mrs v.P. when in she came, slap, I closed the book. 'Hey, Anne, can't I just have a look?'

'I'm afraid not.'

'Just the last page, then?'

'No, I'm sorry.'

Naturally it gave me a frightful shock, because there was an unflattering description of her on this particular page.

Yours, Anne

Friday 25 September 1942.

Dear Kitty,

Daddy has an old acquaintance, Mr Dreher, a man in his 70s, very hard of hearing, sick and poor and in addition he has a troublesome appendage a woman 27 years younger than he is, also poor, her arms and legs loaded with real and imitation bracelets and rings, left over from the good old days. This Mr Dreher used to give Daddy quite a bit of trouble and I always admired Daddy for the angelic patience with which he spoke to this pathetic old man on the telephone. When we were still at home, Mummy told Daddy to put a gramophone next to the telephone, a gramophone that would say every 3 minutes, yes Mr Dreher . . . . no Mr Dreher, since the old man didn't understand Daddy's lengthy answers in any case. Today Mr Dreher telephoned the office and asked Mr Kugler whether he wouldn't come along to see him, Mr Kugler didn't feel like it and said he would send Miep. Miep put down the phone. Mrs Dreher then telephoned three times but because Miep was supposed to be away the whole afternoon she had to imitate Bep's voice on the telephone. Downstairs (in the office) as well as upstairs there was horrible mirth and every time the telephone rings now Bep says: 'There's Mrs Dreher!' Whereupon Miep bursts out laughing all over again and giggles very impolitely when she has to answer people. You know what, you won't see carryings-on like ours anywhere else in the whole world, the directors and the office girls have the greatest fun together!

In the evenings I sometimes go to the v.P.s to have a chat. Then we have a moth biscuit with syrup (the biscuit tin is kept in the wardrobe which is full of mothballs) and have fun. Just now the talk was about Peter. I told them that Peter often stroked my cheek and that I didn't like it. In a typical way parents have they asked if I couldn't get fond of Peter, because he certainly liked me very much, I thought 'Oh dear' and said 'Oh no', Imagine it! Pim (that is Daddy's nickname) wants Dutch lessons, and I think that's a very good way of repaying him for his help with French and other subjects. But the howlers he makes are incredible, one of them is 'de kikker klotst met zijn ogen' [the frog laps with his eyes] instead of 'de golven klotsten tegen de pier' [the waves lapped against the pier], that is the purest Germanism.

I must say that the Refugee Committee of the 'Secret Annexe' (male section) is very ingenious. I'll tell you what they've done now to get news of us through to Mr Broks, Opekta's representative and a friend who has surreptitiously hidden some of our things for us! They typed a letter to a shopkeeper in South Zeeland, who does business indirectly with Opekta, in such a way that he has to fill in the enclosed reply and send it back in the envelope supplied. Daddy addressed the envelope to the office. When this envelope arrives from Zeeland, the enclosed letter is taken out, and is replaced by

a message in Daddy's handwriting as a sign of life. Like this, Broks won't become suspicious when he reads the note. They specially chose Zeeland because it is so close to Belgium and [the letter] could have easily been smuggled over the border and in addition no one is allowed into Zeeland without a special permit. An ordinary representative like Broks is sure not to get such a permit.

Yours, Anne

Sunday 27 September 1942.

Dear Kitty,

Just had a big bust-up with Mummy for the umpteenth time, we simply don't get on together these days, and Margot and I don't hit it off any too well either. As a rule we don't go in for such outbursts as this in our family. Still, it's by no means always pleasant for me. Margot's and Mummy's natures are completely strange to me. I can understand my friends better than my own mother – too bad, isn't it!

We often discuss postwar problems, e.g. that one should not talk disparagingly of servants, but I don't find that as bad as making a distinction between *mevrouw* and *juffrouw* in married women.<sup>8</sup>

Mrs v.P. had another tantrum for the umpteenth time, she is really terribly moody. She keeps hiding more of her private belongings. Mummy ought to answer each v.P. 'disappearance' with a Frank 'disappearance'. How some people do adore bringing up other people's children in addition to their own, the v.P.s for instance. Margot doesn't need it, she is such a goody-goody, perfection itself, but I seem to have enough mischief in me for the two of us put together. You should hear us at mealtimes, with reprimands and cheeky answers flying to and fro. Mummy and Daddy always defend me stoutly. I'd have to give up if it weren't for them. Although they do tell me that I mustn't talk so much, that I must be more retiring and not poke my nose into everything, still I seem doomed to failure and if Daddy wasn't so patient I'd be afraid I was going to turn out to be a terrific disappointment to my parents and they are pretty lenient with me.

If I take a small helping of some vegetable I detest and make up with potatoes, the v.P.s, and Mevrouw in particular, can't get over it, that any child should be so spoiled.

'Come along Anne have a few more vegetables,' she says straight away.'

'No thank you Mrs v.P.,' I answer. 'I have plenty of potatoes.'

'Vegetables are good for you, your mother says so too. Have a few more,' she says, pressing them on me until Daddy comes to my rescue.

Then we have from Mrs v.P. – 'You ought to have been in our home, we were properly brought up. It's absurd that Anne's so frightfully spoiled. I wouldn't put up with it if Anne were my daughter.'

These are always her first and last words 'If Anne were my daughter', thank heavens I'm not! But to come back to this 'upbringing' business, there was a deadly silence after Mrs v.P. had finished speaking so eloquently yesterday. Then Daddy said,

'I think Anne is extremely well brought up; she has learned one thing anyway, and that is to make no reply to your long sermons. As to the vegetables, look at your own plate.' Mrs v.P. was beaten, well and truly beaten, she had taken a minute helping of vegetables herself. But she is not spoiled! Oh, no, too many vegetables in the evening are bad for her bowels. Why on earth doesn't she keep her mouth shut about me, then she wouldn't need to make such feeble excuses. It's gorgeous the way Mrs v.P. blushes, I don't, and that is just what she hates.

Yours, Anne

Monday 28 Sept. 1942

Dear Kitty,  
the letter I wrote yesterday was nowhere near finished when I had to break off, hence this sequel. and straight away I have to report another argument.

Monday 28 Sept. 1942

Dear Kitty,  
I had to stop yesterday long before I'd finished. I just must tell you about another quarrel, but before I start on that, something else. Why do grown-ups quarrel so easily, so much, and over the most idiotic things? Up till now I thought that only children squabbled and that that wore off as you grew up. Of course, there is sometimes a real reason for a quarrel, but this is just plain bickering. I suppose I should be used to it. But I can't nor do I think I shall as long as I am the subject of nearly every discussion (they use the word 'discussion' instead of quarrel, quite wrongly, of course, but then these Germans know no better than that!). Nothing I repeat nothing about me is right; my general appearance, my character, my manners are discussed from A to Z. I'm expected (by order) to simply swallow all the harsh words and shouts in silence and I am not used to this. In fact, I can't! I'm not going to take all these insults lying down, I'll show them that Anne Frank wasn't born yesterday. Then they'll be surprised and perhaps they'll keep their mouths shut when I let them see that I am going to start educating them. Shall I take up that attitude? Plain barbarism! I'm simply amazed again and again over their awful manners and especially . . . . stupidity, (Mrs v.P.'s!) but as soon as I get used to this and it won't be long, then I'll give them some of their own back, and no half measures. Then they'll change their tune! Am I really so bad-mannered, conceited, headstrong, pushy, stupid, lazy, etc., etc., as they all say? Oh, of course not. I have my faults, just like everyone else, I know that, but they thoroughly exaggerate everything! Kitty, if only you knew how I sometimes boil under so many gibes and jeers and I don't know how long I shall be able to stifle my rage. I shall just blow up one day.

Still, no more of this, I've bored you long enough with all these quarrels. But I simply must add one highly interesting discussion at table: Somehow or other, we got on the subject of Pim's extreme modesty. Even the most stupid people have to admit

this modesty about Daddy. Suddenly Mrs v.P. says, 'I too, have an unassuming nature, more so than my husband!'

Did you ever! This sentence in itself shows quite clearly how thoroughly forward and pushy she is! Mr v.P. thought he ought to give an explanation regarding the reference to himself. 'I don't wish to be modest – in my experience it does not pay.' Then to me: 'Take my advice, Anne, don't be too unassuming, it doesn't get you anywhere'; Mummy agreed with this too.

But Mrs van Pels had to add, as always, her ideas on the subject. Her next remark was addressed to Mummy and Daddy: 'You have a strange outlook on life. Fancy saying such a thing to Anne; it was very different when I was young, but then it must still be so except in your modern home!' This was a direct hit at the way Mummy brings up her daughters.

Mrs v.P. was scarlet by this time. Mummy calm and cool as a cucumber. People who blush get so hot and excited, it is a great handicap in such a situation. Mummy, still entirely unruffled, but anxious to close the conversation as soon as possible, thought for a second and then said: 'I find, too, Mrs v.P., that one gets on better in life if one is not overmodest. My husband, now, and Margot, and Peter are exceptionally modest, whereas your husband, Anne, you and I, though not exactly the opposite, don't allow ourselves to be completely pushed to one side.' Mrs v.P.: 'But, Mrs Frank, I don't understand you; I'm so very modest and retiring, how can you think of calling me anything else?' Mummy: 'I did not say you were exactly forward, but no one could say you had a retiring disposition.'

Mrs v.P.: 'Let us get this matter cleared up once and for all. I'd like to know in what way I am pushy? I know one thing, if I didn't look after myself I'd soon be starving.'

This absurd remark in self-defence just made Mummy rock with laughter. That irritated Mrs v.P., who added a string of German-Dutch, Dutch-German expressions, until she became completely tongue-tied; then she rose from her chair and was about to leave the room. Suddenly her eye fell on me. You should have seen her, unfortunately at the very moment that she turned round, I was shaking my head sorrowfully – not on purpose, but quite involuntarily, for I had been following the whole conversation so closely, Mrs v.P. turned round and began to reel off a lot of harsh German, common, and ill-mannered, just like a coarse, red-faced fishwife – it was a marvellous sight. If I could draw, I'd have liked to catch her like this, it was a scream, such a stupid, foolish little person! Anyhow, I've learned one thing now. You only really get to know people when you've had a jolly good row with them, then and then only can you judge their true characters!

Yours, Anne.

Tuesday 29 Sept.'42.

Dear Kitty,



Extraordinary things can happen to people who go into hiding. Just imagine, as there is no bath, we use a washtub and because there is hot water only in the office (by which I always mean the whole of the lower floor) all 7 of us take it in turns to make use of this great luxury. But because we are all so different and some are more modest than others, each member of the family has found his own place for carrying out the performance. Peter uses the kitchen in spite of its glass door. When he is going to have a bath he goes to each one of us in turn and tells us that we must not walk past the kitchen for half an hour. He seems to think this is sufficient. Mr v.P. goes right upstairs; to him it is worth the bother of carrying hot water all that way, so as to have the seclusion of his own room. Mrs v.P. simply doesn't bathe at all at present, she is waiting to see which is the best place. Daddy has his bath in the private office, Mummy behind a fire guard in the kitchen, Margot and I have chosen the front office for our scrub. The curtains there are drawn on Saturday afternoons, so we wash ourselves in semi-darkness while the one awaiting her turn peers out of the window through a chink in the curtain and gazes in wonder at all the funny people outside.

However, I don't like this place any longer, and since last week I've been on the lookout for more comfortable quarters. Peter gave me an idea and that was to try the large w.c. by the private office. There I can sit down, have the light on, lock the door, pour my own bath water away, and I'm safe from prying eyes. I tried my beautiful bathroom on Sunday for the first time and although it sounds mad, I think it is the best place of all. On Wednesday the plumber was at work downstairs to move the drains and water pipes from the office w.c. to the passage. This change is a precaution against frozen pipes in case we should have a cold winter. The plumber's visit was far from pleasant for us, not only were we unable to draw water the whole day, but we could not go to the w.c. either. Now it is rather indecent to tell you what we did to overcome this difficulty, however, I'm not such a prude that I can't talk about these things. The day we arrived here, Daddy and I improvised a potty for ourselves; not having a better receptacle, we sacrificed a glass preserving jar for this purpose. During the plumber's visit, nature's offerings were deposited in these jars in the sitting room throughout the day, I don't think this was anything like as bad as having to sit still and not talk the whole day. You can't imagine what a trial that was for 'Miss Quack-Quack'. I have to whisper on ordinary days; but not being able to speak or move was ten x worse.

After being flattened by three days of continuous sitting, my bottom was very stiff and painful. Some exercises at bedtime helped.

Yours, Anne

Thursday 1 Oct. 1942.

Dearest Kitty,

I got a terrible shock yesterday, suddenly at 8 o'clock there was a loud ring; of course, I thought that someone had come, you'll guess who I mean. But I calmed down a bit when everyone said it must be some urchins or perhaps the postman.

The days are becoming very quiet here. Levinsohn, a small Jewish chemist and dispenser, works for Mr Kugler in the kitchen. He knows the whole house very well and therefore we are always afraid that he'll take it into his head to have a peep in the old laboratory. We are as quiet as baby mice. Who, 3 months ago, would have guessed that quicksilver Anne would have to sit still for hours – and what's more, could?

The 29th was Mrs van Pels's birthday. Although there were no big celebrations we managed a little party in her honour with a specially nice meal and she received some small presents and flowers. Red carnations from her husband; that seems to be a family tradition.

To pause for a moment on the subject of Mrs v.P., I must tell you that her attempts to flirt with Daddy are a source of continual irritation for me. She strokes his face and hair, pulls her skirt right up and makes so-called witty remarks, trying in this way to attract Pim's attention. Pim, thank goodness, doesn't find her either attractive or funny and so he doesn't play ball.

Now and then Peter comes out of his shell and can be quite funny. We have one thing in common, from which everyone usually gets a lot of amusement: we both love dressing up. He appeared in one of Mrs v.P.'s very narrow dresses and I in his suit we topped it all off with a hat and a cap. The grown-ups were doubled up with laughter and we enjoyed ourselves as much as they did.

Bep has bought new skirts for Margot and me at Bijenkorf's. The material is tatty, just like sacking, and they cost 24 florins and 7.75 florins respectively. What a difference compared with before the war! Another nice thing I have been keeping up my sleeve, Bep has written to some secretarial school or other and ordered a correspondence course in shorthand for Margot, Peter and me. You wait and see what perfect experts we shall be by next year. In any case it's extremely important to be able to write in a code.

To end this mishmash of news, here is a particularly witty joke told by Mr v.P. What goes tick 999 times and tack once? A millipede with a club foot!

'bye yours, Anne

Friday 9 October 1942.

Dear Kitty,

I've only got dismal and depressing news for you today. Our many Jewish friends are being rounded up by the dozen. These people are treated by the Gestapo without a shred of decency, being loaded into cattle trucks and sent to Westerbork, the big Jewish camp in Drente. Westerbork sounds terrible, only 1 washstand for thousands of people, 1 w.c. and there is no separate sleeping accommodation. Men, women and children all sleep together. One hears of frightful immorality because of this, and a lot of the women and even girls who stay there any length of time are expecting babies.

It is almost impossible to escape, the people in the camp are all branded as inmates by their shorn heads and many also by their Jewish appearance.

If it is as bad as this in Holland, whatever will it be like in the distant and barbarous regions they are sent to? We assume that most of them are murdered. The English radio speaks of their being gassed;<sup>9</sup> perhaps that is the quickest way to die.

I feel terribly upset. I couldn't tear myself away while Miep told these dreadful stories, and she herself was just as badly wound up for that matter. Just recently for instance a poor old crippled Jewess was sitting on her doorstep, she had been told to wait there by the Gestapo who had gone to fetch a car to take her away. The poor old thing was terrified by the guns and the shooting at English planes overhead and by the glaring beams of the searchlights. But Miep did not dare to take her in, no one would have done that. The German gentlemen strike without the slightest mercy.

Bep too is very quiet, her boy friend has got to go to Germany. Each time she's afraid that the airmen who fly over our homes will let their bombs, often weighing 1 million kilos, fall on Bertus's head.

Jokes such as he's not likely to get 1 million and it only takes 1 bomb are in rather bad taste. Bertus is certainly not the only one who has to go, trainloads of boys leave daily. If they stop at a small station en route sometimes some of them manage to slip out on the quiet and escape, perhaps a few manage it.

This, however, is not the end of my bad news. Have you ever heard of hostages? That's the latest thing in penalties for sabotage. Can you imagine anything so dreadful? Prominent citizens – innocent people – are thrown into prison to await their fate. If the saboteur can't be traced the Green police simply put about five hostages against the wall. Announcements of their deaths appear in the papers frequently. These outrages are described as 'fatal accidents'. Nice people the Germans and to think that I am really one of them too! But no, Hitler took away our nationality long ago, in fact Germans and Jews are the greatest enemies in the world.

yours, Anne

Tuesday 20 October 1942.

Dear Kitty,

My hand still shakes although it's two hours since we had the shock. I should explain that there are five fire extinguishers in the house. Downstairs they are such geniuses that they didn't warn us when the carpenter, or whatever the fellow is called, was coming to fill them. The result was that we weren't making any attempt to be silent until I heard hammering outside on the landing opposite our cupboard door. I thought of the carpenter at once and warned Bep, who was having a meal with us that she shouldn't go downstairs. Daddy and I posted ourselves at the door, so as to hear when the man left. After he'd been working for a quarter of an hour, he laid his hammer and tools down on top of our cupboard (as we thought!) and knocked at our door. We turned absolutely white. Perhaps he had heard something after all and wanted to investigate our secret den. It seemed like it. The knocking, pulling, pushing, and wrenching went on. I nearly fainted at the thought that this utter stranger might

discover our beautiful secret hiding place. And just as I thought my last hour was at hand, we heard Mr Kleiman's voice say 'open the door, it's only me.' We opened it immediately. What had happened? The hook that holds the cupboard had got jammed, that was why no one had been able to warn us about the carpenter, the man had now gone downstairs and Kleiman wanted to fetch Bep, but couldn't open the cupboard again. It was a great relief to me, I can tell you. In my imagination the man who I thought was trying to get in had been growing and growing in size until in the end he appeared to be a giant and the greatest fascist that ever walked the earth. Well! Well! Luckily everything was okay this time. Meanwhile we had great fun on Monday. Miep and Jan stayed here overnight. Margot and I went in Mummy and Daddy's room for the night so that the Gieses could have our room. The celebratory dinner tasted divine, there was one small interruption. Daddy's? lamp blew a fuse, and all of a sudden we were sitting in darkness. What was to be done? There was some fuse wire in the house, but the fuse box is right at the back of the dark storeroom – not such a nice chore after dark. Still the men ventured forth and after ten minutes we were able to put the candles away again. Next week Bep is coming to stay for a night.

Yours, Anne

Thursday 29  
October 1942.

Dearest Kitty,

I am awfully worried, Daddy is ill. He has a high temperature and a red rash, it looks like measles. Think of it; we can't even call the doctor! Mummy is letting him have a good sweat. Perhaps that will send his temperature down. This morning Miep told us that all the furniture has been removed from the v.P.s' home in Zuider Amstellaan. We haven't told Mrs v.P. yet. She's 'all nerves' already, and we don't feel like listening to another moan over all the lovely china and beautiful chairs that she left at home. We had to leave almost all our nice things behind, so what's the good of grumbling about it now? I'm allowed to read more grown-up books lately. I'm now reading Eva's youth by Nico van Suchtelen, I can't see much difference between this and the schoolgirl love stories. Daddy has brought the plays of Goethe and Schiller from the big bookcase. He is going to read to me every evening. We've started with Don Carlos.

Following Daddy's good example, Mummy has pressed her prayer book into my hand. For decency's sake I read some of the prayers in German, they are certainly beautiful, but they don't convey much to me. Why does she force me to be pious, just to oblige her?

Tomorrow we are going to light the fire for the first time. I expect we shall be suffocated with smoke; the chimney hasn't been swept for ages, let's hope the thing draws!

yours, Anne

Saturday 30 Oct. 1943.

Dear Kitty,

Mummy is frightfully irritable and that always seems to herald unpleasantness for me. Is it just chance that Daddy and Mummy never rebuke Margot and that they always drop on me for everything? Yesterday evening, for instance: Margot was reading a book with lovely drawings in it, she got up and went upstairs, put the book down ready to go on with it later. I wasn't doing anything, so picked up the book and started looking at the pictures. Margot came back, saw 'her' book in my hands, wrinkled her forehead and asked for it back angrily. Just because I wanted to look a little further on, Margot got more and more angry. Then Mummy joined in: 'Give the book to Margot; she was reading it,' she said. Daddy came into the room. He didn't even know what it was all about, but saw the injured look on Margot's face and promptly dropped on me: 'I'd like to know what you'd say if Margot ever started looking at one of your books!' I gave way at once, laid the book down and left the room – 'offended' as they thought. It so happened I was neither offended nor cross, just miserable. It wasn't right of Daddy to judge without knowing what the squabble was about. I would have given Margot the book myself, and much more quickly too, if Mummy and Daddy hadn't interfered and taken Margot's part at once as though she were the victim of some great injustice.

It's obvious that Mummy would stick up for Margot, she and Margot always do back each other up, I'm so used to that that I'm utterly indifferent to both Mummy's jawing and Margot's moods. I love them, but only because they are Mummy and Margot, as human beings they can both go hang. With Daddy it's different, if he holds Margot up as an example, approves of what she does, praises and caresses her, then something gnaws at me inside because I adore Daddy, he is the one I look up to. I don't love anyone in the world but him. He doesn't notice that he treats Margot differently from me: now Margot is just the prettiest, sweetest, most beautiful girl in the world. But all the same I feel I have some right to be taken seriously too; I have always been the dunce, the ne'er-do-well of the family, I've always had to pay double for my deeds; first with the scolding and then again because of the way my feelings are hurt. Now I'm not satisfied with this apparent favouritism any more. I want something from Daddy that he is not able to give.

I'm not jealous of Margot, never have been. I don't envy her her good looks or her beauty. It is only that I long for Daddy's real love: not only as his child but for me – Anne, myself I cling to Daddy because each day I look upon Mummy with more contempt and because it is only through him that I am able to retain the remnant of family feeling. Daddy doesn't understand that I need to give vent to my feelings over Mummy sometimes. He doesn't want to talk about it; he simply avoids anything which might lead to remarks about Mummy's failings. Just the same, Mummy and her failings are something I find harder to bear than anything else. I don't know how to keep it all to myself. I can't always be drawing attention to her untidiness, her sarcasm, and her lack of sweetness, neither can I believe that I'm always in the wrong.

We are exact opposites in everything; so naturally we are bound to run up against each other. I don't pronounce judgement on Mummy's character for that is something I can't judge. I only look at her as a mother, and she just doesn't succeed in being that to me; I have to be my own mother. I've drawn myself apart from them all, I am my own skipper and later on I shall see where I come to land. All this comes about particularly because I have in my mind's eye an image of what a perfect mother and wife should be; and in her whom I must call 'Mother' I find no trace of that image.

I am always making resolutions not to notice Mummy's bad example. I want to see only the good side of her and to seek in myself what I cannot find in her. But it doesn't work; and the worst of it is that neither Daddy nor Mummy understands this gap in my life, and I blame them for it. I wonder if anyone can ever succeed in making their children absolutely content? Sometimes I believe that God wants to try me both now and later on; I must become good through my own efforts, without examples and without good advice, then later on I shall be all the stronger? Who besides me will ever read these letters? From whom but myself shall I get comfort? As I need comforting often, I frequently feel weak, and dissatisfied with myself; my shortcomings are too great. I know this, and every day I try to improve myself again and again.

My treatment varies so much; one day Anne is so sensible and is allowed to know everything; and the next day I hear that Anne is just a silly little goat who doesn't know anything at all and imagines that she has learned a wonderful lot from books! I'm not a baby or a spoiled darling any more, to be laughed at, whatever she does. I have my own views, plans and ideas, though I can't put them into words yet.

Oh so many things bubble up inside me, as I lie in bed, having to put up with people I'm fed up with, who always misinterpret my intentions. That's why recently I've always come back to my diary. That is where I start and finish, because Kitty is always patient, I'll promise her that I shall persevere, in spite of everything, and find my own way through it all, and swallow my tears. I only wish I could see the results already or occasionally receive encouragement from someone who loves me.

Don't condemn me; remember rather that sometimes I too can reach bursting point.

yours, Anne

Monday 9 Nov. 1942.

Dear Kitty,

Yesterday was Peter's birthday, he was sixteen. He had some nice presents, e.g. a board game, a razor and a lighter. Not that he smokes much; it's really just for show. The biggest surprise came from Mr v.P., when at 1 o'clock he announced that the British had landed in Tunis, Algiers, Casablanca and Oran. This is the beginning of the end, everyone was saying, but Churchill, the British Prime Minister, who had probably heard the same thing in England, said: 'This is not the end. It is not even the beginning of the end. But it is, perhaps, the end of the beginning.'<sup>10</sup> Do you see the difference?

There is certainly reason for optimism, Stalingrad, the Russian place which they have already been defending for 3 months, still hasn't fallen into German hands.

But to return to affairs in our secret den, I must tell you something about our food supply. (As you know we have some real greedy pigs on the top floor!) We get our bread from a very nice baker a friend of Kleiman. We don't get so much as we used to at home, naturally. But it's sufficient. Ration cards have also been bought illegally. Their price is going up all the time; it has now gone up from twenty-seven florins to thirty-three. And all that for a little slip of printed paper! In order to have something in the house that will keep, apart from our hundred tins, we have bought 270 pounds of dried peas and beans. They are not all for us, some are for the office people. They are in sacks which hang on hooks in our little passage (inside the hidden door). Owing to the weight of the contents a few stitches in the sacks burst open.

We decided to put our winter store in the attic then and Peter was given the job of dragging it all up there. He had managed to get 5 of the 6 sacks upstairs intact, and he was just busy pulling up number 6, when the bottom seam of the sack split and a shower – no a positive hailstorm of brown beans came pouring down and rattled down the stairs. There were about fifty pounds in the sack and the noise was enough to waken the dead. Downstairs they thought the old house with all its contents was coming down on them. It gave Peter a moment's fright, but he was soon roaring with laughter, especially when he saw me standing at the bottom of the stairs like a little island in the middle of a sea of beans! I was entirely surrounded up to my ankles in beans. Quickly we started to pick them up. But beans are so slippery and small that they seemed to roll into all the possible and impossible corners and holes. Now, every time anyone goes upstairs they bend down once or twice in order to be able to present Mrs v.P. with a handful of beans. I'd almost forgotten to mention that Daddy is quite better again.

yours, Anne

P.S. The news has just come over the radio that Algiers has fallen. Morocco, Casablanca and Oran have been in British hands for several days. Now we're waiting for Tunis.

— —

yours, Anne

Tuesday 10 November  
1942.

Dear Kitty,

Great news – we want to take in an 8th person.

Yes, really, we have always thought that there was quite enough room and food for one more. We were only afraid of giving Kugler and Kleiman more trouble. But now that the appalling stories we hear about Jews are getting even worse Daddy got hold of two agents who had to decide and they thought it was an excellent plan. It is just as

dangerous for 7 as for 8 they said, and quite rightly. When this was settled we ran through our circle of friends, trying to think of a single person who would fit in well with our 'family'. It wasn't difficult to hit on someone. After Daddy had refused all members of the v.P. family, we chose a dentist called Fritz Pfeffer. He lives with a much younger, nice Christian woman, to whom he is probably not married, but that doesn't matter. He is known to be quiet and refined and so far as we and Mr v.P. can judge from a superficial acquaintance both families think he is a congenial person. Miep knows him too, so she will be able to make arrangements for him to join us. If he comes, he will have to sleep in my room instead of Margot, who will use the camp bed.

yours, Anne

Thursday 12 November  
1942.

Dear Kitty,

Pfeffer asked Miep the moment she entered the room if she didn't perhaps know of a hiding place for him. He was awfully pleased when Miep told him that she had one for him and that he should go there as soon as possible, preferably Saturday. He thought that this was rather doubtful, since he had to bring his card index up to date first, see to a couple of clients and settle his accounts. Miep came to us with this news this morning. We thought it was unwise of him to put it off any longer. All these preparations cost us explanations to a number of people whom we would rather keep out of it; Miep will ask if he can't manage to come on Saturday after all. Pfeffer said no, and now he is coming on Monday I must say I think it's pretty crazy that he doesn't jump at the proposal, whatever it is, if he were to get picked up outside would he still be able to do his card index and go on seeing to his patients, why delay then? I think it's stupid of Daddy to have given in. No other news —

yours, Anne

Tuesday 17 November  
1942.

Dear Kitty,

Pf. has arrived. All went well: Miep had told him that he must be at a special place in front of the Post Office at 11 o'clock in the morning, where a man would meet him. Pf. was standing at the rendezvous dead on time. Mr Kleiman went up to him and told him that the said gentleman could not come, but asked whether he would go to Miep at the office directly. Kleiman got into a tram and went back to the office, while Pf. walked in the same direction. At 20 past eleven Pf. tapped at the office door. Miep helped him off with his coat, so that the yellow star would not be seen, and took him to the private office, where Kleiman engaged him in conversation until the charwoman had gone. Using the trick that the private office was needed for something, she went upstairs with



Pf., opened the swinging cupboard and stepped inside before the eyes of the dumfounded Pfeffer. The 7 of us were sitting around the table upstairs waiting with coffee and cognac to greet the newcomer. Miep showed him into our sitting room first. He recognized our furniture at once, and had not the remotest idea that we were there, above his head. When Miep told him, he nearly passed out with surprise. But luckily Miep didn't give him much time and went with him straight upstairs. Pf. sank into a chair, speechless, and looked at us all for a while, as if he really had to take it all in first. After a while he stuttered: But . . . aber, sind you not in Belgium then? Ist der Militär nicht come, das Auto, the escape is sie nicht successful? We explained the escape and everything to him, that we had spread the story about the soldiers and the car on purpose to put people, and especially the Germans, on the wrong track should they try to find us. Pf. was again struck dumb by such ingenuity, and, when he had explored further our superpractical exquisite little 'Secret Annexe', he could do nothing all day long but gaze about him in astonishment. We all had lunch together. Then he had a little nap and joined us for tea, tidied up his things a bit (Miep had brought them beforehand) and began to feel more at home. Especially when he received the following typed 'Secret Annexe Rules' (v.P. product).

Prospectus and guide to the 'Secret Annexe'. Special institution as temporary residence for Jews and suchlike.

Open all the year round. Beautiful, quiet, wooded surroundings, in the heart of Amsterdam. No residential neighbours. Can be reached by trams 13 and 17 also by car or bicycle. In special cases also on foot if the German authorities prevent the use of transport.

Distance from the Mint: 5 minutes. Distance from South Amsterdam: 45 minutes. Furnished and unfurnished apartments and rooms always available with or without board. Board and lodging free. Special, fat-free diet.

Running water in the bathroom (alas, no bath) and down various inside and outside walls. Wonderful fireplaces. Ample storage room for all types of goods. 2 large modern safes. Own radio centre.

direct communication with London, New York, Tel Aviv and numerous other stations.

This appliance is only for residents' use after 6 o'clock in evening. No stations are forbidden on the understanding that German stations are only listened to in special cases, such as classical music, etc. The radio news service works continuously in 3 shifts. In the morning at 7 o'clock, in the afternoon at 1 o'clock, in the evening at 6 o'clock. Rest hours: 10 o'clock in the evening until 7.30 in the morning. 10.15 on Sundays. Residents may rest during the day, conditions permitting, as the directors indicate. For reasons of public security rest hours must be strictly observed!!!! Free time: that spent outside the house suspended until further notice.

Use of Language: Speak softly at all times, by order! All civilized languages are permitted, therefore no German! Reading and relaxation: No German books may be

read, with the exception of scientific and classical works, everything else is allowed.  
Physical exercise: daily. Singing: only softly and after 6 o'clock in the evening.

films: by arrangement.

Lessons: One written shorthand lesson per week. English, French, Mathematics, and History at all times.

Payment by lessons in return, e.g. in Dutch. It is strictly forbidden to listen to German news bulletins (no matter from where transmitted) or to repeat them.

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Small pets – special department, good treatment available (vermin excepted, for which permit must be. . . . .

— —

Payment by arrangement.

— —

Mealtimes: Breakfast, every day except Sundays and Bank Holidays, 9 a.m. Sundays and Bank Holidays 11.30 a.m. approximately.

— —

Lunch, not very big.

1.15 p.m.–1.45 p.m.

— —

Dinner, cold and/or hot, no fixed time (depending on the news broadcast).

— —

Corrections:

The residents kindly ask to be corrected should any of them make mistakes when speaking or pronouncing the Dutch language; this would certainly benefit all residents.

Duties:

Residents must always be ready to help with office work.

Baths: The washtub is available for all residents from 9 a.m. on Sundays. The W.C., kitchen, private office or main office, according to desire, are available.

Alcoholic beverages only on doctor's prescription. End.

yours, Anne

Thursday 19 Nov. 1942.

Dear Kitty,

Pf. is a very nice man, just as we had all imagined. Of course he thought it was all right to share my little room; quite honestly I'm not so keen that a stranger should use my things, but one must be prepared to make some sacrifices for a good cause, so I shall make my little offering with a good will; if we can save any of our acquaintances then everything else is of secondary importance, says Daddy, and he's absolutely right. The first day that Pf. was here he immediately asked me a whole lot of questions: When does the charwoman come? When can one use the bathroom? When is one allowed to use the lavatory? You may laugh but these things are not so simple in a

hiding place. During the day we mustn't make any noise that might be heard downstairs and if there is some stranger – such as the charwoman for example – then we have to be extra careful. I explained all this carefully to Pf. But one thing that amazed me is that he finds it very hard to take things in. He asks everything twice over and still doesn't seem to remember.

Perhaps that will wear off in time, and it's only that he's thoroughly upset by the sudden change. Apart from that, all goes well, Pf. has told us a lot about the outside world, which we have missed for so long now. He had very sad news, countless friends and acquaintances have gone to a terrible end. Evening after evening the green and grey army lorries trundle past and ring at every front door to inquire if there are any Jews living in the house, if there are, then the whole family has to go at once. If they don't find any they go on to the next house. No one has a chance of evading them, unless one goes into hiding. Often they go round with lists, and only ring when they know they can get a good haul. Sometimes they let them off for a ransom – so much per head. It seems like the slave hunts of olden times. But it's certainly no joke; it's much too tragic for that, in the evenings when it's dark, I often see rows of good, innocent people accompanied by crying children, walking on and on, in the charge of a couple of these chaps, bullied and knocked about until they almost drop. Nobody is spared, old people, children, babies, expectant mothers, the sick each and all join in the march of death.

How fortunate we are here, so well cared for and undisturbed. We wouldn't have to worry about all this misery were it not that we are so anxious about all those dear to us whom we can no longer help. I feel wicked sleeping in a warm bed, while my dearest friends have been knocked down or have fallen into a gutter somewhere out in the cold night.

I get frightened when I think of close friends who have now been delivered into the hands of the cruellest brutes the world has ever seen. And all because they are Jews.

yours, Anne

Friday 20 Nov. 1942.

Dear Kitty,

Not one of us really knows how to react. The news about the Jews had not really penetrated through to us until now, and we thought it best to remain as cheerful as possible. On the few occasions when Miep lets out something that has happened to a friend Mummy and Mrs v.P. always begin to cry, so Miep thinks it better not to tell us any more. But Pf. was immediately plied with questions from all sides and the stories he told us were so gruesome and dreadful that one can't get them out of one's mind. Yet we shall still have our jokes and tease each other when these horrors have faded a bit in our minds; it won't do us any good or help those outside to go on being as gloomy as we are at the moment and what would be the object of making our 'Secret Annexe' a 'Secret Annexe of Gloom'? Must I keep thinking about those other people

whatever I am doing and if I want to laugh about something, should I stop myself quickly and feel ashamed that I am cheerful? Ought I then to cry the whole day long? No, that I can't do and, besides, in time this gloom will wear off.

Added to this misery there is another, but of a personal kind; and it pales into insignificance beside all the wretchedness just told. Still, I can't refrain from telling you that lately I have begun to feel deserted, I am surrounded by too great a void. I never used to feel like this, my fun and amusements, my girl friends, completely filled my thoughts. Now I either think about unhappy things, or about myself. And at long last I have made the discovery that Daddy, although he's such a darling, still cannot take the place of my entire little world of bygone days. Mummy and Margot have long since ceased to count in my feelings. But why do I bother you with such foolish things? I'm very ungrateful, Kitty; I know that. But it often makes my head swim if I am jumped on too much, and then on top of that have to think about all those other miseries!

yours, Anne

Saturday 28 Nov. 1942.

Dear Kitty,

We have used too much electricity, more than our ration, result: exaggerated economy and the prospect of having it cut off,<sup>11</sup> no light for a fortnight; a pleasant thought, that, but who knows perhaps it won't happen after all! It's too dark to read in the afternoons after 4 or half past, we pass the time in all sorts of crazy ways: asking riddles, physical training in the dark, talking English and French, criticizing books, but it all begins to pall in the end. Yesterday evening I discovered something new: to peer through a powerful pair of field glasses into the lighted rooms of the houses at the back. In the daytime we can't allow even as much as a centimetre's chink to appear between our curtains, but it can't do any harm after dark. I never knew before that neighbours could be such interesting people, at any rate ours are, I found one couple having a meal, one family was in the act of taking a home movie, and the dentist over the way was just attending to an old lady, who was awfully scared.

It was always said about Mr Pf., that he could get on wonderfully with children and that he loved them all. Now he shows himself in his true colours; a stodgy, old-fashioned disciplinarian and preacher of long, drawn-out sermons on manners. As I have the unusual good fortune (!) to share my bedroom, alas, a small one, with his lordship and as I am generally considered to be the most badly behaved of the three young people, I have a lot to put up with and have to sham deafness in order to escape the much too often repeated tickings-off and warnings. All this wouldn't be too bad if he wasn't such a frightful sneak and he didn't pick on Mummy of all people to speak to every time. When I've already just had a dose from him, Mummy goes over it all again, so I get a gale aft as well as fore, then if I'm really lucky, I'm called on to give an account of myself to Mrs v.P. and then I get a veritable hurricane!

Honestly you needn't think it's easy to be the 'badly brought-up' central figure of a hypercritical family in hiding. When I lie in bed at night and think over the many sins and shortcomings attributed to me I get so confused by the masses of things that ought to be looked into that I either laugh or cry: it depends what sort of mood I am in. And then I fall asleep with a stupid feeling of wishing to be different from what I am or from what I want to be; or perhaps to behave differently from the way I want to behave, or do behave. Oh, heavens above, now I'm getting you in a muddle too. Forgive me, but I don't like crossing things out, and in these days of paper shortage we're not allowed to throw paper away. Therefore I can only advise you not to read the above sentence again, and certainly not to try to understand it, because you won't succeed anyhow!

yours, Anne

Monday 7 Dec. 1942.

Dear Kitty,

Hannukah<sup>12</sup> and St Nicholas Day came almost together this year – just one day's difference. We didn't make much fuss about Hannukah: we just gave each other a few trifles and then we had the candle. Because of the shortage of candles, we only had them alight for 10 minutes, but it is all right as long as you have the song.<sup>13</sup> Mr v.P. has made a wooden candlestick so that too was all properly arranged. Saturday, the evening of St Nicholas Day, was much more fun. Bep and Miep had made us very inquisitive by whispering all the time with Daddy while we were eating so naturally we guessed that something was up. And so it was. At 8 o'clock we all filed down the wooden staircase, through the passage in pitch-darkness (it made me shudder and wish that I was safely upstairs again) into the little middle room, there, as there are no windows, we were able to turn on a light. When that was done Daddy opened the big cupboard. 'Oh! how lovely,' we all cried. A large basket decorated with Santa Claus paper stood in the corner and on top there was a mask of Black Peter. We quickly took the basket upstairs with us. There was a nice little present for everyone with a suitable poem attached. You probably know all about St Nicholas poems, so I won't write them all down, but both Mummy's and Mrs v.P.'s were most appropriate:

Bide your time

That's simply said

Like this rhyme.

But it's fraught

With bitter thought

Crown of thorn,

That's hard to bear,

But must be borne.

Santa chose as his reward

A lovely calendar and card  
Wrap them well, Piet my boy  
So Mrs F. will beam with joy.

— —

What a hustle and a bustle  
Every day and everywhere  
Could that be the reason why  
Everyone's so fond of her?  
Nor is that an idle boast  
For she cooks the finest roast.  
When for once she takes a rest  
What is it that she likes best?  
Knitting! Knitting! Knitting!  
For that reason Santa dear,  
Do look kindly on her face  
And present the lady here  
With a first-rate needle case.

A Jan Gies product.

I got a doll whose skirt is a bag for odds and ends. Daddy got book ends and so on. In any case it was a nice idea and as none of us had ever celebrated St Nicholas, it was a good way of starting.

yours, Anne.

P.S. Of course we also had something for downstairs, stuff left over from the good old days, and Miep and Bep can always do with some money as well.

Today we heard that the ashtray for v.P., the photo-frame for Pf. and the book ends for Daddy were all made by Mr Voskuyl himself. How anyone is able to make things so well with his hands is a mystery to me!

yours, Anne.

Thursday 10 Dec. 1942.

Dear Kitty,

Mr v.P. used to be in the meat, sausage, and spice business. It was because of his spicy skills that he was taken on in Daddy's business, but now he is showing the sausagey side of himself, which for us is by no means disagreeable. We had ordered a lot of meat (under the counter, of course) for preserving in case we should come on hard times. He proposed making frying sausages, Gelderland sausages and sausage spread. It was fun to watch, first the way the pieces of meat went through the mincer, 2 or 3 times, then how all the accompanying ingredients were mixed with the minced meat, and then how the intestine was filled by means of a spout to make the sausages. We

fried the sausage meat and ate it with sauerkraut for supper that evening, but the Gelderland sausages, which were meant for preserving, had to be thoroughly dried first, so we hung them over a stick tied to the ceiling with string. Everyone who came into the room began to laugh when they caught a glimpse of the row of sausages on show; they looked terribly funny!

The room was in a glorious mess: Mr v.P. was wearing one of his wife's aprons swathed round his substantial person (he looked fatter than he is!) and was busy with the meat, hands smothered in blood, red face and the messy apron made him look like a butcher. Mrs v.P. was trying to do everything at once: learning Dutch from a book, stirring the soup, watching the meat being done, sighing and complaining about her injured rib. That's what happens to elderly ladies (!) who do such idiotic exercises to reduce their large behinds!

Pf. had inflammation in one eye and was bathing it with camomile tea by the fire. Pim, who was sitting on a chair in a beam of sunlight that shone through the window, kept being pushed from one side to the other. In addition, I think his rheumatism was bothering him, because he sat rather hunched up with a miserable look on his face, watching Mr v.P. at work. He looked exactly like some shrivelled-up old man from an old-age home. Peter was doing acrobatics round the room with his cat (called Muschi). Mummy, Margot and I were doing the potato peeling; and of course all of us were doing everything wrong because we were so busy watching Mr v.P.<sup>14</sup>

— —

Pf. has opened his dental practice. For the fun of it I must just tell you about his first patient. Mummy was ironing and Mrs v.P., who was the first to face the ordeal, went and sat on a chair in the middle of the room. Pf. began to unpack his case in an important way, asked for some eau de cologne as a disinfectant and vaseline to take the place of wax. Pf. looked in Mrs v.P.'s mouth and found two teeth which, when touched, just made her crumple up as if she was going to pass out, all the while uttering incoherent cries of pain. After a lengthy examination (in Mrs v.P.'s case, lasting in actual fact no more than 2 minutes) Pf. began to scrape away at one of the holes, but, no fear – it was out of the question – the patient flung her arms and legs about wildly in all directions until at a given moment Pf. let go of the scraper – which remained stuck in Mrs v.P.'s tooth. Then the fat was really in the fire! She cried (as far as it was possible, with such an instrument in one's mouth), tried to pull the thing out of her mouth, and only succeeded in pushing it further in. Mr Pf. stood with his hands against his sides calmly watching the little comedy. The rest of the audience lost all control and roared with laughter; it was rotten of us, because I for one am quite sure that I should have screamed even louder. After much turning, kicking, screaming and calling out, she got the instrument free at last and Mr Pf. went on with his work as if nothing had happened! This he did so quickly that Mrs v.P. didn't have time to start any fresh tricks. But he'd never had so much help in all his life before; two assistants

are pretty useful, v.P. and I performed our duties well. The whole scene looked like a picture from the Middle Ages, entitled 'a quack at work'. In the meantime, however, the patient hadn't much patience; she had to keep an eye on 'her' soup and 'her' meal. One thing is certain, Mrs v.P. won't be in such a hurry to allow herself to be treated again!<sup>15</sup>

yours, Anne

Sunday 12 Dec.'42.

Dear Kitty,

I'm sitting cosily in the main office, looking outside through a slit in the curtains. It is dusk but still just light enough to write to you.

It is a very queer sight, as I watch the people walking by; it looks just as if they are all in a terrible hurry and tripping over their own toes. With cyclists, now one simply can't keep pace with their speeds. I can't even see what sort of person is riding on the machine. The people in this neighbourhood don't look so very attractive now. The children especially are so dirty you wouldn't want to touch them with a barge pole, real slum kids with running noses; I can hardly understand a word they say. Yesterday afternoon Margot and I were having a bath here and I said, 'Supposing we were to take the children who are walking past one by one, hoist them up with a fishing rod, give them each a bath, wash and mend their clothes, and then let them go again, then'. . . . Margot replied, 'by tomorrow they would look just as filthy and ragged as before.' But I'm just talking nonsense; besides, there are other things to see – cars, boats, and rain. I like particularly the screech of the trams as they go by.

There is no more variety in our thoughts than there is for ourselves, everything goes round and round like a roundabout – from Jews to food and from food to politics. By the way, talking of Jews, I saw 2 Jews through the curtain yesterday, I could hardly believe my eyes; it was a horrible feeling, just as if I had betrayed them and was now watching them in their misery.

There is a houseboat immediately opposite, where a bargeman lives with his family. He has a small yapping dog. We only know the little dog by his bark and his tail, which we can see when he runs round the deck. Ugh! Now it's started to rain and most of the people are hidden under umbrellas, I see nothing but raincoats and occasionally the back of someone's hat. Really I don't need to see more. I'm gradually getting to know all the women outside by sight, blown out with potatoes wearing a red or green coat, trodden-down heels and with a bag under their arms, with grim or kind faces – depending on their husbands' dispositions.

yours, Anne

Tuesday  
22 Dec. 1942.

Dear Kitty,



The 'Secret Annexe' has heard the joyful news that each person will receive an extra  $\frac{1}{4}$  pound of butter for Christmas. It says  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound in the newspapers but that's only for the lucky mortals who get their ration books from the government and not for Jews who have gone into hiding, who can only afford to buy 4 illegal ration books, instead of 8.

We are all going to bake something with our butter, I made some biscuits and two cakes this morning. Everyone is very busy upstairs and Mummy has told me not to go there to work or read until the household jobs are done. Mrs v.P. is in bed with her bruised front rib, complains the whole day long, allows herself to be given fresh dressings all the time, and isn't satisfied with anything. I shall be glad when she's back on her two short legs again and tidies up her own things, because I must say this for her; she's exceptionally industrious and tidy, all the while she is healthy in mind and body. She is cheerful too. Just as if I didn't hear enough sh-sh during the day, for making 'too much' noise, my gentleman bedroom companion now repeatedly calls out sh to me at night too. According to him, I am not even allowed to turn over; I refuse to take the slightest notice of him, and shall go sh back at him the next time.

He gets more tiresome and selfish by the day, I didn't see a single one of the generously promised biscuits after the first week. He makes me furious, on Sundays especially when he turns the light on early to do his 10 minutes of exercises.

It seems hours, while I, poor tormented creature, feel the chairs – which are placed at the head of my bed to lengthen it – slide backwards and forwards continuously under my sleepy head. When he has ended with a couple of violent arm-waving exercises to loosen his muscles, his lordship begins his toilet. His pants are hanging up, to and fro he must go then to collect them, his tie is lying on the table, so once more he pushes and bumps past the chairs to get it. But I won't bore you any longer on the subject of old men, it won't make things any better and all my plans of revenge (such as disconnecting the lamp, shutting the door, hiding his clothes) must be abandoned in order to keep the peace, more's the pity. Oh, I'm becoming so sensible! One must apply one's reason to everything here, learning to obey, to hold your tongue, to help, to be good, to give in, and I don't know what else! I'm afraid I shall use up all my brains too quickly, and I haven't got so very many. Then I shall not have any left for when the war is over.

yours, Anne

Wednesday 13 Jan. 1943.

Dear Kitty,

We have a new job, namely filling packets with gravy (in powder form). The gravy is a product of Gies and Co; Mr Kugler cannot find any fillers and if we do it the cost is much lower in any case. It's the kind of work they do in prisons, it's terribly boring and makes you giddy and giggly. It is terrible outside, day and night more of those poor miserable people are being dragged off, with nothing but a rucksack and a little

money. On the way they are deprived even of these possessions. Families are torn apart, men, women and children all being split up. Children coming home from school find that their parents have disappeared. Women return from shopping to find their homes shut up and their families gone. The Dutch people are anxious too, their sons are being sent to Germany. Everyone is afraid. And every night hundreds of planes fly over Holland and go to German towns where the earth is ploughed under by their bombs and every hour hundreds, even thousands of people are killed in Russia and Africa. No one is able to keep out of it, the whole globe is waging war and although it is going better for the Allies, the end is not yet in sight.

And as for us, we are fortunate. Yes, we are luckier than millions of people. It is quiet and safe here, and we are, so to speak, living on capital. We are even so egoistic as to talk about 'after the war', brighten up over the thought of having new clothes and new shoes, whereas we really ought to save every penny, to help other people, and save what is left from the wreckage after the war. The children here run about in just a thin blouse and clogs; no coat, no hat, no stockings, and no one helps them. Their tummies are empty; they chew an old carrot to stay the pangs, go from their cold homes out into the cold street and, when they get to school, find themselves in an even colder classroom. Yes, it has even got so bad in Holland that countless children stop the passers-by and beg for a piece of bread. I could go on for hours about all the suffering the war has brought, but then I would only make myself more dejected. There is nothing we can do, but wait as calmly we can till the misery comes to an end. Jews and Christians wait, the whole earth waits; and there are many who wait for death.

yours, Anne

Saturday 30 Jan.  
1943.

Dear Kitty,

I'm boiling with rage, and yet I mustn't show it, I'd like to stamp my feet, scream, give Mummy a good shaking, cry, and I don't know what else, because of the horrible words, mocking looks, and accusations which are levelled at me every day, and find their mark, like shafts from a tightly strung bow, and which are just as hard to draw from my body. I would like to shout to Mummy, Margot, v.P., Pf. – and Daddy too – 'Leave me in peace, let me sleep one night at least without my pillow being wet with tears, my eyes burning and my head pounding. Let me go, away from it all, preferably away from the world!' But I can't do that, they mustn't know my despair; I can't let them see the wounds which they have caused, I couldn't stand their sympathy and their kind-hearted jokes, it would only make me want to scream all the more.

If I talk, everyone thinks I am showing off; when I'm silent they think I'm ridiculous; rude if I answer, sly if I get a good idea, lazy if I'm tired, selfish if I eat a mouthful more than I should, stupid, cowardly, crafty, etc., etc. The whole day long I

hear nothing else but that I'm an insufferable baby, and although I laugh about it and pretend not to take any notice, I do mind. I would like to ask God to give me a different nature, so that I didn't put everyone's back up. But that can't be done. I've got the nature that has been given to me and I'm sure it can't be bad. I do my very best to please everybody, far more than they'd ever guess. I try to laugh it all off, because I don't want to let them see my trouble. More than once after a whole string of undeserved rebukes, I have flared up at Mummy: 'I don't care what you say anyhow. Leave me alone: I'm a hopeless case anyway.' Naturally I was then told I was rude and virtually ignored for two days; and then, all at once, it was quite forgotten, and I was treated like everyone else again. It is impossible for me to be all sugar one day and spit venom the next, I'd rather choose the golden mean (which is not so golden), keep my thoughts to myself, and try for once to be just as disdainful to them as they are to me. Oh, if only I could

yours, Anne

Friday 5 Feb. 1943.

Dear Kitty,

Although I haven't written anything about our rows for a long time there still isn't any change. The discord, long accepted by us, struck Mr Pf. as a calamity at first. But he's getting used to it now and tries not to think about it. Margot and Peter aren't a bit what you would call 'young', they are both so staid and quiet. I show up terribly against them and am always hearing 'You don't find Margot and Peter doing that – why don't you just once follow your dear sister's example?' I simply loathe it. I might tell you I don't want to be in the least like Margot. She is much too soft and passive for my liking, and allows everyone to talk her around, and gives in about everything. I want to be a stronger character! But I keep such ideas to myself: they would tease me terribly if I came along with this as an explanation of my attitude. The atmosphere at table is usually strained, though luckily the outburst is sometimes checked by the soup eaters. The soup eaters are the people from downstairs who come in to get a cup of soup. This afternoon Mr v.P. was talking about Margot eating so little again. 'I suppose you do it to keep slim,' he added, teasing her. Mummy, who always defends Margot said loudly: 'I can't bear your stupid chatter any longer.' Mrs v.P. turned scarlet, Mr v.P. looked straight in front of him and said nothing. We often laugh about things, too, just recently Mrs v.P. came out with some perfect nonsense. She was recalling the past, how well she and her father got on together and what a flirt she was. 'And do you know,' she went on 'if a man gets a bit aggressive, my father used to say, then you must say to him, "Mr So and So, remember I am a lady!" and he will know what you mean.' We thought that was a good joke and burst out laughing. Peter too although usually so quiet, sometimes gives cause for mirth. He has an unfortunate passion for foreign words, although he does not always know their meaning. One afternoon we couldn't go to the lavatory because there were visitors in the office; however, Peter had to pay

an urgent call, so he didn't pull the chain. He put a notice up on the lavatory door to warn us against the less than pleasant smell, with 'SVP gas' on it. Of course he meant to put 'Beware of gas'; but he thought the other looked more genteel. He hadn't got the faintest notion it meant if you please.

yours, Anne

Sat. 27 Feb. 1943.

Dear Kitty,

Pim is expecting the invasion any day. Churchill has had pneumonia, but is improving slowly. The freedom-loving Gandhi of India is holding his umpteenth fast.<sup>34</sup> Mrs v.P. claims to be fatalistic. And who is the most scared when the guns go off? No one else but Gusti. Jan brought a copy of the bishop's letter to churchgoers for us to read; it was very fine and inspiring. 'Do not rest, people of the Netherlands, everyone is fighting with his own weapons to free the country, the people and their religion. Give help, be generous and do not dismay!' is what they cry from the pulpit, just like that.<sup>35</sup> Will it help? It won't help the people of our religion. You'd never guess what has happened to us now! The owner of these premises has sold the house without informing Kugler and Kleiman.<sup>36</sup> One morning the new owner arrived with an architect to have a look at the house; luckily, Mr Kleiman was present and showed the gentlemen everything except our little 'Secret Annexe', he professed to have forgotten the key of the communicating door. The new owner didn't question any further.

It will be all right as long as he doesn't come back and want to see the 'Secret Annexe', since then it won't look too good for us.

Daddy has emptied a card index box for Margot and me, and put cards in it that still have one side without any writing on. It is to be a book card system; then we both put down which books we have read, who they are by, and the date.

New butter and margarine rationing at table. Each person has their little bit of fat put on their plate. In my opinion the division isn't fair. The v.P.s, who always make breakfast, take one and a half times as much as they give us. My parents are much too afraid of a row to say anything about it. Pity, I think you should always give people like them tit for tat.

yours, Anne

Thursday 4 Mar.'43.

Dear Kitty,

Mrs v.P. has a new name, we now call her Mrs Beverbruck. You probably won't get it, so I'll tell you: You can often hear a Mr Beverbruck on the English radio, complaining about the half-hearted bombings of Germany. Mrs van Pels, who is always against everyone, even Churchill and the news service, is unreservedly behind Mr Beverbruck. We therefore thought it would be a good idea for her to marry Mr Beverbruck, and

since she felt flattered by that suggestion she is now called Mrs Beverbruck most of the time.

We are getting a new warehouseman, the old one has to go to Germany, which is a pity but much better for us, because the new one doesn't know the house. We've always been frightened of the warehousemen.

Gandi is eating again. The black market is doing tremendous business. We'd be able to eat till we burst if we had enough money to pay the impossible prices. Bro. recently bought a pound of butter on the train, our vegetable man buys potatoes from the German army and brings them in sacks to our office. He knows that we are hiding and always comes during the lunch break when the warehouse staff is out.

We either can't breathe or else we keep sneezing and coughing, there is so much pepper being ground in the mills. Everyone who comes upstairs greets us with an atishoo, Mrs v.P. declares she is simply unable to go downstairs, she'll fall ill if she has to smell any more pepper.

I don't think Daddy's business is nice at all, nothing but laxatives and pepper. A provision merchant ought to have some sweets as well!

This morning a torrent of words broke over my head yet again; it was so thunderingly full of nasty expressions that my ears rang with the Anne's bad, v.P.'s good, donderwetterwetter.<sup>16</sup>

yours, Anne

Wednesday 10 Mar. 1943.

Dear Kitty,

We had a short circuit last evening, and on top of that the guns kept banging away all the time. I still haven't got over my fear of everything connected with shooting and planes, and I creep into Daddy's bed nearly every night for comfort. I know it's very childish but you don't know what it is like, the AA guns roar so loudly that you can't hear yourself speak. Mrs Beverbruck, the fatalist, was nearly crying and said in a very timid little voice, 'Oh, it's so unpleasant! Oh, they're shooting so hard', by which she really means 'I'm so frightened!' It didn't seem nearly so bad by candlelight as in the dark; I was shivering, just as if I had a temperature, and begged Daddy to light the candle again. He was relentless, the light remained off. Suddenly there was a burst of machine-gun fire, and that is ten times worse than guns, Mummy jumped out of bed and to Pim's great annoyance lit the candle. When he complained her answer was firm: 'After all, Anne's not exactly a veteran soldier', and that was the end of it.

Have I told you about Mrs v.P.'s other fears, I don't think so. If I am to keep you informed of all that happens in the 'Secret Annexe', you must know about this too. One night Mrs v.P. heard burglars in the attic, she heard loud footsteps and was so frightened that she woke her husband just at that moment the burglars disappeared and the only sounds that Mr v.P. could hear were the heartbeats of the frightened fatalist herself. 'Oh, Putti' (Mr v.P.'s nickname) 'they are sure to have taken the sausages and

all our peas and beans and Peter, I wonder if he's still safely in bed.' 'They certainly won't have stolen Peter. Listen, don't worry and let me go to sleep.' But nothing came of that Mrs v.P. was far too nervous to sleep another wink. A few nights after that the whole v.P. family was woken by ghostly sounds. Peter went up to the attic with a torch and scamper, scamper, what do you think was running away? A swarm of enormous rats!

When we knew who the thieves were we let Mouschi sleep in the attic and the uninvited guests didn't come back again, at least . . . not during the night. Peter went up to the loft a couple of evenings ago (it was only half past 7 and still daylight) to fetch some old newspapers. He had to hold the trapdoor firmly to clamber down the steps, he put his hand down without looking. . . . and went tumbling down the ladder from the sudden shock and pain. Without knowing it he had put his hand on a large rat, and it had bitten him hard. By the time he reached us, as white as a sheet and with his knees knocking, the blood had soaked through his pyjamas. And no wonder; it's not very pleasant to stroke a large rat; and to get bitten into the bargain is really dreadful.

yours, Anne

Friday 12 Mar.'43.

Dear Kitty,

May I introduce someone to you: Mama Frank, champion of youth!

Extra butter for the young; the problems of modern youth; Mummy defends youth in everything and after a certain amount of squabbling she always gets her way. A jar of pickled tongue has gone bad. Gala meal for Mouschi and Boche.

You haven't met Boche yet, although he was here before we went into hiding. He is the warehouse and office cat and keeps down rats in the storerooms. His odd political name requires an explanation. For some time Messrs Gies & Co. had two cats; one for the warehouse and one for the attic. Now it occasionally happened that the two cats met; and the result was always a terrific fight. The aggressor was always the warehouse cat; yet it was always the attic cat who managed to win – just like among nations, so the storehouse cat was named the German or 'Boche' and the attic cat the Englishman or 'Tommy'.

Tommy was got rid of later; we are all entertained by Boche. We have eaten so many kidney beans and haricot beans that I can't bear the sight of them any more. The mere thought of them makes me feel quite sick.

Bread is no longer served in the evenings now. Horrible air raids on Germany. Mr v.P. is in a bad mood; the cause: cigarette shortage. Discussion over the question of whether we should, or should not, use our canned vegetables, ended in our favour.

I can't get into a single pair of shoes any more, except ski boots, which are not much use about the house. A pair of rush sandals costing 6.50 florins lasted me just one week, after which they were out of action. Perhaps Miep will scrounge something under the counter.

I must cut Daddy's hair; Pim maintains that he will never have another barber after the war, as I do the job so well. If only I didn't snip his ear so often!

yours, Anne

Thursday 18 Mar.'43.

Dearest Kitty,

Turkey is in the war. Great excitement. Waiting in suspense for the news.

Friday 19 Mar.'43.

Dear Kitty,

An hour later joy was followed by disappointment. Turkey is not in the war yet. It was only a cabinet minister talking about them soon giving up their neutrality. A newspaper seller in the Dam was crying: 'Turkey on England's side!' The newspapers were torn out of his hands. This is how the joyful report reached us too; thousand-guilder notes have been declared no longer valid;<sup>17</sup> it is a trap for smugglers and suchlike, but even more for people who have got other kinds of 'black' money and for people in hiding. If you wish to hand in a 1,000-guilder note you must be able to declare, and prove, exactly how you got it.

They may still be used to pay taxes, but only until next week. 500-guilder notes have been declared invalid as well. Gies & Co. still hold blackmarket 1,000-guilder notes, they have been paying their taxes in advance for quite some time, so that everything looked above board. Pf. has received an old-fashioned foot-operated dentist's drill, I expect he'll soon give me a thorough check-over.

For the rest, Pf. is terribly lax when it comes to obeying our rules, he not only writes letters to his wife, but also carries on a busy correspondence with various other people. As teacher of Dutch for the 'Secret Annexe', Margot has to correct the letters he writes in Dutch. Daddy has strictly forbidden him to go on doing it and Margot's corrections have stopped, but I'm sure myself that it won't be long before he's writing again.

The 'Führer aller Germanen' has been talking to wounded soldiers.

Listening-in to it was pitiful. Question and answer went something like this:

'My name is Heinrich Scheppel.'

'Wounded where?'

'Near Stalingrad.'

'What kind of wound?'

'Two feet frozen off and a broken joint in the left arm.'

This is exactly what the frightful puppet show on the radio was like. The wounded seemed to be proud of their wounds – the more the better. One of them felt so moved at being able to shake hands with the Führer (that is, if he still had a hand!) that he could hardly get the words out of his mouth.

I dropped Pf.'s scented soap on the floor. I trod on it and a big bit has been lost. I've asked Daddy for compensation on his behalf, especially since Pf. only gets 1 bar of soap per month.

yours, Anne

25 March

1943.

Thursday

Dear Kitty,

Last night Mummy, Daddy, Margot and I were sitting very pleasantly together when suddenly Peter came in and whispered something in Daddy's ear, I heard something about 'a barrel fallen over in the warehouse' and 'someone fumbling about at the door'. Margot had heard it too; but she tried to calm me down a bit because I was naturally as white as a sheet and very jittery.

The three of us waited in suspense; Daddy had meanwhile gone downstairs with Peter and a minute or 2 later Mrs v. Pels came upstairs from the wireless, she told us that Pim had asked her to turn off the wireless and go softly upstairs. But you know what that's like, just when you want to be extra quiet, then each step of the old stairs creaks twice as loudly. 5 minutes later Pim and Peter appeared again, white to the roots of their hair, and told us their experiences:

They had hidden themselves under the stairs and waited, without success, but suddenly, yes, I must tell you, they heard two loud bumps just as if two doors had banged here in the house; Pim was upstairs in one leap. Peter warned Pf. first, who finally landed upstairs with a lot of fuss and noise. Then we all went up in stockinged feet to the van Pels family on the next floor. Mr v.P. had a bad cold and had already gone to bed, so we all drew up closely around his bed and whispered our suspicions to him.

Each time Mr v.P. coughed loudly Mrs v.P. and I were so scared that we thought we were going to have a fit; that went on until one of us got the bright idea of giving him some codeine, which soothed the cough at once. Again we waited and waited, but we heard no more and finally we all came to the conclusion that the thieves had taken to their heels when they heard footsteps in the house, which was otherwise so silent.

Now it was unfortunate that the wireless downstairs was still turned to England, and that the chairs were neatly arranged around it; if the doors had been forced and the air-raid wardens had noticed something and warned the police, then the results might have been very unpleasant. So Mr v.P. got up and put on his trousers, his coat and a hat and followed Daddy cautiously downstairs, Peter took up the rear armed with a large hammer in case of emergencies. The ladies upstairs (including Margot and me) waited in suspense until the gentlemen reappeared 5 minutes later and told us that all was quiet in the house. We arranged that we would not draw any water or pull the chain in



the lavatory; but as the excitement had affected most of our tummies, you can imagine what the stench was like when we had each paid a visit in succession.

When something like that happens, heaps of other things seem to come at the same time, as now; number 1 was that the clock at the Westertoren, which is always so reassuring, did not strike and that Mr Voskuyl having left earlier than usual the previous evening we didn't know whether Bep had been able to get hold of the key, and had perhaps forgotten to shut the door. However, that didn't matter so much right now, it was still evening and we were still in a state of uncertainty; although we certainly did feel a bit reassured by the fact that from quarter past 8, when the burglar had alarmed the house, until half past 10 we had not heard a sound. On further reflection it also seemed very unlikely to us that a thief would have forced open a door so early in the evening, while there were still people about in the street. Moreover, one of us had the idea that it was possible that the caretaker of the Keg firm, the warehouse next door, was still at work since, in the excitement and with our thin walls one can easily make a mistake, and what's more, one's imagination can play a big part at such critical moments.

So we all took to our beds; but none of us could get to sleep, Daddy as well as Mummy and Mr Pf. were awake, and without much exaggeration I can really say that I hardly slept a wink. This morning the men went downstairs to see if the outside door was still shut, and everything was quite safe!

The event, which had been far from nice, was naturally reported in every detail to the whole office, for it's easy to laugh about such things afterwards and Bep was the only one who took us seriously.<sup>18</sup>

yours, Anne

P.S. The w.c. was terribly blocked this morning and Daddy was forced to fish out all the strawberry recipes (our present toilet paper) and several kilos of muck with a long, wooden stick. The stick was later burned.

yours, Anne

Saturday 27 Mar. 1943.

Dear Kitty,

We have finished our Shorthand course; now we are beginning to practise speed, aren't we getting clever? I must tell you more about my time-killing subjects (I call them such, because we have got nothing else to do but make the days go by as quickly as possible, so that the end of our time here comes more quickly). I'm mad on Mythology and especially the Gods of Greece and Rome. They think here that it is just a passing craze, they've never heard of an adolescent kid of my age being interested in Mythology. Well then, I shall be the first!

Mr v.P. has a cold or rather he has a little tickle in his throat. He makes a tremendous fuss about it. Gargling with camomile tea, painting his throat with tincture

of myrrh, rubbing eucalyptus all over his chest, nose, teeth and tongue; and then getting into an evil mood on top of it all!

Rauter, one of the German big shots, has made a speech 'All Jews must be out of the German-occupied countries by July 1. Between April 1 and May 1 from March 1 to June the provinces the Province of Utrecht must be cleaned out (as if the Jews were cockroaches), between May 1 and June 1 The provinces of North and South Holland.'<sup>19</sup> These wretched people are sent to filthy slaughterhouses like a herd of poor sick, neglected cattle. But I won't talk about it, I only get nightmares from such thoughts! Another good little piece of news is that the German department of the Labourers' Exchange has been set on fire by saboteurs. A few days after, the Registrar's Office went the same way. Men in German police uniform gagged the guards and managed to destroy important papers.<sup>20</sup>

yours, Anne

Thursday 1 April '43.

Dear Kitty,

I'm really not April-fooling (see the date) but the opposite; today I can easily quote the saying: 'Misfortunes never come singly.' To begin with, Mr Kleiman, the one who always cheers us up, has got a haemorrhage of the stomach and has got to stay in bed for at least three weeks. You ought to know that Mr Kleiman suffers a great deal from haemorrhages of the stomach, and there seems to be no cure for it. Secondly, Bep has flu. Thirdly, Mr Voskuyl is going to the Hospital next week. He has probably got an abdominal ulcer. And fourthly, the directors of the Pomosin works from Frankfurt came over to discuss the new Opekta deliveries; Daddy had discussed all the details of the conference with Kleiman, but now there isn't time to explain everything thoroughly to Mr Kugler.

The gentlemen from Frankfurt duly arrived; even before they came Daddy was trembling with anxiety as to how the talks would go. 'If only I could be there, if only I was downstairs,' he cried. 'Why don't you go and lie with one ear pressed against the floor, then you'll be able to hear everything.' Daddy's face cleared, and at half past 10 yesterday morning Margot (two ears are better than one!) and Pim took up their positions on the floor. The talks were not finished in the morning, but by the afternoon Daddy was not in a fit state to continue the listening campaign, he was half paralysed from remaining in so unusual and uncomfortable a position. I took his place at half past 2, as soon as we heard voices in the passage. Margot kept me company; the talk at times was so long-winded and boring that quite suddenly I fell asleep on the cold hard linoleum floor. Margot did not dare to touch me, for fear they might hear us, and talking was out of the question. I slept for a good half hour and woke with a shock, having forgotten every word of the important discussions. Luckily Margot had paid more attention.

Friday 2 April 1943.

Dear Kitty,

Oh dear, I've got another terrible black mark against my name. I was lying in bed yesterday evening waiting for Daddy to come and say my prayers with me, and wish me good night, when Mummy came into my room, sat on my bed, and asked very nicely, 'Anne, Daddy can't come yet. Shall I say your prayers with you tonight.' 'No Mummy,' I answered. Mummy got up, paused by my bed for a moment, and walked slowly towards the door. Suddenly she turned around, and with a distorted look on her face said, 'I don't want to be cross with you; Love cannot be forced!' There were tears in her eyes as she left the room. I lay still in bed, feeling at once that I had been horrible to push her away so rudely. But I knew too, that I couldn't have answered differently. It simply wouldn't work. I felt sorry for Mummy, very, very sorry, because I had seen for the first time in my life that she minds my coldness. I saw the look of sorrow on her face, when she spoke of love not being forced. It is hard to speak the truth, and yet it is the truth: she herself has pushed me away, her tactless remarks and her crude jokes, which I don't find at all funny, have now made me insensitive to any love from her side. Just as I shrink at her hard words, so did her heart when she realized that the love between us was gone. She cried half the night and didn't sleep properly at all. Daddy doesn't look at me and if he does for a second then I read in his eyes the words: 'How can you be so unkind, how can you bring yourself to cause your mother so much sorrow!'

Everyone expects me to apologize; but this is something I can't apologize for, because I spoke the truth, and Mummy will have to know it sooner or later anyway. I am and seem indifferent both to Mummy's tears, and Daddy's looks, because for the first time they are both aware of something which I have always felt. I can only feel sorry for Mummy, who has now had to discover that I have adopted her own attitude. For myself, I remain silent and aloof; I shall not shrink from the truth any longer, since the longer it is put off, the more difficult it will be for them when they do hear it!

yours, Anne

Tuesday 27 April '43.

Dear Kitty,

Such quarrels that the whole house thunders! Mummy and I, v.P. and Daddy, Mummy and Mrs v.P., everyone is angry with everyone else. Nice atmosphere isn't it? Anne's usual list of sins has been brought out again and fully ventilated. Last Saturday the foreign gentlemen came for another visit. They remained till six o'clock, all of us sat upstairs and didn't dare move. If no one is working in the building or in the neighbourhood one can hear every single step in the front office. I have the sitting fever again, sitting still as a mouse for so long certainly doesn't agree with me.

Mr Voskuyl is already in the binnen-Gasthuis hospital. Mr Kleiman is at the office again, the haemorrhage having stopped sooner than usual. He told us that the

Registrar's Office received additional damage from the Fire Service who, instead of quenching the flames, soaked the whole place with water. I'm glad!

The Carlton-hotel is smashed to bits. Two British planes loaded with incendiary bombs fell right on top of the 'Offizierenheim'. The whole Vijzelstraat-Singel corner is burnt down.<sup>21</sup> The air raids on German towns are growing in strength every day. We don't have a single quiet night. I've got dark rings under my eyes from lack of sleep.

Our food is miserably poor. Dry bread and coffee substitute for breakfast. Dinner spinach or lettuce for 14 days on end. Potatoes twenty centimetres long and tasting sweet and rotten. Whoever wants to slim should stay in the 'Secret Annexe'! They complain bitterly upstairs, but we don't regard it as such a tragedy.

All the men who fought in 1940 or were mobilized have been called up to work for 'der Führer' as prisoners of war. Suppose they're doing that as a precaution against invasion.

yours, Anne

Sat. 1 May 1943.

Dear Kitty,

It was Pf.'s birthday. To start with he pretended it didn't matter to him, but when Miep turned up with a big shopping bag brimming over with little packages, he was as excited as a small child. His Lotje had sent him eggs, butter, biscuits, lemonade, bread, cognac, gingerbread, flowers, oranges, chocolate, books and writing paper. He arranged a table full of birthday gifts which he'd have loved to leave on display for 3 days, the silly old fool!

Don't imagine that he's going hungry either, we discovered bread, cheese, jam and eggs in his cupboard. It's an absolute disgrace that someone we took in so hospitably, actually to save his life, should be stuffing himself now behind our backs and keeping it all for himself. After all, we've been sharing everything with him! What's even worse is that he's just as mean towards Kleiman, Voskuyl and Bep, he gives them nothing at all. In Pf.'s view the oranges that Kleiman needs so badly for his sick stomach will do his own stomach even more good.

They were banging away so much last night that 4 times I gathered all my belongings together. Today I have packed a suitcase with the most necessary things for an escape. But Mummy quite rightly says: 'Where will you escape to?' The whole of Holland is being punished for the many strikes by the workers. Therefore a State of Siege has been declared and everyone gets one butter coupon less.<sup>22</sup> What naughty little children.

Tonight I washed Mummy's hair, not such an easy thing to do nowadays. We have to make do with sticky green soap because the shampoo is finished, and secondly Mum can't comb her hair out properly because the family comb has got a mere 10 teeth.

yours, Anne

Tuesday 18 May '43.

Dear Kit,

I witnessed a terrific air battle between German and British planes. Unfortunately a couple of the Allies had to jump from their burning machine. Our milkman, who lives in Halfweg, saw four Canadians sitting by the roadside, one of them spoke fluent Dutch. He asked the milkman to give him a light for his cigarette and told him that the crew had consisted of 6 men. The pilot was burnt to death and their 5th man had hidden himself somewhere. The German police came and fetched the four perfectly fit men. I wonder how they managed to have such presence of mind after that terrifying parachute trip!

Although it is obviously warm we have to light our fires every other day, in order to burn vegetable peelings and refuse. We can't put anything in the rubbish pails, because we must always think of the warehousemen. How easily one could be betrayed by being a little careless!

All students who wish either to get their degrees this year or continue their studies are compelled to sign that they are in sympathy with everything the Germans do and approve of the New Order. 80% have refused to go against their consciences. Naturally they had to bear the consequences. All the students who do not sign have to go to a labour camp in Germany. What will be left of the youth of the country if they have all got to do hard labour in Germany?

Mummy shut the window last night because of all the banging; I was in Pim's bed. Suddenly Mrs v.P. jumped out of bed above us just as if Muschi had bitten her. A loud clap followed immediately. It sounded just as if an incendiary bomb had fallen down beside my bed. I shrieked out, light, light. Pim turned on the lamp. I expected nothing less than to see the room ablaze within a few minutes. Nothing happened. We all hurried upstairs to see what was going on. Mr and Mrs v.P. had seen a red glow through the open window, he thought that there was a fire in the neighbourhood and she thought that our house had caught fire. When the clap came little Mrs v.P. was already on her feet with her knees knocking. Pf. stayed upstairs smoking a cigarette, the rest of us went back to bed. Before a quarter of an hour had passed the shooting started up again. Mrs v.P. sat bolt upright at once and then went downstairs to Pf.'s room, seeking there the rest which she could not find with her spouse. Pf. received her with the words, 'Come into my bed, my child!'

Which sent us off into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. The gunfire troubled us no longer, our fear was banished, as it were.

yours, Anne

Sunday 13 June 1943!

Dear Kitty,

My birthday poem from Daddy is too good to keep from you

As Pim usually writes verses in German, Margot volunteered to translate it. Judge for yourself whether Margot didn't do it brilliantly. After a usual summary of the events of the year, this is how it ran:

Though youngest here, you are no longer small,

But life is very hard, since one and all

Aspire to be your teacher, thus and thus:

'We have experience, take a tip from us.

'We know because we did it long ago.

'Elders are always better, you must know.'

At least, that's been the rule since life began!

Our personal faults are much too small to scan;

This makes it easier to criticize

The faults of others which seem double size.

Please bear with us, your parents, for we try

To judge you fairly and with sympathy.

Corrections sometimes take against your will,

Though it's like swallowing a bitter pill;

Which must be done if we're to keep the peace,

While time goes by till all this suffering cease.

You read and study nearly all the day,

Who might have lived in such a different way.

You're never bored and bring us all fresh air.

Your only moan is this: 'What can I wear?

'I have no knickers, all my clothes are small,

'My vest might be a loincloth, that is all!

'To put on shoes would mean to cut off toes,

'Oh dear, I'm worried by so many woes!'

Yes, if you grow four inches more

You can't wear what you wore before.

— —

There was also the bit about food but Margot could not translate it into rhyme, so I shall leave it out. Don't you think my birthday poem is good? I have been thoroughly spoiled in other ways and received a lot of lovely things. Among other things a fat book on my pet subject – the mythology of Greece and Rome. I can't complain of a shortage of sweets either – everyone has broken into their last reserves. As the Benjamin of the Family in Hiding, I am really more honoured than I deserve. yours,  
Anne.

Tuesday 15 June 1943

Dear Kitty,

Lots of things have happened, but I often think that all my uninteresting chatter bores you very much and that you are glad not to receive too many letters.

So I shall give you the news in brief.

Mr Voskuyl has not had a stomach operation: When he was on the operating table and they had opened him up, the doctors saw that he had a deadly cancer, which was far too advanced to operate. So they just stitched him up again, kept him in bed for 3 weeks and gave him good food, and then finally sent him home again. But they also made an unforgivable blunder, that is, they told the poor man exactly what was the matter with him. He is no longer able to work, sits at home surrounded by his 8 children and broods over his approaching death. I do pity him terribly and think it is rotten that we can't go out, otherwise I should certainly visit him frequently to cheer him up. It is a disaster for us that good old Voskuyl won't be able to keep us in touch with all that goes on, and all he hears in the warehouse. He was our best helper and security adviser; we miss him very much indeed.

It will be our turn to give up our radio next month.<sup>23</sup> Kleiman has a clandestine little baby set at home, which he will let us have to take the place of our big Philips. It certainly is a shame to have to give up our lovely set, but in a house where people are hiding one daren't under any circumstances take wanton risks and so draw the attention of the authorities. We shall of course have the little radio upstairs. On top of hidden Jews, clandestine money and clandestine buyers, we can add a clandestine radio.

Everyone is trying to get hold of an old set, and to hand that in instead of their 'source of courage'. It is really true that as the news from outside gets worse, so the radio with its miraculous voice helps us to keep up our morale and to say again: 'Chins up, stick it out, better times will come!'

yours, Anne

Sunday 11 July 1943.

Dearest Kitty,

To return to the 'upbringing' theme for a time, I must tell you that I really am trying to be helpful, friendly and good, and to do everything I can so that the rain of rebukes dies down to a light summer drizzle. It is mighty difficult to be on such model behaviour with people you can't bear, especially when you don't mean a word of it. But I do really see that I get on better by shamming a bit, instead of keeping my old habit of telling everyone exactly what I think (although no one ever asked my opinion or attached the slightest importance to it) and naturally I often lose my cool and simply can't swallow my rage at some injustice, so that for 4 long weeks, we hear nothing but an everlasting chatter about the cheekiest and most shameless girl on earth. Don't you think that sometimes I've cause for complaint? It's a good thing I'm not a grouser, because then I might get sour and bad-tempered. Mostly I take a humorous view of

these sermons, but I can do that better when they're directed at someone else than when I am the victim myself.

I have decided (it took a great deal of thought) to let my shorthand go a bit, firstly to give me more time for my other subjects and secondly because of my eyes. I'm so miserable and wretched as I've become very short-sighted and ought to have had glasses for a long time already (ouch, what an owl I shall look) but you know of course, in hiding one cannot.

Yesterday everyone talked of nothing but Anne's eyes, because Mummy had suggested sending me to the oculist with Mrs Kleiman. I shook in my shoes somewhat at this announcement, for it is no small thing to do. Go out of doors, imagine it. In the street! It doesn't bear thinking about! I was petrified at first, then glad. But it doesn't go as easily as that, as all the people who would have to approve such a step could not reach an agreement quickly. All the difficulties and risks had first to be carefully weighed, although Miep would have gone with me straight away. In the meantime I got out my grey coat from the cupboard, but it was so small that it looked as if it belonged to my younger sister. The hem has been let down and it can't be buttoned up any longer.

I am really curious to know what will come of it all, but I don't think the plan will come off because the British have landed in Sicily now and Daddy is once again expecting a 'quick finish'.

Bep gives Margot and me a lot of office work; it makes us both feel quite important and is a great help to her. Anyone can file away correspondence and write in the sales book, but we take special pains.

Miep is just like a pack mule, she fetches and carries so much. Almost every day she manages to get hold of some vegetables for us and brings everything in shopping bags on her bicycle. She also brings us 5 library books every Saturday. We always long for Saturdays when our books come, just like little children receiving a present. Ordinary people simply don't know what books mean to us shut up here. Reading, learning and the radio are our only amusements.

yours, Anne

Friday 16 July 1943.

Dear Kitty,

Burglars again, but real this time! This morning Peter went to the warehouse at 7 o'clock as usual, and at once noticed that both the warehouse door and also the door opening on to the street were ajar. He immediately told Pim, who tuned the radio in the Private Office to Germany and locked the door; then they went upstairs together. The standing orders for such times were observed as usual: no washing, silence, everything to be finished by 8 o'clock and no lavatory. We were all very glad that we had slept so well and not heard anything. We were a bit indignant though that no one came upstairs all morning and that Mr Kleiman kept us waiting till half past 11. He told us that the



burglars had pushed in the outer door with a crowbar and had forced the warehouse door. However, they did not find much to steal, so they tried their luck upstairs. They stole 2 cash boxes containing 40 florins, postal orders and chequebooks and then, worst of all, all our sugar coupons, no less than 150 florins.

The flour board was informed immediately so we might be able to wangle some new coupons perhaps, but it won't be easy.

Mr Kugler thinks that this burglar belongs to the same gang as the ones who tried all three doors (1 warehouse and two house doors) six weeks ago, but who were unsuccessful then. It has caused rather a stir in the building, but the 'Secret Annexe' can't seem to go on without sensations like this. We were very glad of course that the typewriters and money were safe in our wardrobe.

yours, Anne

P.S. Landing in Sicily. Another step closer . . . . !

Monday 19 July 1943.

Dear Kitty,

North Amsterdam was very heavily bombed on Sunday. The destruction seems to be terrible, whole streets lie in ruins, and it will take a long time until all the people are dug out. Up till now there are two hundred dead and countless wounded,<sup>24</sup> the hospitals are crammed. You hear of children lost in the smouldering ruins, looking for their parents. I shudder when I recall the dull, droning rumble in the distance, which for us marked the approaching destruction.

Friday 23 July '43.

Bep is able to get hold of exercise books again just now, especially journals and ledgers, useful for my bookkeeping sister! You can buy exercise books as well, but what they're like and how long for, who knows. At the moment, all exercise books are labelled: 'Obtainable without coupons!' It's all rubbishy stuff, just like everything else you get 'without coupons'.

An exercise book like this consists of 12 sheets of grey paper ruled with narrow lines that slant across the page. Margot is considering taking a Calligraphy Course from the same people who sent us our shorthand lessons; I have strongly advised her to, it's bound to improve one's handwriting. On no account will Mummy allow me to do it too because of my eyes, which I think is nonsense. Whether I'm doing that or something else, it all comes down to exactly the same thing.

We asked ourselves what we should do first if ever we became ordinary people again. Margot wants a bath filled to the brim, Mummy wants to go first of all to a pastry shop, Daddy will visit Mr Voskuyl and I should find it so glorious I shouldn't know what to do! But most of all, I long for a home of our own, to be able to move freely and to have some help with my work again at last, in other words – back to school! Bep has offered to get us some fruit. It costs next to nothing – grapes f.5.00 per

kilogram, gooseberries f.0.70 p. lb., f.0.50 1 peach, 1 kilogram melon f.1.50. Then you see in the newspapers every evening in bold letters, '*Play fair and keep prices down!*'

Monday 26 July, 1943.

Dearest Kitty,

Nothing but tumult and uproar yesterday, we are still very het up about it all. You might really ask us does a day go by without some excitement? We had the first warning siren while we were at breakfast, but we don't give a hoot about that, it only means that the planes are crossing the coast. After breakfast I went and lay down for an hour as I had a bad headache, and then I went down to the office. It was about 2 o'clock. Margot had finished her office work at half past 2: she had not packed her things together when the sirens began to wail, so upstairs I went again with her. It was high time, for we had not been upstairs 5 minutes when the shooting started in earnest, so much so that we went and stood in the passage. And yes, the house rumbled and shook, and down came the bombs. I clasped my 'escape-bag' close to me, more because I wanted to have something to hold, than with an idea of escaping, because there's nowhere we can go and if the worst came to the worst the street would be just as dangerous as an air raid. This one subsided after ½ an hour, but the activity in the house increased. Peter came down from his lookout post in the attic, Pf. was in the main office, Mrs v.P. felt safe in the private office, Mr v.P. had been watching from out of the loft and we on the little landing dispersed ourselves too to watch the columns of smoke rising above the harbour. Before long you could smell burning and outside it looked as if a thick mist hung everywhere. Although such a big fire is not a pleasant sight luckily for us it was all over, and we went about our respective tasks. That evening at dinner: Another air-raid alarm! It was a nice meal, but my hunger vanished, simply at the sound of the alarm. Nothing happened and 3 quarters of an hour later the all-clear sounded. The dishes were stacked ready to be done: Air-raid warning, ack-ack fire, an awful lot of planes. 'Oh, dear me, twice in one day, that's too much,' we all thought, but that didn't help at all; once again the bombs rained down, the other side this time, on Skiphol, according to the British. The planes dived and climbed, we heard the hum of the engines and it was very gruesome, each moment I thought 'one's falling now. Here it comes.'

I can assure you that when I went to bed at 9 o'clock, I couldn't hold my legs still. I woke up at the stroke of 12: Planes. Pf. was undressing. I didn't let that put me off, and at the first shot, I leapt out of bed, wide awake. Into the next room until 1, in bed at half past 1, back with Daddy at 2 and still they kept coming. They stopped firing and I was able to go home. I fell asleep at half past 2.

7 o'clock. I sat up in bed with a start. Mr v.P. was with Daddy. Burglars was my first thought. I heard Mr v.P. say 'everything', I thought that everything had been stolen. But no, this time it was wonderful news, such as we have not heard for months, perhaps in all the war years. Mussolini has stood down, the king of Italy has taken over

the government. We jumped for joy. After the terrible day yesterday,<sup>25</sup> at last something good again and – hope. Hope for it to end, hope for peace. Kugler called in and told us that Fokkers had been badly damaged. Meanwhile we had another air-raid alarm with planes flying overhead and one more warning siren. I'm just about choked with alarms, very tired and don't feel a bit like work, but now the suspense about Italy keeps us awake and the hope that by the end of the year . . . . .

yours, Anne

Thursday 29 July 1943

Dear Kitty,

Mrs v.P., Pf. and I were doing the dishes, and I was extraordinarily quiet, which hardly ever happens, so they would have been sure to notice. In order to avoid questions I quickly sought a fairly neutral topic and thought that the book: Henry from the Other Side, would meet the need. But I had made a mistake; if Mrs v.P. doesn't pounce on me, then Mr Pf. does. This was what it came to: Mr Pf. had specially recommended us this book as being excellent. Margot and I thought it was anything but excellent; the boy's character was certainly well drawn, but the rest – I had better gloss over that. I said something to that effect while we were washing the dishes, but that brought me a packet of trouble:

'How can you understand the psychology of a man. Of a child is not so difficult (!). You are much too young for a book like that; why, even a man of 20 would not be able to grasp it.' (Why did he so especially recommend this book to Margot and me?) Now Pf. and Mrs v.P. continued together: 'You know much too much about things that are unsuitable for you, you've been brought up all wrong. Later on, when you are older, and take no pleasure in anything, then you'll say: I read that in books 20 years ago. You had better make haste if you want to get a husband or fall in love – or everything is sure to be a disappointment to you. You are already proficient in the theory, it's only the practice that you still lack!'

Can you imagine my situation? I astonished myself by answering calmly: 'You may think that I've been badly brought up, but hardly anyone would agree with you!'

I suppose it's good upbringing to always try to set me against my parents, because that is what they often do, and to tell a girl of my age nothing about certain matters is admirable. I see the results of that kind of upbringing demonstrated all too clearly.

I could have slapped both their faces at that moment as they stood there making a fool of me. I was beside myself with rage and I'm just counting the days (if only I knew when I can stop) until I'm rid of 'those' people.

Mrs v.P. is a nice one! She sets a fine example . . . she certainly sets one – a bad one. Mrs v.P. is well known as being very pushy, selfish, cunning, calculating and is never content. I can also add vanity and coquetry to the list. There is no question about it: she is an unspeakably disagreeable person. I could write whole chapters about Madame, and who knows, perhaps I will someday. Anyone can put on a fine coat of

varnish outside. Mrs v.P. is friendly to strangers and especially men, so it is easy to make a mistake when you have only known her for a short time. Mummy thinks she is too stupid to waste words over, Margot too unimportant, Pim too ugly (literally and figuratively!) and I, after long observation – for I was never prejudiced from the start – have come to the conclusion that she is all three and a lot more! She has so many bad qualities, why should I even begin about one of them?

—yours, Anne

Tuesday 3 August 1943.

Dear Kitty,

Political news excellent. In Italy the Fascist party has been banned. The people are fighting the Fascists in many places – even the army is actually taking part in the battle. Can a country like that wage war against England? Our lovely radio was taken away last week, Pf. was very cross that Kugler handed it in on the appointed date. Pf. keeps sinking in my esteem, he's roughly below zero now. Everything he says about politics, history, geography and other things is such nonsense that I scarcely dare repeat it. Hitler will be forgotten by history. The port of Rotterdam is bigger than that of Hamburg. The British are idiots because they are not bombing Italy to smithereens right at this moment etc., etc.

We've just had a third air raid; I clenched my teeth to make myself feel courageous.

Mrs v.P., who has always said, 'just let them come', 'a terrible end is better than no end at all', is the greatest coward of us all now. She was shaking like a leaf this morning and even burst into tears. When her husband, with whom she has just made it up after a week's squabbling, comforted her, the expression on her face alone almost made me feel sentimental.

Mouschi has proved that keeping cats has disadvantages as well as advantages. The whole house is full of fleas, and the plague gets worse every day. Mr Kleiman has scattered yellow powder in every nook and corner, but the fleas don't seem to mind a bit. It's making us all quite nervous; one keeps imagining an itch on one's arms, legs, and various parts of the body, which is why quite a lot of us are doing gymnastics, so as to be able to look at the back of our necks or legs while standing up. Now we're being paid back for not being more supple – we're too stiff to even turn our heads properly. We gave up real gymnastics long ago.

yours, Anne

Wednesday 4 Aug. 1943.

Dear Kitty,

Now that we have been in the 'Secret Annexe' for over a year you know something of our lives, but some of it is quite indescribable; there is so much to tell, everything is so different from ordinary times and from ordinary people's lives. But still, to give you a

slightly closer look into our lives, now and again I intend to give you a description of an ordinary day. Today I'm beginning with the evening and night:

9 o'clock in the evening: The bustle of going to bed in the 'Secret Annexe' begins and it is always really quite a business. Chairs are pushed about, beds are pulled down, blankets unfolded and nothing remains where it is during the day. I sleep on the little divan, which is not more than one and a half metres long. So chairs have to be used as extensions; a quilt, sheets, pillows, blankets, all fetched from Pf.'s bed where they remain during the day. One hears terrible creaking in the next room, Margot's concertina-bed being pulled out; again, divan, blankets and pillows, everything is done to make the wooden slats a bit more comfortable. It sounds like thunder above, but it is only: Mrs v.P.'s bed. This is shifted to the window, you see, in order to give Her Majesty in the pink bed jacket fresh air to tickle her dainty nostrils!

9 o'clock: After Peter's finished, I step into the bathroom where I give myself a thorough wash and general toilet; it happens quite often (only in the hot months, weeks or days) that there is a tiny flea floating in the water. Then teeth cleaning, hair curling, manicure, and my cotton-wool pads with hydrogen peroxide (to bleach black moustache hairs) – all this in under half an hour.

Half past 9: Quickly into dressing gown, soap in one hand, potty, hairpins, pants, curlers and cotton wool in the other, I hurry out of the bathroom; but usually I am called back once for the various hairs which decorate the washbasin in graceful curls, but which are not approved of by the next person.

10 o'clock: Put up the blackout. Good night! For at least a quarter of an hour, there is a creaking of beds and a sighing of broken springs, then all is quiet, at least that is if our neighbours upstairs don't quarrel in bed.

Half past 11: The bathroom door creaks. A narrow strip of light falls into the room. A squeak of shoes, a large coat, even larger than the man inside it – Pf. returning from his night work in Kugler's office. Shuffling on the floor for 10 minutes, crackle of paper, that is the food which has to be stowed away, and a bed is made. Then the form disappears again, and one only hears suspicious little noises from the lavatory from time to time.

± 3 o'clock: I have to get up for a little job in the metal pot under my bed, which is on a rubber mat for safety's sake in case of leakage. When this has to take place, I always hold my breath, as it clatters into the tin like a brook from a mountain. Then the pot is returned to its place and the figure in the white nightgown, which evokes the same cry from Margot every evening: 'Oh that indecent nightdress', steps back into bed. Then a certain person lies awake for about a quarter of an hour, listening to the sounds of the night. Firstly, to whether there might not be a burglar downstairs, then to the various beds, above, next door, and in my room, from which one is usually able to make out how the various members of the household are sleeping, or how they pass the night in wakefulness. The latter is certainly not pleasant, especially when it concerns a member of the family by the name of Dr Pf.

First, I hear a sound like a fish gasping for breath, this is repeated nine or ten times, then with much ado and interchanged with little smacking sounds, the lips are moistened, followed by a lengthy twisting and turning in bed and rearranging of pillows. Five minutes' perfect peace and then the same sequence of events unfolds itself at least 3 times more, after which the doctor has soothed himself to sleep again for a little while.

It can also happen that we get a bit of shooting in the night, varying between 1 o'clock and 4. I never really realize it, until from habit I am already standing at my bedside. Sometimes I'm so busy dreaming that I'm thinking about French irregular verbs or a quarrel upstairs. It is some time before I begin to realize that guns are firing and I am still in the room. But it usually happens as described above. I quickly grab a pillow and handkerchief, put on my dressing gown and slippers and scamper to Daddy, just as Margot wrote in this birthday poem: The first shot sounds at dead of night, hush, look! A door creaks open wide, a little girl glides into sight, clasping a pillow to her side.

Once landed in the big bed, the worst is over, except if the firing is very bad.

quarter to 7: trrrrrrr – the alarm clock that raises its voice (if one asks for it and sometimes when one doesn't) at any hour of the day. Click – ping – Mrs v.P. has turned it off. Crack – Mr v.P. gets up. Puts on water and then full speed to the bathroom.

quarter past 7. The door creaks again. Pf. can go to the bathroom. Once alone I take down the blackout – and a new day in the 'Secret Annexe' has begun.<sup>26</sup>

yours, Anne

Thursday 5 Aug. 1943.

Dear Kitty,

Today I am going to take lunchtime:

It is half past 12. The whole mixed crowd breathes again. Van Maaren, the man with the dark past, and de Kok have gone home at last. Above one can hear the noise of Mrs v.P.'s vacuum cleaner on her beautiful, one and only 'rug'; Margot goes with a few books under her arm for her lesson 'for children who make no progress', because that's Pf.'s attitude.

Pim goes into a corner with his inseparable Dickens to try and find peace somewhere. Mummy hurries upstairs to help the industrious housewife and I go to the bathroom to tidy it up a bit, and myself at the same time.

quarter to 1. The place is filling up. First Mr Gies then Kleiman or Kugler, Bep and sometimes Miep as well.

1 o'clock. We're all sitting listening to the BBC, seated around the little baby radio; these are the sole times when the members of the 'Secret Annexe' do not interrupt each other, because here someone is speaking even Mr v.P. can't interrupt.

Quarter past 1. The great share-out. Everyone from below gets a cup of soup, and if there is ever a pudding some of that as well. Mr Gies is happy and goes to sit on the divan or lean against the writing table. Newspaper, cup and usually cat, beside him. If one of the three is missing, he is sure to protest. Kleiman tells us the latest news from town; he is certainly an excellent source of information. Kugler comes helter-skelter upstairs – a short, firm knock on the door and in he comes rubbing his hands, according to his mood in a good temper and talkative or bad-tempered and quiet.

Quarter to 2. Everyone rises from the table and goes about his own business. Margot and Mummy to the dishes, Mr and Mrs v.P. to the divan, Peter up to the attic, Daddy to the divan, Pf. too and Anne to her work. Then follows the most peaceful hour; everyone is asleep, no one is disturbed. Pf. dreams of lovely food – the expression on his face gives this away, but I don't look long because the time goes so fast and at 4 o'clock the pedantic Doctor is standing, clock in hand, because I'm one minute late in clearing the table for him.

yours, Anne

Saturday 7 Aug.'43.

Dear Kitty,

An interruption in my sketches of life in the 'Secret Annexe'. A few weeks ago I started to write a story, something that was completely made up and that gave me such pleasure that my pen-children are now piling up.

Because I promised to give you a faithful and unadorned account of all my experiences, I'll let you judge whether small children may perhaps take pleasure in my tales.

Kitty<sup>27</sup>

Kitty is the girl next door. In fair weather, I can watch her playing in the yard through our window.

Kitty has a wine-red velvet frock for Sundays and a cotton one for every day; she has pale-blonde hair with tiny braids, and clear blue eyes. Kitty has a sweet mother, but her father is dead. The mother is a laundress; sometimes she is gone during the day, cleaning other people's houses, and at night she does the wash for her customers. At 11 o'clock she is still shaking out the carpets and hanging washing on the line.

Kitty has 6 brothers and sisters. The smallest screams a lot and hangs on to the skirts of his 11-year-old sister when Mother calls 'bedtime!' Kitty has a small cat which is so black that it looks like a Moor. She takes good care of the kitten, and every evening before bedtime, you can hear her call 'Kitty, kitty, kitty!' That's how she came to be called Kitty, which may not be her name at all, but she looks like one. Kitty also has two rabbits, a white one and a brown one, that hop up and down in the grass under the short flight of stairs that leads to Kitty's house. Sometimes Kitty is naughty, just like other children. This happens mostly when she quarrels with her brothers. It's a

sight to see Kitty fight with them, she beats, kicks and even bites them and the little boys respect their sturdy sister.

‘There are errands to be done, Kitty!’ Mother calls. Quickly Kitty sticks her fingers in her ears, so that she’ll be able to say honestly that she didn’t hear her mother. Kitty hates running errands, but she wouldn’t lie to escape them; Kitty doesn’t lie; you need only to look into her blue eyes to know that. One of Kitty’s brothers is 16 and works as an office boy. This brother sometimes bosses the other children as if he were their father; not even Kitty dares to contradict Peter, for she knows from experience that he is quick with his fists but that he doesn’t mind standing treats if one obeys him. Kitty loves sweets and her sisters do too.

Sundays, when the bell tolls, ding-dong, ding-dong, Kitty’s mother and all the children go to church. Kitty prays for her dear father, who is in heaven, and also for her mother, that she may still have a long, long life. After church they go for a walk with Mummy. Kitty enjoys that a lot, they walk through the park and once in a while to the Zoo. But she’ll have to wait another two months to go to the Zoo, because they only go in September, when it costs just a quarter again, or when it is Kitty’s birthday, and she can ask for a trip to the Zoo as a birthday present. Other gifts her mother cannot afford.

Often Kitty comforts her mother who, after a day’s hard work, weeps in the night. Then Kitty promises her all the things she, herself, would like to have when she is grown up. Kitty wants so badly to be grown up, to earn money, buy pretty clothes, and treat her sisters to sweets, as Peter does.

But first Kitty still has to learn a lot and to go to school for a long time. Mother wants her to go to the domestic science school, but Kitty doesn’t care for that idea at all. She doesn’t want to work for some lady, she wants to work in a factory, like those jolly girls she sees passing by every day. In a factory you’re never alone and you can have a nice gossip, and Kitty loves gossiping!

At school she has to stand in the corner once in a while because she talks too much, but otherwise she is a good pupil. Kitty is fond of her teacher, who is usually sweet and is terribly clever. ‘How hard I’ll have to work before I can be so clever!’ Kitty thinks, ‘but one can get along with less, Mother always says that if I get too clever I shan’t get a husband and that will be awful.’ Kitty would like to have children later on, but not such children as her brothers and sisters. Kitty’s children are going to be much sweeter and also much prettier. They will have lovely curly brown hair instead of that flaxen stuff, and they will have no freckles, which Kitty has by the hundreds. Nor does Kitty want as many children as her mother has, 2 or 3, that’s quite enough. But, oh, it is such a long time still, at least twice as long as she’s been alive. ‘Kitty,’ her mother calls, ‘come here, where have you been, naughty girl? Quick, to bed with you, you must have been sitting there dreaming again!’

Kitty sighs, for she just had been making such beautiful plans for the future.

yours, Anne



Monday 9 Aug.  
1943.

Dear Kitty,

To continue the 'Secret Annexe' daily timetable. I shall now describe the evening meal.

Mr v.P., who begins. He is first to be served, takes a lot of everything if it is what he likes. Usually talks at the same time, always gives his opinion as the only one worth listening to, and once he has spoken it is irrevocable, because if anyone dares to question it, then he flares up at once. Oh, he can spit like a cat – I'd rather not argue, I can tell you – if you've once tried you don't try again. He has the best opinion, he knows the most about everything. All right then, he has got brains, but self-satisfaction has reached a high grade with this gentleman.

Madame. Really, I should remain silent. Some days, especially if there is a bad mood coming on, you can't look at her face. On closer examination, she is the guilty one in all the arguments. Not the subject! Oh, no, everyone prefers to keep out of that, but one could perhaps call her the starter. Stirring up trouble, that's fun. Stirring up trouble against Mrs Frank and Anne; Margot and Mr v.P. aren't quite so easy.

But now at table, Mrs v.P. doesn't go short, although she thinks so at times. The tiniest potatoes, the sweetest mouthful, the tenderest of everything, picking over is her system. The others will get their turn, as long as I have the best. (Just what she thinks about Anne Frank.) The second thing is talking; if only someone is listening, then it doesn't seem to matter whether they are interested or not, I suppose she thinks 'Everyone is interested in what Mrs v.P. says.' Coquettish smiles, behaving as if one knew everything, giving everyone a bit of advice and encouragement, that's sure to produce a good impression. But if you look longer, then the good soon wears off. One, she is industrious, two gay, three a coquette – and, occasionally, pretty: That is Gusti van Pels.

The 3rd table companion. One doesn't hear much from him. Young Mr v.P. is usually quiet and doesn't draw much attention to himself. As for appetite: a danaïdean vessel, which is never full and after the heartiest meal declares quite calmly that he could have eaten double.

No. 4. Margot. Eats like a little mouse, and doesn't talk at all. Vegetables and fruit are all that go down. Spoiled, is the v.P.s' judgement; not enough fresh air and games is what we think.

Beside her – Mummy. Good appetite, very talkative. No one has the impression, as with Mrs v.P.: this is the housewife. What is the difference? Well, Mrs v.P. does the cooking, and Mummy washes up and polishes.

Numbers 6 and 7. I won't say much about Daddy and me. The former is the most unassuming of all at table. He always looks first to see if everyone else has something; for himself he needs nothing, the best things are for the children.

He is the perfect example, and sitting beside him, the 'Secret Annexe's' 'bundle of nerves'.

Pfeffer. Helps himself, never looks up, eats and doesn't talk. And if one must talk, then for heaven's sake let it be about food. You don't quarrel about it, you only brag. Enormous helpings go down and the word 'No' is never heard, never when the food is good and not often when it's bad.

Trousers wrapping his chest, red coat on, black patent leather bedroom slippers, and hornrimmed spectacles. That is how one sees him at the little table, always working, never getting anywhere, alternated only by his afternoon nap, food, and – his favourite spot – the lavatory. Three, four, five times a day someone stands impatiently in front of the door and wriggles. Hopping from one foot to the other, hardly able to contain himself. Does it disturb him? Not a bit! From quarter past 7 till half past, from half past 12 till 1 o'clock, from 2 till quarter past, from 4 till quarter past, from 6 till quarter past, and from half past 11 until 12. One can make a note of it – these are the regular 'sittings'. He won't come off or pay any heed to an imploring voice at the door, giving warning of approaching disaster!

Number 9 Isn't a member of the 'Secret Annexe' family, but rather a companion in the house and at table. Bep has a healthy appetite. Leaves nothing on her plate and is not picky-and-choosy. She is easy to please and that is just what pleases us. Cheerful and good-tempered willing and good-natured, these are her characteristics.<sup>28</sup>

Tuesday 10 August.  
1943.

Dear Kitty,

New idea. I talk more to myself than to the others at mealtimes, which is to be recommended in two respects, firstly because everyone is happy if I don't prattle the whole time, and secondly, I needn't get annoyed about other people's opinions. I don't think my opinions are stupid and the others do; so it is better to keep them to myself. I do just the same if I have to eat something I simply can't stand: I put my plate in front of me, pretend that it is something delicious, look at it as little as I can and before I know where I am, it is gone.

When I get up in the morning, which is also a very unpleasant process, I jump out of bed thinking to myself: 'You'll be back in a second', go to the window, take down the blackout, sniff at the crack of the window until I feel a bit of fresh air, and I'm awake. The bed is turned down as quickly as possible, and then the temptation is removed. Do you know what Mummy calls this sort of thing? The Art of Living. That's an odd expression. For the last week we've all been in a bit of a muddle about time, because our dear and beloved Westertoren-clock bell has apparently been taken away to the factory so that neither by day nor by night do we ever know the exact

time. I still have some hope that they will think up a substitute (tin, copper or some such thing) so that the neighbourhood gets reminded of the clock.

Whether I'm upstairs or down, or wherever I am, my feet are the admiration of all, glittering in a pair of (for these days!) exceptionally fine shoes. Miep managed to get hold of them for 27.50 florins. Wine-coloured suede leather with fairly high wedge heels. I feel as if I'm on stilts and look much taller than I am. Yesterday was an unlucky day for me. I pricked my right thumb with the blunt end of a big needle. The upshot was that Margot had to peel the potatoes for me (the silver lining) and that my handwriting is clumsy.

Then I bumped my head against the cupboard door, almost fell over backwards, was given a dressing-down for all the noise I was making again, was not allowed to run water to bathe my forehead and am now going around with a giant lump over my right eye. On top of all that, the small toe of my right foot caught in the pin of the vacuum cleaner. It bled and was painful but I had so many other complaints that this pinprick was as nothing. It's so stupid, because now I'm walking about with an infected toe + basilicon ointment + gauze + adhesive tape and can't put my glorious shoes on.

Pf. has endangered our lives for the umpteenth time. Miep actually brought him a forbidden book, one which abuses Mussolini. On the way she happened to be run into by an SS motorcar. She lost her nerve, shouted: Miserable wretches, and rode on. It is better not to think what might have happened if she had been forced to go to their headquarters.

yours, Anne

Friday 10 September  
1943.

Dear Kitty,

Every time I write to you something special seems to have happened, but they are more often unpleasant than pleasant things. However, now there is something wonderful going on:

Last Wednesday evening, 8 Sept., we sat around listening to the 7 o'clock news and the first thing we heard was as follows: Here follows the best news from whole the war: Italy has capitulated.<sup>29</sup> Italy's unconditional surrender! The Dutch programme from England began at quarter past 8. 'Listeners, one and a quarter hours ago I had just finished writing the chronicle of the day when the wonderful news of Italy's capitulation came in, I can tell you that I have never deposited my notes in the wastepaper basket with such joy!

'God save the King', the American national anthem and the Russian 'Internationale' were played. As always, the Dutch programme was uplifting, but not too optimistic.

The English have landed in Naples. Northern Italy has been occupied by the Germans. On Friday 3 September the truce had already been signed, the very day the English landed in Italy. The Germans rant and rave in all the newspapers about the treachery of Badoglio and the Italian emperor.

Still, we have troubles, too; it's about Mr Kleiman. As you know, we are all very fond of him, he is always cheerful and amazingly brave, although he is never well, has a lot of pain, and is not allowed to eat much or do much walking. 'When Mr Kleiman enters, the sun begins to shine!' Mummy said only recently, and she is quite right. Now he has had to go into the hospital for a very unpleasant abdominal operation and will have to stay there for at least 4 weeks. You really ought to have seen how he said good-bye to us just as usual – he might have simply been going out to do a bit of shopping.

yours, Anne

Thursday 16 Sept. 1943.

Dear Kitty,

Relations between us here are getting worse all the time. Pf. and v.P. firm friends until the next row. At mealtimes, no one dares to open their mouths (except to allow a mouthful of food to slip in) because whatever is said you either annoy someone or it is misunderstood. Mr Voskuyl comes to visit us now and then. What a pity that he is so ill. He doesn't make it easier for his family either, because he walks about all the time thinking: What difference can it make to me, I'm going to die anyway! I can well imagine the mood in Voskuyl's house when I think how touchy they all are even here.

I swallow valerian pills every day against worry and depression, but it doesn't prevent me from being even more miserable the next day.

A good hearty laugh would help more than 10 Valerian pills, but we've almost forgotten how to laugh. I feel afraid sometimes that from having to be so serious I'll grow a long face and my mouth will droop at the corners. The others don't get any better either, everyone looks with fear and misgivings towards that great terror, winter. Another thing which doesn't cheer us up is that the warehouseman, v. Maaren, is becoming suspicious about the Annexe. Of course anyone with any brains at all must have noticed that Miep keeps saying she's off to the laboratory, Bep to look at the records, Kleiman to the Opekta storeroom, while Kugler makes out that the 'Secret Annexe' is not part of our premises but belongs to the neighbour's building.

We really wouldn't mind what Mr v. Maaren thought of the situation if he wasn't known to be so unreliable and if he wasn't so exceptionally inquisitive, so difficult to fob off. One day Kugler wanted to be extra careful, put on his coat at 20 minutes past 12, and went to the chemist round the corner. He was back in less than 5 minutes, and sneaked like a thief round the stairs leading straight to us. At a quarter past one he wanted to go again, but met Bep on the landing, who warned him that v. Maaren was in the office. He did a right-about turn and sat with us until half past 1. Then he took

off his shoes and went in stockinged feet (despite his cold) to the front attic door, went downstairs step by step, and, after balancing there for a quarter of an hour to avert any creaks, he landed safely in the office, having entered from the outside. Bep had been freed of van Maaren in the meantime and came up to us to fetch Kugler, but Kugler had already been gone a long time; he was meanwhile still on the staircase with his shoes off. Whatever would the people in the street have thought if they had seen the Manager putting on his shoes outside? Gosh! the Manager in his socks!

yours, Anne

Sunday 17 Oct. 1943.

Dear Kitty,

Kleiman is back again, thank goodness! He still looks rather pale, but in spite of this sets out cheerfully to sell clothes for v.P.

It is an unpleasant fact that the v.P.s have run right out of money, he lost his last 100 florins in the warehouse, and that gave us a lot of worry. How can 100 guilders just disappear on a Monday morning in the warehouse? All sorts of suspicions. In the meantime the 100 florins have been stolen. Who is the thief?

But I was talking about their lack of money. Mrs v.P. won't part with a thing from her pile of coats, dresses, and shoes. Mr v.P.'s suit isn't easily disposed of, Peter's bicycle is back from the inspection. No one wanted to have it. The end of the story is not yet in sight. Mrs v.P. will certainly have to part with her fur coat. Her idea that the business must provide for us is absurd. They've had a terrific row upstairs about it, and now the reconciliation period of 'Oh darling Putti' and 'precious Kerli' has set in.

I am dazed by all the abusive exchanges that have hurtled through this virtuous house during the past month. Daddy goes about with his lips tightly pursed, when anyone speaks to him, he looks up startled, as if he is afraid he will have to patch up some tricky relationship again. Mummy has red patches on her cheeks from excitement, Margot complains of headaches. Pf. can't sleep. Mrs v.P. grouches the whole day and I'm going round the bend! Quite honestly, I sometimes forget who we are quarrelling with and with whom we've made it up.

The only way to take one's mind off it all is to study, and I do a lot of that.

yours, Anne

Wednesday 29  
September 1943.

Dear Kitty,

It is Mrs v.P.'s birthday. We gave her a pot of jam, besides coupons for cheese, meat and bread. From her husband, Pf., and the office she got things to eat and flowers. Such are the times we live in! Bep had a fit of nerves this week; she's being sent out so often, 10 x a day she has to do shopping, and she is forever being asked to fetch this and that, which means yet another errand and makes her feel that she has done

something wrong! If you just think that she still has to finish her office work downstairs, that Kleiman is ill, Miep staying at home with a cold, and that she herself has a sprained ankle, love worries, and a grumbling father at home, then it's no wonder she's at her wits' end. We comforted her and said that if she puts her foot down once or twice and says she has no time, then the shopping lists will automatically get shorter.

On Saturday there was a big drama here, which exceeded in fury any that has gone before. It all started with v. Maaren and it ended in a free-for-all with sobs. Pf. complained to Mummy that he is being treated like an outcast, that none of us are friendly towards him, that after all he has done none of us any harm and a whole series of sugary blandishments that Mummy luckily didn't fall for this time telling him that he has let us all down badly and that he has given us cause for complaint more than once. Pf. promised her the moon, which hasn't come to anything yet, as usual.

There is something wrong with Mr v.P., I can see it coming on already! Daddy is angry because they're cheating us; they're keeping back meat and suchlike. Oh, what kind of explosion is hanging over us now? If only I wasn't mixed up so much with all these rows! If only I could get away! They'll drive us crazy before long!

yours, Anne

Friday 29 Oct. 1943.

Dearest Kitty,

Mr Kleiman is away again: his stomach gives him no peace. He doesn't even know whether it has stopped bleeding yet. For the first time, he was properly down when he told us that he didn't feel well and was going home.

There have been resounding rows again between Mr and Mrs v.P. It came about like this: the v.P.s are at the end of their money. They wanted to sell a winter coat and a suit of Mr v.P.'s, but no one could be found for them. He wants too much for it.

One day, some time ago now, Kleiman spoke about a furrier with whom he was on good terms; this gave v.P. the idea of selling his wife's fur coat. It's a fur coat made from rabbit skins, and she has worn it 17 years. Mrs v.P. got 325 florins for it. That sum is enormous. However, Mrs v.P. wanted to keep the money to buy new clothes after the war, and it took some doing before Mr v.P. made it clear to her that the money was urgently needed for the household.

The yells and screams, stamping and abuse – you can't possibly imagine it! It was frightening. My family stood at the bottom of the stairs holding their breath, ready if necessary to drag them apart!

All this quarrelling and weeping and nervous tension are so unsettling that in the evening I drop into my bed crying, thanking heaven that I sometimes have half an hour to myself.

All goes well with me, except that I have no appetite. I keep being told: 'You don't look at all well.' I must say that they are doing their very best to keep me up to the mark. Grape sugar, cod-liver oil, yeast tablets and calcium have all been lined up. My

nerves often get the better of me: it is especially on Sundays that I feel rotten. The atmosphere is so oppressive, and sleepy and as heavy as lead; you don't hear a single bird singing outside, and a deadly sultry silence hangs everywhere, catching hold of me as if it would drag me down deep into an underworld. At such times Daddy, Mummy, and Margot leave me cold. I wander from one room to another, downstairs and up again, feeling like a songbird who has had his wings clipped and who is hurling himself in utter darkness against the bars of his cage. 'Go outside, laugh, and take a breath of fresh air,' a voice cries within me; but I don't even feel a response any more; I go and lie on the divan and sleep, to make the time pass more quickly, and the stillness and the terrible fear, because there is no way of killing time.

yours, Anne

Wednesday 3 Nov. 1943.

Dear Kitty,

In order to give us something to do, which is also educational, Daddy applied for a prospectus from the teachers' institutes in Leiden. Margot nosed through the thick booklet at least 3 times without finding anything to her liking or to suit her purse. Daddy was quicker, and wants a letter written to the Institute asking for a trial lesson in 'Elementary Latin'. No sooner said than done, the lesson came, Margot set to work enthusiastically, and the course, expensive though it was, was sent for. It is much too hard for me, although I would very much like to learn Latin.

To give me something new to begin as well, Daddy asked Kleiman for a children's Bible so that I could find out something about the New Testament at last. 'Do you want to give Anne a Bible for Hanukkah?' asked Margot, somewhat perturbed. 'Yes – er, I think St Nicholas Day is a better occasion,' answered Daddy.

Jesus just doesn't go with Hanukkah.

The vacuum cleaner is broken, so I now have to brush the carpet every evening with an old sweeper. Blackout, switch on the light, light the stove and then brush the floor. 'No good will come of this,' I thought to myself the first time. There were bound to be complaints and actually Mummy did get a headache from the thick clouds of dust that hung whirling about in the room, Margot's new Latin dictionary was covered with dirt and Pim grumbled that the floor didn't look any different anyway. Small thanks for my pains.

The latest arrangement in the 'Secret Annexe' is that the stove will be lit at half past 7 instead of half past 5 on Sunday mornings. I think it's a risky business. What will the neighbours think of our smoking chimney?

Just like the curtains; ever since we started hiding they've been pinned tightly up, sometimes on an irresistible whim one of the gentlemen or ladies decides to take a look outside. Consequence: a storm of reproaches. Reply: 'But no one can see.' That's how every careless act begins and ends. 'No one can see, no one can hear, no one pays any attention', is easily said, but is it the real truth? At the moment the storm of rows

has abated, Pf. is the only one still to be quarrelling with the v.P.s. When he talks about Mrs v.P., all you hear him say is: that stupid cow, or 'that old heifer', and conversely Mrs v.P. refers to our ever so learned gentleman as 'that old maid', that everlastingly touchy old spinster etc. etc.

It's the pot calling the kettle black!

yours, Anne

Thursday 11 Nov. 1943.

Dear Kitty,

I have a good title for this chapter:

Ode to my fountain pen

In memoriam

*From Margot's schola Latina.*

My fountain pen has always been one of my most priceless possessions; I value it highly, especially for its thick nib, for I can only really write neatly with a thick nib. My fountain pen has had a very long and interesting pen-life, which I will briefly tell you about:

When I was nine, my fountain pen arrived in a packet (wrapped in cotton wool) as 'sample without value' all the way from Aachen, where my Grandmother, the kind donor, used to live. I was in bed with flu, while February winds howled round the house. The glorious fountain pen had a red leather case and was at once shown around to all my friends on the first day. I, Anne Frank, the proud owner of a fountain pen!

When I was ten the pen was allowed to go to school with me and the mistress went so far as to permit me to write with it. When I was eleven, however, my treasure had to be put away again, because the mistress in the 6th form only allowed us to use school pens and inkpots. When I was twelve and went to the Jewish Lyceum, my fountain pen received a new case in honour of the great occasion; it could take a pencil as well, and as it closed with a zipper looked much more impressive. At thirteen the fountain pen came with us to the 'Secret Annexe' where it has raced through countless diaries and compositions for me. Now I am fourteen, we have spent our last year together. . . . .

— —

It was on Friday afternoon after 5 o'clock. I had come out of my room and wanted to go and sit at the table to write, when I was roughly pushed on one side and had to make room for Margot and Daddy, who wanted to practise their 'Latin'. The fountain pen remained on the table unused while, with a sigh, its owner contented herself with a tiny little corner of the table and started rubbing beans. Bean rubbing is making mouldy beans decent again. I swept the floor at a quarter to 6 and threw the dirt, together with the bad beans, into a newspaper and into the stove. A terrific flame leapt out and I thought it was grand that the fire should burn up so well when it was practically out.



All was quiet again, the 'Latinites' had finished, and I went and sat at the table to continue my writing as planned, but look as I might, my fountain pen was nowhere to be seen. I looked again, Margot looked, Mummy looked, Daddy looked, Pf. looked, but there was not a trace of the thing. 'Perhaps it fell into the stove together with the beans!' Margot suggested. 'Oh no, of course not!' I answered. When my fountain pen didn't turn up that evening, however, we all took it that it had been burned, all the more as celluloid is terribly inflammable. And so it was, our unhappy fears were confirmed when Daddy did the stove the following morning the clip used for fastening was found among the ashes. Not a trace of the gold nib was found. 'Must have melted and stuck to some stone or other,' Daddy thought.

I have one consolation, although a slender one, my fountain pen has been cremated, just what I want later!

*The clip is left.  
(The pen is gone)  
I feel bereft  
And put upon  
yours, Anne.*

Monday evening 8 November 1943.

Dear Kitty,

If you could read my pile of letters one after another, you would certainly be struck by the many different moods in which these are written. It annoys me that I am so dependent on the atmosphere here, but certainly I'm not the only one – we all find it the same. If I read a book that impresses me I have to take myself firmly in hand before I mix with other people; otherwise they would think my mind rather queer. At the moment, as you've probably noticed I'm going through a spell of being depressed.

I really couldn't tell you why it is, but I believe it's just because I'm a coward, and that's what I keep bumping up against.

This evening while Bep was still here, there was a long, loud penetrating ring at the door, I turned white at once, got a tummy-ache and heart palpitations, all from being scared!

At night, when I'm in bed, I see myself alone in a dungeon, without Mummy and Daddy. Sometimes I wander by the roadside, or our 'Secret Annexe' is on fire, or they come and take us away at night and I go and lie down under my bed in despair. I see everything as if it is actually taking place and then still have the feeling that it could all happen to you very soon! Miep often says she envies us for possessing such tranquillity here. That may be true, but she is not thinking of our fears.

I simply can't imagine that the world will ever be normal for us again. I do talk about: 'After the war', but then it is only a castle in the air, something that will never really happen.

If I think back to the Merry,<sup>30</sup> my girl friends, school, fun, it is just as if another person lived it all, not me. I see the 8 of us with our 'Secret Annexe' as if we were a little piece of blue heaven, surrounded by black, black rain clouds. The round, clearly defined spot where we stand is still safe but the clouds gather more closely about us and the circle which separates us from the approaching dangers closes more and more tightly.

Now we are so surrounded by danger and darkness that we bump against each other as we search desperately for a means of escape.

We all look down below, where people are fighting each other, we look above, where it is quiet and beautiful, and meanwhile we are cut off by the great dark mass, which will not let us go either down or up, but which stands before us as an impenetrable wall; it tries to crush us but cannot do so yet.

I can only cry and implore: 'Oh, if only the black circle could recede and open the way for us!'

yours, Anne

Wednesday 17 Nov. 1943.

Dear Kitty,

Shattering things are happening. Diphtheria reigns in Bep's home, so she is not allowed to come into contact with us for 6 weeks. It makes it very awkward over food and shopping not to mention missing her companionship. Kleiman is still in bed and has had nothing but thin porridge and milk for three weeks.

Kugler is frantically busy. Luckily the business has orders to grind 2,500 kg. of pepper again. The fines imposed on us last year by the price control are so high that officially Gies & Co. may not even have that much money.

The Latin lessons Margot sends in are corrected by a teacher and returned, Margot writing in Bep's name. The teacher, a certain A. C. Nielson is very nice, and witty too. I expect he is glad to have such a clever pupil.

Pf. is very put out, none of us knows why. It began by his keeping his mouth closed upstairs; he didn't utter a word to either Mr or Mrs v.P. Everyone was struck by it, and when it lasted a couple of days, Mummy took the opportunity of warning him about Mrs v.P. who, if it goes on like this, can make things very disagreeable for him. Pf. said that Mr v.P. started the silence, so he was not going to be the one to break it. Now I must tell you that yesterday it was 16th November, the day he had been exactly 1 year in the 'Secret Annexe'. Mummy received a plant in honour of the occasion, but Mrs v.P., who for weeks beforehand had made no bones about the fact that she thought Pf. should treat us to something, received nothing.

Instead of expressing, for the first time, his thanks for our unselfishness in taking him in, he didn't say a word. And when I asked him, on the morning of the 16th, whether I should congratulate or condole, he answered that it didn't matter to him.

Mummy, who wanted to act as peacemaker, didn't get one step further, and finally the situation remained as it was.

It is no exaggeration to say that Pf. has a screw loose. We often joke among ourselves at his lack of memory, his opinions and judgement and have many a laugh when he gets stories he has just heard completely wrong and mixes everything up.

For the rest, he answers every reproach and accusation with splendid promises, none of which he ever actually keeps.

Der Mann der hat ein grosser Geist und is so klein von Taten!

yours, Anne

Saturday 27 November  
1943.

Dear Kitty,

Yesterday evening, before I fell asleep, who should suddenly appear before my eyes but Hanneli!

I saw her in front of me, clothed in rags, her face thin and worn. Her eyes were very big and she looked so sadly and reproachfully at me that I could read in her eyes: 'Oh, Anne, why have you deserted me? Help, oh, help me, rescue me from this hell!'

And I cannot help her, I can only look on, how others suffer and die, and must therefore sit idly by and can only pray to God to send her back to us. I just saw Hanneli, no one else, and now I understand. I misjudged her, was too young to understand her difficulties. She was attached to her girl friend, and to her it seemed as though I wanted to take her away. What the poor girl must have felt like, I know; I know the feeling myself so well!

Sometimes in a flash I saw something of her life, but a moment later I was selfishly absorbed again in my own pleasures and problems.

It was horrid the way I treated her, and now she looked at me, oh so helplessly, with her pale face and imploring eyes. If only I could help her! Oh, God, that I should have all I could wish for, and that she should be seized by such a terrible fate. I am not more virtuous than she; she, too, wanted what was right, why should I be chosen to live and she probably to die? What was the difference between us? Why are we so far from each other now?

Quite honestly, I haven't thought about her for months, yes almost for a year. Not completely forgotten her but then never thought about her like this until I saw her before me in all her misery. Oh, Hanneli, I hope that if you should live until the end of the war, you will come back to us and that I shall be able to take you in and do something to make up for the wrong I did you.

But when I am able to help her again, then she will not need my help as badly as now. I wonder if she ever thinks of me, if so, what would she feel?

Good Lord defend her, so that at least she is not alone. Oh, if only You can tell her that I think lovingly of her and with sympathy, perhaps that would give her greater

endurance.

I must not go on thinking about it, because I don't get any further. I only keep seeing her great big eyes and cannot free myself from them. I wonder if Hanneli has real faith in herself, and not only what has been thrust upon her?

I don't even know, I never took the trouble to ask her!

Hanneli, Hanneli, if only I could take you away, if only I could let you share all the things I enjoy.

It is too late now, I can't help, or repair the wrong I have done. But I shall never forget her again and I shall always pray for her!

yours, Anne

Mon. 6 Dec.'43.

Dear Kitty,

When St Nicholas' Day approached, none of us could help thinking of the prettily decorated basket we had last year and I, especially, thought it would be very dull to do nothing at all this year. I thought a long time about it until I invented something, something to make people laugh.

I consulted Pim and a week ago we started composing a little poem for each person.

On Sunday evening at a quarter to 8, we appeared upstairs with the large laundry basket between us, decorated with little figures and bows of pink and blue carbon copy paper. The basket was covered with a large piece of brown wrapping paper on which a letter was pinned. Everyone upstairs was rather astonished at the size of the surprise package.

I took the letter from the paper and read:

Prologue:

Santa Claus has come once more  
Though not quite as he came before.  
We can't celebrate his day  
In last year's fine and pleasant way.  
For then our hopes were high and bright  
All the optimists seemed right  
None supposing that this year  
We would welcome Santa here.  
Still, we'll make his spirit live  
And since we've nothing left to give  
We've thought of something else to do  
(And as Daddy and I lifted the wrapping paper)  
Each please look inside his shoe.

— —

As each owner took his shoe from the basket there was a resounding peal of laughter. A little paper package lay in each shoe with the address of the shoe's owner on it. I shan't write down all the verses, for that could easily get boring. But a few of them pleased everyone so much that no doubt you will enjoy them as well.

To Miss A.M. Frank.

When the planes appear at night  
No one gets so great a fright  
As little Anne, the youngest child  
With fear she sometimes grows quite wild  
And when the Bulldogs open up  
Then little Anne, she swigs a cup  
And one of her Valerian pills.  
Supplies decline, but Santa will  
If need be bring her a refill.  
(The present was a valerian tablet.)

To Mrs E. Frank

Abnormal times  
We have no limes  
Apples or tea  
No vitamin C  
But be of good cheer,  
Raw food is here!  
Radish we eat,  
All wholesome and good  
So this is the food  
Santa has brought  
After much thought.

To Mr P. A. v. P.

Who keeps the attic spick and span?  
Peter is the very man.  
Who gets the spuds, the coals for heat,  
Creeps downstairs in his stockinged feet?  
Feeds the cats downstairs, you bet  
Peter never will forget.  
Who fetches wood, who cleans the grate,  
Washes clothes when it's late?  
Piet does that and much much more  
That's what Santa likes him for  
Extra coupons he has found  
And for him has brought them round.

To Mrs G. v. P.

I want to knit and know just what  
I have the wool, I have the lot  
Enough for pants or for a vest  
But first a model I request.

I started well, but now I doubt  
That the material won't run out  
So I unpick it and, what fun,  
Knit a hairnet for my son.

Alas, the colour is quite wrong,  
I'll have it dyed, it won't be long!

— —

Madame, before you start anew  
Look what Santa has for you  
He set to work despite a hitch  
And even made up a new stitch!

— —

*I had knitted a small strip and held it up on matchsticks.*

Wednesday 22 Dec. 1943.

Dear Kitty,

A severe attack of flu has prevented me from writing to you until today. It's wretched to be ill here, when I wanted to cough – one, two, three – I crawled under the blanket and tried to stifle the noise. Usually the only result was that the tickle wouldn't go away at all; and milk and honey, sugar or little lozenges had to be brought into operation. It makes me dizzy to think of all the cures that were tried on me, sweating, compresses, wet cloths on my chest, dry cloths on my chest, hot drinks, gargling, throat painting, lying still, cushion for extra warmth, hot-water bottles, lemon squashes, and, in addition, the thermometer every two hours. Can anyone really get better like this? The worst moment of all was certainly when Mr Pf. thought he'd play doctor, and came and lay on my naked chest with his greasy head, in order to listen to the sounds within. Not only did his hair tickle unbearably, but I was embarrassed although thirty years ago, he once studied medicine and has the title of Doctor. Why should this fellow come and lie on my heart? He's not my lover after all! For that matter he wouldn't hear whether it's healthy or unhealthy inside me anyway; his ears need syringing first, as he's becoming alarmingly hard of hearing. But that is enough about illness. I'm as fit as a fiddle again, 1 centimetre taller, 2 lbs heavier, pale, and with a real appetite for learning.

There is not much news to tell you; Bep is still parted from us, we received extra oil for Christmas, sweets and syrup, the present is a brooch made out of a one-cent

piece, and shining beautifully. Anyway lovely but indescribable.

It is drizzly weather, the stove smells, the food lies heavily on everybody's tummy, causing thunderous noises on all sides, the war at a standstill, morale rotten.

yours, Anne

Friday 24 Dec. 1943.

Dearest Kitty,

I have previously written to you about how very much we are affected by atmosphere here, and I think that in my own case this trouble is getting much worse lately. 'Himmelhoch jauchzend, zu Tode betrübt' certainly fits here. I am 'Himmelhoch jauchzend' if I only think how lucky we are here compared with other Jewish children, and 'zu Tode betrübt' comes over me for example when Mrs Kleiman comes and tells us about Jopie's hockey club, canoe trips, theatrical performances and tea parties with friends. I don't think I am jealous of Jopie, but I couldn't help feeling a great longing to have lots of fun myself for once, and to laugh until my tummy ached. Especially at this time of the year, with all the holidays for Christmas and the New Year, and we are stuck here as if we're outcasts. Still I really ought not to write this because it seems ungrateful but, no matter what they think of me, I can't keep everything to myself, so I'll remind you of my opening words 'paper is patient'.

When someone comes in from outside, with the wind in their clothes and the cold on their faces, then I could bury my head in the blankets to stop myself thinking: 'When will we be granted the privilege of smelling fresh air.' And because I must not bury my head in the blankets, but the reverse – I must keep my head high and be brave, the thoughts will come, not once, but oh, countless times.

Believe me, if you have been shut up for 1½ years, it can get too much for you some days. In spite of all justice and thankfulness you can't get rid of your feelings.

Cycling, dancing, whistling, looking out at the world, feeling young, to know that I'm free – that's what I long for; still I mustn't show it, because I sometimes think if all 8 of us began to pity ourselves, or went about with discontented faces, where would it lead us?

yours, Anne

Sunday 2 Jan 1944.

Dear Kitty,

This morning when I had nothing to do, I turned over some of the pages of my diary and several times I came across letters dealing with the subject 'Mummy' in such a vehement way that it quite shocked me and I asked myself: 'Anne, is it really you who mentioned hate, oh, Anne, how could you?' I remained sitting with the open page in my hand, and thought about it and how it came about that I should have been so brimful of rage and seemed so full of hate that I had to confide it all in you. I have been trying to understand the Anne of a year back and to excuse her, because my

conscience isn't clear as long as I leave you with these accusations without being able to explain, on looking back, how it happened. I suffer now – and suffered then – from moods which kept my head under water (so to speak that is) and only allowed me to see things subjectively without my being enabled to consider quietly the words of the other side, and to answer them as the words of one whom I, with my hot-headed temperament, had offended or made unhappy.

I hid myself within myself, I only considered myself and quietly wrote down all my joys, sorrows and contempt in my diary. This diary is indeed of value to me, because it has become a book of memoirs in many places, but on a good many pages I could certainly put 'Past and done with'.

I used to be furious with Mummy (and often still am) it's true that she doesn't understand me, but I don't understand her either. She did love me very much and she was tender, but as she landed in so many unpleasant situations through me and as she was nervous and irritable because of other worries and difficulties, it is certainly understandable that she snapped at me.

I took it much too seriously, was offended and was rude and irritating to Mummy, which, in turn, made her unhappy. So it was really a matter of unpleasantness and misery rebounding all the time. It wasn't nice for either of us, but it is passing. I just didn't want to see all this, and pitied myself very much; but that, too, is understandable.

Those violent outbursts on paper were only giving vent to anger which in a normal life could have been worked off by stamping my feet a couple of times in a locked room or calling Mummy names behind her back.

The period when I caused Mummy to shed tears is over, I have grown wiser and Mummy's nerves are not so much on edge. I usually keep my mouth shut if I get annoyed, and so does she, so we appear to get on much better together.

I can't really love Mummy in a dependent childlike way,

I soothe my conscience now, with the thought that hard words are better on paper than that Mummy should carry them in her heart.

yours, Anne

Thursday 6 January  
1944.

Dear Kitty,

My longing to talk to someone became so intense that somehow or other I took it into my head to choose Peter. Sometimes if I've been upstairs into Peter's room during the day, it always struck me as very snug, but because Peter is so retiring and would never turn anyone out who became a nuisance, I never dared stay long, because I was afraid he might think me a bore. I tried to think of an excuse to stay unobtrusively in his room and get him talking, and my chance came yesterday. Peter has a mania for crossword puzzles at the moment and hardly does anything else. I helped him with



them and we soon sat opposite each other at his little table, he on the chair and me on the divan.

It gave me a queer feeling when I looked into his deep blue eyes and saw how embarrassed this unexpected visit had made him.

I would have liked to ask him: Won't you tell me something about yourself, won't you look beyond this ridiculous chatter? But I noticed that such questions are easier to think up than to ask.

When I lay in bed and thought over the whole situation I found it far from encouraging and the idea that I should beg for Peter's patronage was simply repellent. One can do a lot to satisfy one's longings which certainly sticks out in my case, for I have made up my mind to go and sit with Peter more often and to get him talking somehow or other.

Whatever you do, don't think I'm in love with Peter, not a bit of it! If the v.P.s had had a daughter instead of a boy, I should have tried to make friends with her too.

I woke at about five to seven this morning and knew at once, quite positively, what I had dreamed. I sat on a chair and opposite me sat Peter . . . . Schiff, we were looking together at a book of drawings by Mary Bos, only one side had a drawing, on the other were all sorts of model figures. The dream was so vivid that I can still partly remember the drawings. But that was not all – the dream went on, suddenly Peter's eyes met mine and I looked into those fine, velvet brown eyes for a long time, then Peter said very softly, 'If I had only known, I would have come to you long before!' I turned around brusquely because the emotion was too much for me. And after that I felt a soft, and oh, such a cool kind cheek against mine and it was so good, so good . . . .

I awoke at this point, while I could still feel his cheek against mine and felt his brown eyes looking deep into my heart, so deep, that there he read how much I still love him. Tears sprang into my eyes once more, and I was very sad that I had lost him again, but at the same time glad because it made me feel quite certain that Peter was still the chosen one.

It is strange that I should often see such vivid images in my dreams. First I saw Grandma so clearly one night that I could make out her thick, soft, wrinkled velvety skin. Then Granny appeared as a guardian angel; then followed Hanneli, who seems to be a symbol to me of the sufferings of all my friends and all Jews; thus when I pray for her I pray for all Jews and all those in need And now Peter, my darling Peter – I don't need a photo of him, I can see him before my eyes well enough.

Friday 7 Jan. 1944.

Dear Kitty,

What a silly ass I am, I have quite forgotten that I have never told you the history of my great love. When I was quite small – I was even at Kindergarten I became attached to Sally Kimmel. He had lost his father and he and his mother lived with an aunt. One of Sally's cousins, Appy, was a slender, good-looking dark boy who later turned into

the very picture of a screen hero and who aroused more admiration than the little, humorous fellow, Sally. We used to be together a lot for quite a long time, but for the rest, my love was unreturned, until Peter crossed my path, and in my childish way I fell for him three times over. He liked me very much, too, and we were inseparable one summer long. I can still remember us walking hand in hand through the Zuider Amstellaan together, he in a white cotton suit and me in a short summer dress. At the end of the summer holidays he went into 4th<sup>3</sup> and I into the 6th form of the Lower School. He used to meet me from school and, vice versa, I would meet him. Peter was a very good-looking boy, tall, handsome and slim, with an earnest, calm, intelligent face. He had dark hair and wonderful brown eyes, ruddy cheeks and a pointed nose. I was mad about his laugh, above all, when he looked so mischievous and naughty!

I went to the country for the holidays and when I returned I didn't find him at his old address; he had moved in the meantime, and a much older boy lived in the same house. He apparently drew Peter's attention to the fact that I was a childish little imp, and Peter gave me up. I adored him so that I didn't want to face the truth. I tried to hold on to him until it dawned on me that if I went on running after him I should get the name of being boy-mad.

The years passed. Peter went around with girls of his own age, and didn't even think of saying 'Hello' to me any more.

I went to the Jewish Secondary School. Lots of boys in our class were keen on me – I thought it was fun, felt honoured, but was otherwise quite untouched. Then later on, Hello was mad about me, but, as I've already told you I never fell in love again.

There is a saying: Time heals all wounds, and so it was with me; I imagined that I had forgotten Peter and that I didn't like him at all any more. The memory of him, however, lived on so strongly that I admitted to myself sometimes I was jealous of the other girls, and that was why I didn't like him any more. This morning I realized that nothing has changed; on the contrary, as I grew older and more mature my love grew with me. His face was shown so clearly to me, and I know that no one else can remain with me like he does.

I am completely upset by the dream. What can help me now? I must live on and pray to God that He will let Peter cross my path when I come out of here, and that when he reads the love in my eyes he will say: 'Oh Anne, if I had only known, I would have come to you long before.'

yours, Anne.

Wednesday 12 Jan. 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Bep has been back for a fortnight although her little sister may only go back to school next week. She herself was in bed for two days with a bad cold. Miep and Jan too were away from their work for two days – they both had tummy upsets.

I have a craze for dancing and ballet at the moment and practise dance steps every evening diligently. I have made a super modern dance frock from a light blue petticoat edged with lace belonging to Mum. A ribbon is threaded through round the top and ties in a bow in the centre, and a pink corded ribbon completes the creation. I tried in vain to convert my gym shoes into real ballet shoes. My stiff limbs are well on the way to being supple again like they used to be. One terrific exercise is to sit on the floor, hold a heel in each hand, then lift both legs up in the air. I have to have a cushion under me otherwise my poor little behind has a rough time.

Everyone here is reading the book 'Cloudless Morn', Mummy thought it exceptionally good since there are a lot of youth problems in it. I thought to myself rather ironically, 'take a bit of trouble with your own young people first!' I believe that Mummy's eyes haven't been opened so far because she doesn't realize that our relationship with our parents is nothing like as super-perfect as she always imagines or thinks it is. I speak of our, did you notice? Margot has grown so sweet; she seems quite different from what she used to be, isn't nearly so catty these days and is becoming a real friend. Nor does she any longer regard me as a little kid who counts for nothing.

I have an odd way of sometimes, as it were, being able to see myself through someone else's eyes. Then I view the affairs of a certain Anne Robin at my ease, and browse through the pages of her life as if she were a stranger.

Before we came here (when I didn't think about things as much as I do now) I used at times to have the feeling that I didn't belong to Mum, Pim, and Margot, and that I would always be a bit of an outsider, sometimes I used to pretend for a good six months that I was an orphan, until I reproached and punished myself, telling myself it was all my own fault that I played this self-pitying role, while I was really so fortunate. Then came the time that I used to force myself to be friendly. Every morning, as soon as someone came down the steep attic stairs I hoped that it would be Mummy, who would come and say good morning to me. Then she made some remark or other that seemed unfriendly, and I would go off to school again feeling thoroughly disheartened. On the way home, I would make excuses for her because she had so many worries, arrive home very cheerful, chatter nineteen to the dozen, until there was a repeat of what had happened in the morning and I would leave the room wearing a pensive expression, my satchel under my arm.

Sometimes I decided to remain cross, but when I came home from school I always had so much news that my resolutions were gone with the wind and Mummy, whatever she might be doing, had to lend an ear to all my adventures.

Until the time came once more when I didn't listen for footsteps on the staircase any longer, felt lonely and at night my pillow was wet with tears.

Everything grew much worse at this point, enfin you know all about it and now I've reached the stage that I press a kiss on my golden pendant, and think 'what do I care about the lot of them', and make plans for the future!

yours, Anne.

P.S. You will no doubt have noticed that I generally call Mummy Mum or Mums. That's an invention of mine in order not to have to call her 'Mumsie'. It's an incomplete Mumsie as it were, I would love to honour her with an extra ie, but fortunately she doesn't realize why I can't.

yours, Anne.

Saturday, 15 Jan. 1944.

Dear Kitty,

There is no point in telling you every time the exact details of our rows and arguments. Let it suffice to tell you that we have divided up a great many things such as fat and meat, and eat our own fried potatoes with it and that as far as the meat is concerned we no longer have to bother about the v.P.s' taste nor do we have to look in the pans for missing bits of this and that. For some time now we have been eating wholemeal bread between meals as an extra because by 4 o'clock in the afternoon we are longing for our supper so much that we hardly know how to control our rumbling tummies.

Mummy's birthday is rapidly approaching; she got some extra sugar from Kugler, which made the v.P.s jealous as Mrs v.P. had not been favoured in this way for her birthday. But what's the use of annoying each other with yet more unkind words, tears and angry outbursts, as you must know that we are fed up with them even more.

Mummy has expressed the wish – one which cannot come true just now – not to see Mr van Pels's face for a fortnight.

I continually ask myself whether one would have trouble in the long run, whomever one shared a house with. Or did we strike it extra unlucky? At table when Pf. takes  $\frac{1}{4}$  of a half-full gravy boat and lets the rest of us simply go without gravy then I lose my appetite and feel like leaping to my feet and chasing him off his chair and out of the door.

Are most people so selfish and stingy then? The van Pels method is: 'If we have got enough, then the rest may have some too; but we get the best, we get it first, we get the most!' Pf. goes a bit further still: 'I take as much of everything as I want, I don't bother to look if there's any left and I tell everyone how modest I am!' I think it's all to the good to have learned a bit about human beings, but now I think it's been enough. The war goes on just the same, whether or not we choose to quarrel, or long for freedom and fresh air, and so we should try to make the best of our stay here. Now I'm preaching, but I also believe that if I stay here for very long I shall grow into a dried-up old beanstalk. And I did want to grow into a real young woman!

yours, Anne

Saturday 22 Jan. 1944.

Dear Kitty,

I wonder whether you could tell me why it is that people always try so hard to hide their real feelings? How is it that I always behave quite differently from what I should

in other people's company? Why do we trust one another so little? I know there must be a reason, but still I sometimes think it's horrible that you find you can confide so little in people, even in those who are nearest to you.

It seems as if I've grown up a lot since my dream the other night. I'm much more of an independent being. You'll certainly be amazed when I tell you that even my attitude towards the van Pelses has changed. I suddenly see all the arguments etc. etc. in a different light, and am not as prejudiced as I was. How can I have changed so much? Yes, you see. it suddenly struck me that if Mummy had been different, a real Mumsie, the relationship might have been quite, quite different. It's true that Mrs v. Pels is by no means a nice person, but still I do think that if Mummy hadn't been so impossible whenever the conversation gets tricky, then half the quarrels could have been avoided. Mrs van Pels has one good side, and that is that you can talk to her. Despite all her selfishness, stinginess and underhandedness, you can make her give in easily, as long as you don't irritate her and get on the wrong side of her. This way doesn't work every time but if you have patience you can try again and see how far you get.

All the problems of our 'upbringing', of our being spoiled, the food – all, all, all, it could have been quite different if we'd remained perfectly open and friendly, and not always on the look out for something to seize on. I know exactly what you'll say Kitty: 'But Anne, do these words really come from your lips? From you who have had to listen to so many harsh words from the people upstairs, from you, the girl who has suffered so many injustices!'

And yet they come from me. I want to start afresh and try to get to the bottom of it all, not be like the saying 'the young always follow a bad example'. I want to examine the whole matter carefully myself and find out what is true and what is exaggerated. Then if I myself am disappointed I can again follow the same path as Mummy and Daddy; if not, well I shall just try first of all to make them alter their ideas and if I don't succeed I shall stick to my own opinions and judgement.

I shall seize every opportunity to discuss openly all our disagreements with Mrs v.P. and not be afraid of declaring myself neutral even at the cost of being called a 'know-all'.

I shall of course say nothing that goes against my own family, but from today there will be no more unkind gossip on my part, although this does not mean that I will ever stop defending them against all comers. Until now I was immovable I always thought that they were in the wrong, but a large part of the blame also lay with us. We have certainly been right about the subject matter; but when it comes to handling others one expects more insight from intelligent people (which we consider ourselves to be!).

I hope that I have acquired a little drop of insight and will use it well when the occasion arises.

yours, Anne

Monday 24 Jan. 1944

Dear Kitty,

Something has happened to me (or rather, I can hardly describe it as an event), except that I think it is completely crazy. Whenever anyone used to speak of sexual problems at home or at school, it was something either mysterious or revolting. Words which had any bearing on the subject were whispered and often if someone didn't understand something he was laughed at. It struck me as very odd and I often thought: 'Why are these people so secretive or tiresome when they talk about these things?' But as I didn't think that I could change things, I kept my mouth shut as much as possible, or asked my girl friends for information. When I had learned quite a lot and had also – Mummy said once, 'Anne, let me give you some good advice; never speak about this subject to boys and don't reply if they begin about it.' I remember exactly what my answer was: I said, 'No of course not! The very idea!' And there it remained.

When we first came here, Daddy often told me about things that I would really have preferred to hear from Mummy, and I found out the rest from books and things I picked up from conversations. Peter v. Pels was never as tiresome over this as the boys at school – once or twice at first perhaps – but he never tried to get me talking.

Yesterday, when Margot, Peter and I were peeling potatoes somehow the conversation turned to Boche. 'We still don't know what sex Boche is, do we?' I asked.

'Yes, certainly,' Peter answered 'He's a tom.'

I began to laugh: 'A tomcat that's expecting, that's marvellous!'

Peter and Margot laughed too over this silly mistake. You see, two months ago Peter had stated that Boche would soon be having a family, her tummy was growing visibly. However, the fatness appeared to come from the many stolen bones, because the children didn't seem to grow, let alone make their appearance! Peter just had to defend himself. 'No,' he said, 'you can go with me yourself to look at him. Once when I was playing around with him, I noticed quite clearly that he's a tom.'

I couldn't control my curiosity and went with him to the warehouse. Boche, however, was not receiving visitors, and was nowhere to be seen; we waited for a while, began to get cold and went upstairs again.

Later in the afternoon, I heard Peter go downstairs for the second time; I mustered up all my courage to walk through the silent house alone, and reached the warehouse. Boche stood on the packing table playing with Peter, who had just put him on the scales to weigh him. 'Hello, do you want to see him?' He didn't make any lengthy preparations, but picked up the animal, turned him over on to his back, deftly held his head and paws together, and the lesson began: 'These are the male organs, these are just a few stray hairs, and that is his bottom.'

The cat did another half turn and was standing on his white socks once more.

If any other boy had shown me 'the male organs', I would never have looked at him again. But Peter went on talking quite normally on what is otherwise such a

painful subject, without meaning anything unpleasant, and in the end put me sufficiently at my ease for me to be normal too.

We played with Boche, amused ourselves well, chattered together, and finally sauntered through the large warehouse towards the door.

I always come across my information by accident in some book or other, don't you? I asked.

'Why on earth? I just ask upstairs. My parents know more than me and have had more experience.'

We were already on the stairs, so I kept my mouth shut after that.

'Things may alter,' as Brer Rabbit said. Yes. Really I shouldn't have discussed these things in such a normal way with a girl. I know too definitely that Mummy didn't mean it that way when she warned me not to discuss the subject with boys.

I wasn't quite my usual self for the rest of the day though, in spite of everything. When I remembered our talk, it still seemed rather odd. But at least I'm wiser about one thing, that there really are young people – and of the opposite sex too – who can discuss these things naturally without making fun of them.

I wonder if Peter really does ask his parents much. Would he honestly behave with them as he did with me yesterday? Ah, what would I know about it?!!!!

yours, Anne

Friday 28 Jan. 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Lately I have developed a great love for family trees and genealogical tables of the royal families, and have come to the conclusion that once you begin, you want to delve still deeper into the past, and can keep on making fresh and interesting discoveries. Although I am extraordinarily industrious over my lessons, and can already follow the English Home Service quite well on the wireless, I still devote many Sundays to sorting and looking over my large collection of film stars, which is quite a respectable size by now. I am awfully pleased whenever Mr Kugler brings the Cinema & Theatre with him on Mondays; although this little gift is often called a waste of money by the less worldly members of the household, they are amazed each time at how accurately I can state who is in a certain film, even after a year. Bep, who, on her days off, often goes to the movies with her boy friend, tells me the titles of the new films each week; and in one breath I rattle off the names of the stars who appear in them, together with what the reviews say. Not so long ago, Mum said that I wouldn't need to go to a cinema later on because I knew the plots, the names of the stars and the opinions of the reviews all by heart.

If ever I come sailing in with a new hair style, they all look disapprovingly at me, and I can be quite sure that someone will ask which glamorous star I'm supposed to be imitating. They only half believe me if I reply that it's my own invention. But to continue about the hair style, it doesn't stay put for more than half an hour; then I'm so

tired of the remarks people pass that I quickly hasten to the bathroom and restore my ordinary curly hair style.

yours, Anne

Friday 28 Jan. 1944.

Dear Kitty,

I asked myself this morning whether you don't sometimes feel rather like a cow who has had to chew over all the old pieces of news again and again, and who finally yawns loudly and silently wishes that Anne would occasionally dig up something new. Alas, I know it's dull for you, but try to put yourself in my place and imagine how sick I am of the old cows who keep having to be pulled out of the ditch again. If the conversation at mealtimes isn't over politics or a delicious meal, then Mummy or Mrs v.P. trot out one of the old stories of their youth, which we've heard so many times before, or Pf. twaddles on about his wife's extensive wardrobe, beautiful race horses, leaking rowboats, boys who can swim at the age of 4, muscular pains and nervous patients. What it all boils down to is this, that if one of the eight of us opens his mouth, the other seven can finish the story for him! We all know the point of every joke from the start, and the storyteller is alone in laughing at his witticisms. The various milkmen, grocers and butchers of the two ex-housewives have already grown beards in our eyes, so often have they been praised to the skies or pulled to pieces; it is impossible for anything in the conversation here to be fresh or new.

Still, all this would be bearable if the grown-ups didn't have their little way of telling the stories, with which Kleiman, Jan or Miep oblige the company, 10 times over and adding their own little frills and furbelows, so that I often have to pinch my arm under the table to prevent myself from putting them right. Little children such as Anne must never, under any circumstances, know better than the grown-ups, however many blunders they make and to whatever extent their imaginations run away with them.

One favourite subject of Kleiman's and Jan's is that of people in hiding and in the underground movement; they know very well that anything to do with other people in hiding interests us tremendously, and how deeply we can sympathize with the sufferings of people who get taken away, and rejoice with the liberated prisoner. We are quite used to the idea of people in hiding or 'underground', as in bygone days one was used to Daddy's bedroom slippers warming in front of the fire. There are a great number of organizations such as 'The Free Netherlands' which forge identity cards, hand out money to people 'underground', find hiding places for people, and work for young men in hiding, and it is amazing how much noble, unselfish work these people are doing, risking their own lives to help and save others. Our helpers are a very good example, they have pulled us through up till now and we hope they will bring us safely to dry land. Otherwise they would have to share the same fate as the many others who are being searched for, never have we heard one word of the burden which we certainly must be to them, never has one of them complained about all the trouble we



cause. They all come upstairs every day, talk to the men about business and politics, to the women about food and wartime difficulties, and about newspapers and books with the children. They put on the brightest possible faces, bring flowers and presents for birthdays and bank holidays, are always ready to help and do all they can. That is something we must never forget; although others may show heroism in the war or against the Germans, our helpers prove their heroism in their cheerfulness and affection.

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The wildest tales are going around, but still they usually happened. For instance, Kleiman told us this week that in Gelderland two football elevens met, and one side consisted solely of members of the 'underground' and the other was made up of members of the police.<sup>31</sup> New registration cards are being handed out in Hilversum, in order that the many people in hiding may also draw rations (ration cards can only be obtained with a registration card or for 60 florins each) the officials have given instructions to those of them in the district to come at a certain time, so that they can collect their papers from a separate little table. Still, they'll have to be careful that such impudent tricks do not reach the ears of the Germans.

yours, Anne

Thursday 3 Febr. 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Invasion fever in the whole country is mounting daily. If you were here, on the one hand, you would probably feel the effect of all these preparations just as I do and, on the other, you would laugh at us for making such a fuss – who knows – perhaps for nothing!

All the newspapers are full of the invasion and are driving people mad by saying that 'In the event of the English landing in Holland, the Germans will have to do all they can to defend the country; if necessary they will resort to flooding.' With this, maps have been published in which the parts of Holland that would be under water are marked. As this applies to large parts of Amsterdam, the first question was, what shall we do if the water in the streets rises to one metre? The answers given by different people vary considerably.

'As walking or cycling is out of the question, we shall have to wade through the stagnant water.'

'Of course not, one will have to try and swim. We shall all put on our bathing suits and caps and swim under water as much as possible, then no one will see that we are Jews.'

'Oh, what nonsense! I'd like to see the ladies swimming, if the rats started biting their legs.' (That was naturally a man; just see who screams the loudest!)

'We shan't be able to get out of the house anyway; the warehouse will definitely collapse if there is a flood of water, it is so wobbly already.'

‘Listen, folks, all joking apart, we shall try and get a boat.’

‘Why bother? I know something much better we each get hold of a wooden packing case from the attic and row with a soup ladle!’

‘I shall walk on stilts: I used to be an expert at it in my youth.’

‘Jan Gies won’t need to, he’s sure to take his wife on his back, then she’ll be on stilts.’

This gives you a rough idea, doesn’t it, Kit?

This chatter is all very amusing, but the truth may be otherwise. A second question about the invasion was bound to arise: what do we do if the Germans evacuate Amsterdam?

‘Leave the city too, and disguise ourselves as best we can.’

‘Not in the street, whatever happens, stay put! The only thing to do is remain here! The Germans are quite capable of driving the whole population right into Germany, where they will all die.’

‘Yes, naturally, we shall stay here, since this is the safest place. We’ll try and fetch Kleiman and his family over here to come and live with us. We’ll try and get hold of a sack of wood wool, then we can sleep on the floor. Let’s ask Miep and Kleiman to start bringing blankets here now. We’ll order some extra corn in addition to our 60 lbs. Let’s get Jan to try and obtain more peas and beans; we have about 60 lbs of beans and 10 lbs of peas in the house at present. Don’t forget that we’ve got 50 tins of vegetables. Mummy, just count up how much we’ve got of other food, will you?

10 tins of fish, 40 tins of milk, 10 kilos of milk powder, 3 bottles of salad oil, 4 preserving jars of butter, 4 preserving jars of meat, 2 wicker-covered bottles of strawberries, 2 bottles of raspberries, 20 bottles of tomatoes, 10 lbs of rolled oats, 8 lbs of rice and that’s all.

Our stock’s not too bad, but if you think that we could be having visitors as well and drawing from reserves each week, then it seems more than it actually is.

We have sufficient coal and firewood in the house, also candles (we’ve skipped Hanukkah). Let’s all make little moneybags, which could easily be hidden in our clothing, in case we want to take money with us. We’ll make lists of the most important things to take, should we have to run for it, and pack rucksacks now in readiness.

If it gets that far, we’ll put two people on watch, one in the front and one in the back loft.

I say what’s the use of collecting such stocks of food, if we haven’t any water, gas or electricity?

Then we must cook on the stove. Filter and boil our water. We’ll clean out some large wicker bottles and store water in them. We can also use three preserving pans and a washtub as water tanks.

We’ll have our Red Cross box, all winter coats, shoes, brandy, eau de cologne and sugar brought out of safekeeping as soon as possible.

On top of that we still have 1½ sacks of winter potatoes in the spice store.

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I hear nothing but this sort of talk the whole day long, invasion and nothing but invasion, arguments about suffering from hunger, dying, bombs, fire extinguishers, sleeping bags, Jewish vouchers, poisonous gases etc., etc. None of it is exactly cheering. Our gentlemen give pretty straightforward warnings; an example is the following conversation with Jan:

Gentlemen: We are afraid that if the Germans withdraw they will take the whole population with them.

J.: That is impossible, they haven't the trains at their disposal.

G.: Trains? Do you really think they'd put civilians in carriages. Out of the question. They could use shanks's pony. (per pades apostolonum Pf. always says).

J.: I don't believe a word of it, you look on the black side of everything. What would be the object in driving all the civilians along with them?

G.: Didn't you know that Goebels said, if we have to step down, we shall slam the doors of all the occupied Countries behind us!

J. They have said so much already.

G. Do you think the Germans are above doing such a thing or too humane? What they think is this: If we have to go down, then everybody in our clutches will go down with us.

J. Tell that to the Marines; I just don't believe it!

G. It's always the same song, no one will see danger approaching until it is actually on top of him.

J. But you know nothing definite. You just suppose.

G. We have all been through it ourselves, first in Germany and then here. And what is going on in Russia?

J. You mustn't include the Jews. I don't think anyone knows what is going on in Russia. The English and the Russians are sure to exaggerate things for propaganda purposes, just like the Germans.

G.: Out of the question, the English have always told the truth over the wireless. And suppose they do exaggerate the news by 10%, the facts are bad enough anyway, because you can't deny that many millions of peace-loving people were just simply murdered or gassed in Poland and Russia.

I will spare you further examples of these conversations; I myself keep very quiet and don't take any notice of all the fuss and excitement. I have now reached the stage that I don't care much whether I live or die. The world will still keep on turning without me; what is going to happen, will happen, and anyway it's no good trying to resist.

I trust to luck and do nothing but work, hoping that all will end well.

yours, Anne

Tuesday 8 Febr. 1944.

Dear Kitty,

As I seem to be undergoing a period of reflection at the moment and letting my mind range over anything and everything, my thoughts have naturally turned to Father and Mother's marriage. It has always been presented to me as an ideal marriage. Never a quarrel, no angry faces, perfect harmony, etc., etc. I know a few things about Father's past, and what I don't know, I've made up; I have the impression that Father married Mother because he felt she would be a suitable wife. I have to admit that I admire Mother for the way she assumed the role of his wife and has never, as far as I know, complained or been jealous. It can't be easy for a loving wife to know that she'll never be first in her husband's affections, and Mother did know that. Father certainly admired Mother's attitude and thought she had an excellent character. Why marry anyone else? His ideals had been shattered and his youth was over. What kind of marriage has it turned out to be? No quarrels or differences of opinion – but hardly an ideal marriage. Father respects Mother and loves her, but not with the kind of love I envision for a marriage. Father accepts Mother as she is, is often annoyed, but says as little as possible, because he knows the sacrifices Mother has had to make.

Father doesn't always ask her opinion – about the business, about other matters, about people, about all kinds of things. Father doesn't tell her everything because he knows she's far too emotional, far too critical, and often far too biased. Father's not in love. He kisses her the way he kisses us. He never holds her up as an example, because he can't. He looks at her teasingly, or mockingly, but never lovingly. It may be that Mother's great sacrifice has made her harsh and disagreeable toward those around her, but it's guaranteed to take her even farther from the path of love, to arouse even less admiration, and one day Father is bound to realize that while, on the outside, she has never demanded his total love, on the inside, she has slowly but surely been crumbling away. She loves him more than anyone, and it's hard to see this kind of love not being returned. So should I actually feel more sympathy for Mother? Should I help her? And Father? – I can't, I'm always imagining another mother. I just can't. – How could I? She hasn't told me anything about herself, and I've never asked her to. What do we know of each other's thoughts? I can't talk to her, I can't look lovingly into those cold eyes, I can't. Not ever! – If she had even one quality an understanding mother is supposed to have, gentleness or friendliness or patience or something, I'd keep trying to get closer to her. But as for loving this insensitive person, this mocking creature – it's becoming more and more impossible every day.

Yours, Anne.

Saturday 12 Febr. 1944.

Dear Kitty,

The sun is shining, the sky is deep blue, there is a lovely breeze and I am longing-so longing-for everything . . . . . To talk, for freedom, for friends, to be alone. And I

do so long. . . .to cry! I feel as if I'm going to burst, and I know that it would get better with crying; but I can't. I'm restless, I go from one room to the other, breathe through the crack of a closed window, feel my heart beating, as if it is saying, 'Can't you satisfy my longings at last?'

I believe that it's spring within me, I feel that spring is awakening, I feel it in my whole body and soul. It is an effort to behave normally, I feel utterly confused, don't know what to read, what to write, what to do, I only know that I am longing. . . .

yours, Anne

Monday 14 Febr. 1944.

Dear Kitty,

On Sunday evening everyone except Pim and me was sitting beside the wireless in order to listen to the 'immortal Music of the German Masters'. Pf. fiddled with the knobs continually, this annoyed Peter, and the others too. After restraining himself for half an hour, Peter asked somewhat irritably if the twisting and turning might stop. Pf. answered in his most hoity-toity manner, 'I'm getting it all right.' Peter became angry, was rude, Mr v. Pels took his side, and Pf. had to give in. That was all.

The reason in itself was very unimportant, but Peter seems to have taken it very much to heart, in any case, when I was rummaging about in the bookcase in the attic he came up to me and began telling me the whole story. I didn't know anything about it, but Peter soon saw that he had found an attentive ear and got fairly into his stride.

'Yes and you see,' he said 'I don't easily say anything, because I know beforehand that I'll only become tongue-tied. I begin to stutter, turn red and twist around what I want to say, and go on until I have to break off because I simply can't find the words. That's what happened yesterday, I wanted to say something quite different, but once I had started, I got in a hopeless muddle, and that's frightful.

'I used to have a bad habit; I wish I still had it now: if I was angry with anyone, rather than argue it out I would get to work on him with my fists. I quite realize that this method doesn't get me anywhere; and that is why I admire you. You are never at a loss for a word, you say exactly what you want to say to people and are never the least bit shy.'

'I can tell you you are making a big mistake,' I answered, 'I usually say things quite differently from the way I meant to say them, and then I talk too much and far too long, and that's something just as bad.'

'Maybe, but you have the advantage that no one can tell when you are embarrassed. You don't blush and you don't go to pieces.'

I couldn't help laughing to myself over this last sentence. However, I wanted to let him go on talking about himself, so I kept my amusement to myself, went and sat on a cushion on the floor, put my arms around my bent knees, and looked at him attentively.

I am very glad that there is someone else in the house who can get into the same fits of rage as I get into. I could see it did Peter good to pull Pf. to pieces to his heart's

content, without fear of my telling tales. And as for me, I was very pleased, because I sensed a real feeling of fellowship, such as I can only remember having had with my girl friends

yours, Anne

Thursday 17 Febr. 1944.

Dear Kitty,

The slight dispute with Pf. had a long sequel and it's all his own fault.

On Monday night Pf. came triumphantly to Mummy and told her that Peter had asked him that same morning whether he had had a good night, and had added that he was sorry about what had happened on Sunday night and that he hadn't really meant what he'd said. Thereupon Pf. had reassured him by saying that he hadn't really taken it badly either. So everything was as right as rain again.

Mummy repeated this conversation to me and I was secretly struck dumb with amazement that Peter, who was so angry with Pf., should have humbled himself so despite all his assurances.

And so I couldn't stop myself from tackling Peter, only to be told straight out by him that Pf. had been lying. You should have seen Peter's face, it would have been worth its weight in gold just to photograph it. Indignation about the lies, rage, uncertainty about what to do next, unease and much more clearly followed each other at short intervals across his face.

I am really a bit sorry that I was so hasty with my question, because it was plain to see that he wouldn't leave things as they were. And indeed my suspicions were confirmed. In the evening Mr v.P. and Peter had a flaming row with Pf., they didn't speak to each other for two days but today the whole affair has blown over. Luckily!

It's lovely weather outside and I've quite perked up since yesterday. Nearly every morning I go to the attic to blow the stuffy air out of my lungs; from my favourite spot, the floor, I look up at the blue sky, the bare chestnut tree on whose branches the little raindrops shone, and at the seagulls and other birds gliding on the wind and looking like silver and all that moved and thrilled the two of us so much that we could not speak. He stood with his head against a thick beam, and I sat down. We breathed the fresh air, looked outside, and both felt that the spell should not be broken by words. We remained like this for a long time, and when he had to go to chop wood, I knew that he was a nice fellow. He climbed the ladder to the loft, and I followed; then he chopped wood for about a quarter of an hour, during which time we still remained silent. I watched him from where I stood, he was obviously doing his best to show off his strength. But I looked out of the open window too, out over a large area of Amsterdam, over all the roofs and on to the horizon which was such a pale blue that it was hard to see the line.

'As long as this exists,' I thought, 'and I may live to see it, this sunshine, the cloudless skies, while this lasts, I cannot be unhappy.'

The best remedy for those who are afraid, lonely or unhappy is to go outside, somewhere where they can be quite alone with the heavens, nature, and God. Because only then does one feel that all is as it should be and that God wishes to see people happy, amidst the simple beauty of Nature.

As long as this exists, and it certainly always will, I know that then there will always be comfort for every sorrow, whatever the circumstances. And I firmly believe that nature brings solace for every trouble.

Oh, who knows, perhaps it won't be long before I can share this overwhelming feeling of bliss with someone who thinks the way I do about it.

yours, Anne

Wednesday 1 March  
1944.

Dear Kitty,

My own affairs have been driven into the background by – a burglary. I'm becoming boring with all my burglars, but what can I do, they seem to take such a delight in paying Gies & Co. the honour of a visit. This burglary is much more complicated than the one in July'43.

When Mr v. Pels went to Kugler's office at half past 7, as usual, he saw that the communicating glass door and the office door were open. Surprised at this, he walked through and was even more amazed to see that the doors of the little dark room were open too, and that there was a terrible mess in the main office. 'There has been a burglar,' he thought to himself at once, and to satisfy himself he went straight downstairs, took hold of the front door, felt the yale lock and found everything closed. 'Oh, then both Bep and Peter must have been very slack this evening,' Mr v.P. decided. He remained in Kugler's room for a while, then switched off the lamp, and went upstairs, without worrying much about either the open doors or the untidy office.

This morning Peter knocked at our door early and came with the not so pleasant news that the front door was wide open. He also told us that the projector and Kugler's new portfolio had both disappeared from the cupboard. Peter was told to close the door. V. Pels told us of his discoveries the previous evening and we were all awfully worried.

What must have happened is that the thief had a skeleton key because the lock was quite undamaged. He must have crept into the house quite early and closed the door behind him, hid himself when disturbed by Mr v.P., and, when he departed, fled with his spoils and, in his hurry, left the door open.

It's a mystery. Who can have our key? Why didn't the thief go to the warehouse? Might it be one of our own warehousemen, and would he perhaps betray us, since he certainly heard v.P. and perhaps even saw him?

It is all very creepy, because we don't know whether this same burglar may not take it into his head to visit us again, or did it give him a shock to find that there was

someone walking about in the house?

yours, Anne

P.S. We should be very pleased if you could perhaps dig up a good detective for us. The first requirement of course is that he can be relied on not to betray that we are hiding here.

yours, Anne

Tuesday 7 Mar. 1944.

Dear Kitty,

If I [think] of my life in 1942 it feels like something unreal. It was quite a different Anne who lived that life than the one who is being brought up in the 'Secret Annexe'. At home, on the Merry, things look so wonderful from here, lots of boy friends and girl friends, spoiled by Mummy and Daddy, lots of sweets, enough pocket money, what more could one want?

You will certainly wonder how I got around all these people who liked me in the past. It wasn't attractiveness, far from it, it was the result of my answers, amusing remarks, questioning looks and sense of humour. That is all I was, a flirt, coquettish and sometimes amusing. I had some advantages which kept me rather in favour. I was industrious and honest. I would never have refused anyone who wanted to crib from me. I always admitted my mistakes and I was far from conceited. But wouldn't I really have become so in the end, wouldn't this life have made me rather forward? It was a good thing, despite everything, that in the midst of, at the height of, all this gaiety, I suddenly had to face reality, and it took me at least a year to get used to the fact that there was no more admiration forthcoming.

Now I look back at that Anne as an amusing, but very superficial girl, who has nothing to do with the Anne of today. Peter said quite rightly about me: 'If ever I saw you you were always surrounded by 2 or more boys and a whole troupe of girls, you were always laughing and always the centre of everything!' What is left of this girl? Oh, don't worry, I haven't forgotten how to laugh or to answer back readily. I'm just as good, or better, at criticizing people and I can still flirt if. . . . I wish. That's not it though, I'd like that sort of life again for an evening, a few days, or even a week, the life which seems so carefree and gay. At the end of that week, I should be dead beat and would be only too thankful to listen to anyone who began to talk about something sensible.

I don't want followers, but friends, admirers who fall not for a flattering smile but for what one does and for one's character.

I know quite well that the circle around me would be much smaller. But what does that matter as long as one still keeps a few sincere friends?

Yet I wasn't entirely happy in 1942 in spite of everything, that's impossible, I often felt deserted, but because I was on the go the whole day long, I didn't think about it and enjoyed myself as much as I could.



Now I think seriously about life and see that one period of my life is over for ever; the carefree schooldays are gone, never to return. I don't even long for them much; I have outgrown them, I can't just play the fool as my serious side is always there.

— —

I look upon my life up till the New Year, as it were, through a powerful magnifying glass. The sunny life at home, then coming here in '42, the sudden change, the quarrels, the bickerings; I couldn't understand it, I was taken by surprise, and the only way I could keep up some bearing was by being impertinent. The first half of 1943, my fits of crying, the loneliness, how I slowly began to see all my faults and shortcomings, which are so great and which seemed much greater then. During the day I deliberately talked about anything and everything that was furthest from my thoughts, tried to draw Pim to me; but couldn't, alone I had to face the difficult task of changing myself, to stop the everlasting reproaches, which were so oppressive and which reduced me to such terrible despondency. Things improved slightly in the 2nd half of the year, I became a young woman and was treated more like a grown-up. I started to think, and to write stories, and came to the conclusion that the others had nothing to do with me any more, they had no right to throw me about like a pendulum clock from left to right, I wanted to change in accordance with my own desires. I realized that I could do without Mummy, completely and utterly, that was hurtful, but one thing that struck me even more was when I realized that even Daddy would never become my confidant. I trusted no one but myself any longer.

At the beginning of the New Year the second great change, my dream . . . . and with it I discovered my boundless desire for all that is beautiful and good.

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And in the evening, when I lie in bed and end my prayers with the words, 'Ich danke dir für all das Gute und Liebe und Schöne', I am filled with joy, then I think about 'das Gute' of going into hiding, my health, and with my whole being of 'das Liebe' that will come sometime, love, the future, happiness and of 'das Schöne' which the world means. The world, nature, and outstanding beauty of everything, everything that is exquisite and fine.

I don't think then of all the misery but of the beauty that still remains. This is one of the things that Mummy and I are so entirely different about. Her counsel when one feels melancholy is: 'Think of all the misery in the world and be thankful that you are not sharing in it.' My advice is: 'Go outside, to the fields, enjoy nature and the sunshine, go out and try to recapture happiness in yourself; think of all the beauty that's still left in and around you and be happy!'

I don't see how Mummy's idea can be right, because then how are you supposed to behave if it's you that goes through the misery? Then you are lost. On the contrary, I've found that in every misfortune there is always some beauty left, if only you look for it, you will discover more and more happiness and regain your balance. And

whoever is happy will make others happy too. He who has courage and faith will never perish in misery.

yours, Anne M. Frank.

Sunday 12 March 1944.

Dear Kitty,

I can't seem to sit still lately, I run upstairs and down and then back again. I love talking to Peter, but I am always afraid of being a nuisance. He has told me a bit about the past, about his parents and about himself, it's not half enough though and I ask myself every five minutes why it is that I always long for more. He used to think I was unbearable, and I returned the compliment, now I've changed my opinion, has he changed his too? I think so; still it doesn't necessarily mean that we shall become great friends, although as far as I am concerned it would make the time here much more bearable. But still, I won't drive myself mad over it, I see quite a lot of him and there is no need to bore you with it too, Kitty, because I'm miserable. On Saturday afternoon I felt in such a whirl after hearing a whole lot of sad pieces of news that I went and lay on my divan for a sleep. I only wanted to sleep to stop thinking.

I slept till 4 o'clock, then I had to go into the living room. I found it difficult to answer all Mummy's questions and think of some little fib to tell Daddy, as an explanation for my long sleep. I resorted to a 'headache', which wasn't a lie as I had one. . . but inside!

Ordinary people, ordinary girls, teen agers like myself will think I'm a bit cracked with all my self-pity, yes, that's what it is, but I pour out my heart to you, then for the rest of the day I'm as impudent, gay and self-confident as I can be, in order to avoid questions and getting myself down.

Margot is very sweet and would like me to trust her, but still, I can't tell her everything. She's a darling, she's good and pretty, but she lacks the nonchalance for conducting deep discussions, she takes me so seriously, much too seriously, and then thinks about her queer little sister for a long time afterwards, looks searchingly at me, at every word I say, and keeps on thinking: 'Is this just a joke or does she really mean it?' I think that's because we are together the whole day long, and that if I trusted someone completely, then I shouldn't want them hanging around me all the time.

When shall I finally untangle my thoughts, when shall I find peace and rest within myself again?

yours, Anne

Tuesday 14 Mar. 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Perhaps it would be entertaining for you (though not in the least for me) to hear how we are going to eat today. As the charwoman is at work downstairs I am sitting on the v.P.s' oilcloth table at the moment. I have a handkerchief soaked in some good scent

(bought before we came here) over my mouth and held against my nose. You won't gather much from this so let's 'begin at the beginning'.

Our food-coupon suppliers have been caught so we just have our 5 black-market ration cards and no coupons and no fats. As both Miep and Kleiman are ill, Bep hasn't time to do any shopping, so the atmosphere is dreary and dejected, and so is the food. From tomorrow we shall not have a scrap of fat, butter or margarine left. We can't have fried potatoes (to save bread) for breakfast any longer, so we have porridge instead, and as Mrs v.P. thinks we are starving we have bought some extra full cream milk. Our supper today consists of a hash made from kale which has been preserved in a barrel. Hence the precautionary measure with the handkerchief! It's incredible how kale that is probably a few years old can stink! The smell in the room is a mixture of bad plums, strong preservatives and 10 rotten eggs. Ugh! the mere thought of eating that muck makes me feel sick!

Added to this our potatoes are suffering from such peculiar diseases that out of two buckets of pommes de terre one whole one ends up on the stove. We amuse ourselves by searching for all the different kinds of diseases, and have come to the conclusion that they range from cancer and smallpox to measles! Oh, yes, it's no joke to be in hiding during the 4th year of the war. If only the whole rotten business was over!

Quite honestly, I wouldn't care so much about the food if only it were more pleasant here otherwise. There's the rub, this tedious existence is beginning to make us all bored. The following are the views of the 5 grown-ups on the present situation (for once I've kept to the rule that children must have no opinion).

Mrs v. Pels.

The job as queen of the kitchen lost its attraction a long time ago. It's dull to sit and do nothing. So I go back to my cooking again, still, I have to complain: 'It's impossible to cook without any fats, and all these nasty smells make me feel sick. Nothing but ingratitude and rude remarks do I get for my services, I'm always the black sheep, always the guilty one.' Moreover, according to me, very little advance is being made in the war, eventually the Germans will still win. I am afraid we're going to starve and if I'm in a bad mood I scold everyone.

Mr v. Pels.

I must smoke and smoke and smoke, and then the food, the political situation, and Kerli's moods all don't seem so bad. Kerli is a darling wife.

If I haven't anything to smoke then I get ill, then I have to have meat, then we don't live well enough, nothing is any good and a terrible row is bound to follow. Frightfully stupid person my Kerli is.

Mrs Frank.

Food is not very important, but I would love a slice of rye bread now, I feel so terribly hungry. If I were Mrs v.P. I would have put a stop to Mr v.P.'s everlasting smoking a long time ago. But now I must definitely have a cigarette, because my head is swimming.

The v.P.s are terrible people; the English make a lot of mistakes, but still the war is progressing. I must have a chat and be thankful I'm not in Poland.

Mr Frank.

Everything's all right, I don't require anything. Take it easy, we've ample time. Give me my potatoes and then I will keep my mouth shut. Put some of my rations on one side for Bep. The Political situation is very promising, I'm an extreme optimist!

Mr Pfeffer.

I must get my task for today, everything must be finished on time. Political situation is *outschtänding* and it is *eempossible* that we'll be caught. I, I, I. . . . !

yours, Anne

Thursday 23  
March 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Things are running more or less normally again now. Our coupon men are out of prison again, thank goodness!

Miep returned yesterday; today her husband had to take to his bed. Shivers and a temperature, the well-known symptoms of flu. Bep is better, although she still has a cough; Kleiman will have to stay at home for a long time still.

A pilot crashed near here yesterday;<sup>32</sup> the occupants were able to jump out in time by parachute. The machine crashed on to a school, but there were no children there at the time. The result was a small fire and two people killed. The Germans shot at the airmen terribly as they were coming down. The Amsterdammers who saw it nearly burst with rage and indignation at the cowardliness of such a deed. We – I'm speaking of the ladies – nearly jumped out of our skins, brr, I absolutely loathe the blasted shooting.

I often go upstairs after supper nowadays and take a breath of the fresh evening air in Peter's room. In a dark room you can talk much more freely than when the sun tickles your face. I like it up there, sitting on a chair beside him and looking outside. V. P. and Pf. make terribly feeble remarks when I disappear into his room. 'Anne's second home', they call it, or 'Is it suitable for gentlemen to receive young girls in semi-darkness?' Peter shows an amazing wit in his replies to these so-called humorous sallies. For that matter, my mama too is somewhat curious and would love to ask what we talk about, if she wasn't secretly afraid of being snubbed. Peter says it's nothing but jealousy on the part of the grown-ups, because we are young and we don't pay much attention to their spitefulness. Sometimes he comes and gets me from downstairs, but that is embarrassing too, because he turns simply scarlet in spite of all precautions, and can hardly get the words out of his mouth; how thankful I am that I don't blush, it must be a highly unpleasant sensation. I also find it very tiresome that Margot has to sit downstairs by herself while I enjoy good company upstairs. But what can I do about it,

I would like it best if she came upstairs with me, but then she would just be a gooseberry, more or less the odd man out.

I hear a lot from all sides about the sudden friendship and I really don't know how often the talk at table hasn't been about a marriage in the 'Secret Annexe' if the war should last another 5 years. How much notice do we really take of all this parental chatter? Not much, anyway, it is all so feeble. Have my parents too forgotten their own youth? It seems like it, at least they seem to take us seriously if we make a joke and laugh at us when we are serious.

yours, Anne

Thursday 16 Mar. 1944.

Dear Kitty,

Phew . . . ! Oh dear, oh dear – released from the sombre scenes for a moment! Today I hear nothing but, if this or that should happen, then we are going to be in difficulties. . . . if he or she should become ill, then we'll be completely isolated, then if. . . . enfin, I expect you know the rest, at least I presume you know the 'Secret Annexers' well enough by this time to be able to guess the trend of their conversations.

The reason for all this if, if, is that Mr Kugler has been called up to go digging in 6 days. Bep has a streaming cold and will probably have to stay at home tomorrow. Miep hasn't fully recovered from her flu yet, and Kleiman has had such a bad haemorrhage of the stomach that he lost consciousness. What a tale of woe for us!

We think that the first thing Kugler should do is find a reliable doctor, get a proper certificate and produce it at the town hall in Hilversum. The warehouse people are getting a day off tomorrow so that Bep will be alone in the office. If (another if) Bep has to stay at home then the door will remain locked and we shall have to be as quiet as mice so that the Keg people don't hear us, and Jan is coming to visit the deserted ones at 1 o'clock for ½ an hour, playing the role of zoo keeper, as it were. For the first time in ages Jan told us something about the great wide world this afternoon. You should have seen the 8 of us around him; it looked exactly like a picture out of Grimm: Grandmother telling a story. – He talked nineteen to the dozen to his grateful audience, about food of course first of all. Mrs Pf. one of Miep's acquaintances cooks for him. This lady was able with great difficulty to get three carrots from the vegetable man. The day before yesterday Jan had carrots with green peas, yesterday he had to eat up the rest of it, today he is cooking marrow peas and tomorrow a hash will be made with the left-over carrots.

We asked about Miep's doctor. 'Doctor?' asked Jan, 'don't mention the doctor, I called him this morning, had his assistant on the phone, asked for a prescription for flu, the reply was that I could fetch the prescription any time between 8 and 9 in the morning. If you have a very severe attack of flu the doctor comes to the telephone himself and says put out your tongue, say Aah. I can hear all right that your throat is inflamed. I'll write out a prescription for you to order from the chemist. Good-bye.

And that's that. A fine practice that, run by telephone only. But I don't want to criticize the doctors; after all a person has but two hands, and in these days there's an abundance of patients and very few doctors to cope with them. Still, we couldn't help laughing when Jan repeated the telephone conversation to us. I can just imagine what a doctor's waiting room must look like nowadays. One doesn't look down on poor panel patients any more, but on the people with minor ailments, and thinks: 'Hi, you, what are you doing here, end of the line, please; an urgent case has priority!'

yours, Anne

Friday 17 March 1944.

Dearest Kitty,

Everything is all right again. Kugler has been exempted from digging by the Court. Bep has given her nose a talking to and strictly forbidden it to be a nuisance to her today. A sigh of relief has gone through the 'Secret Annexe'!

yours, Anne.

Monday 27 March 1944.

Dear Kitty,

One very big chapter of our history in hiding should really be about politics, but as this subject doesn't interest me personally very much, I've rather let it go. So for once I will devote my whole letter to politics today. It goes without saying that there are very many different opinions on this topic, and it's even more logical that it should be a favourite subject for discussion in such critical times, but – it's just simply stupid that there should be so many quarrels over it! They may speculate, laugh, abuse, and grumble, let them do what they will as long as they fry in their own fat and don't quarrel, because the consequences are usually unpleasant. The people from outside bring with them a lot of news that is not true; however, so far our radio set hasn't lied to us. Jan, Miep, Kleiman, Bep, and Kugler are all up and down in their political moods, Jan least of all.

Political feeling here in the 'Secret Annexe' is always about the same. During the countless arguments over invasion, air raids, speeches etc., etc one also always hears the countless cries of impossipul, Um Gottes Willen, if they are going to start now however long is it going to last. It's going schplendidly, first class, good!

Optimists and pessimists and above all, don't let's forget the realists who give their opinion with untiring energy and, just as with everything else, each one thinking he is right. It annoys a certain lady that her spouse has such unparalleled faith in the British, and a certain gentleman attacks his lady because of her teasing and disparaging remarks about his beloved nation!

From morning till late at night, and the best thing is that they never seem to tire of it. I have discovered something – its effects are stupendous, just like pricking someone

with pins and waiting to see how they jump. This is what I do: begin on politics, one question, one word, one sentence and at once they're off!

— —

Just as if the German Wehrmacht news bulletins and the English BBC were not enough, they have recently started 'special air-raid announcements'. In one word, magnificent, but the reverse of the coin often disappointing too. The British are making a non-stop business of their air attacks, but with the same zest that the Germans make a business of lying!

The radio therefore goes on at 8 o'clock in the morning (if not earlier) and is listened to at all hours of the day until 9, 10 and often 11 o'clock in the evening.

This is certainly a sign that the grown-ups have infinite patience and brains with a pretty limited power of absorption, (or rather some of them have, because I don't want to hurt anyone's feelings), one or two news bulletins would be ample per day! But the old geese, well, I've said my piece!

Arbeiter-program, Radio 'Oranje', Frank Philips or Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina, they each get their turn and an ever attentive ear, and if they are not eating or sleeping, then they are sitting around the radio and discussing food, sleep and politics. Ugh! It gets so boring, and it's quite a job not to become a dull old stick oneself. Politics can't do much more harm to the old folks!

I must mention one shining exception, a speech by our beloved Windston Churchill is quite perfect.

Nine o'clock on Sunday evening. The teapot stands, with the cosy over it, on the table, and the guests come in. Pf. next to the radio on the left, Mr v.P. in front of it with Peter beside him. Mummy next to Mr v.P. and Mrs v.P. behind him, Margot and I further behind and Pim at the table. I see I haven't described very clearly how we sit but in the end it doesn't really matter. The gentlemen puff away at their pipes, Peter's eyes are closed from the exertion of listening, Mummy wearing a long dark negligée and Mrs v.P. trembling because of the planes which take no notice of the speech but fly blithely on towards Essen, Daddy sipping tea, Margot and I united in a sisterly fashion by the sleeping Mouschi, who has monopolized both our knees. Margot's hair is in curlers, I am wearing a nightdress which is much too small, too narrow and too short.

It all looks so intimate, snug, peaceful and this time it is too, yet I await the consequences with horror.

They can hardly wait, stamping their feet, so impatient are they to find out if there won't be another row. Brr, brr, like a cat coaxing a mouse out of its hole, they egg each other on to discord and quarrels.

yours, Anne

Wednesday 29 March  
1944.

Dear Kitty,

Bolkesteijn, an MP, was speaking in the Dutch News from London, and he said that they ought to make a collection of diaries and letters after the war. Of course they all made a rush at my diary immediately.

Just imagine how interesting it would be if I were to publish a romance of the 'Secret Annexe'. The title alone would be enough to make people think it was a detective story. But, seriously, it would be quite funny 10 years after the war if we Jews were to tell how we lived and what we ate and talked about here. Although I tell you a lot, still, even so, you only know very little of our lives.

How scared the ladies are during the air raids. For instance on Sunday when 350 British planes dropped ½ million kilos of bombs on IJmuiden,<sup>33</sup> how the houses trembled like a wisp of grass in the wind, and who knows how many epidemics now rage. You don't know anything about all these things, and I would need to keep on writing the whole day if I were to tell you everything in detail. People have to line up for vegetables and all kinds of other things; doctors are unable to visit the sick, because if they turn their backs on their cars for a moment they are stolen; burglaries and thefts abound, so much so that you wonder what has taken over the Dutch for them suddenly to have become such thieves. Little children of 8 and 11 years break the windows of people's homes and steal whatever they can lay their hands on. No one dares to leave his home unoccupied for five minutes, because if you go, your things go too. Every (Each) day there are announcements in the newspapers offering rewards for the return of lost property, typewriters, Persian rugs, electric clocks, cloth, etc. Electric clocks in the street are removed, public telephones are pulled to pieces, down to the last thread.

Morale among the population can't be good, everyone is hungry, the weekly rations are not enough to last for two days except for coffee substitute. The invasion is a long time coming, and the men have to go to Germany, the children are ill or undernourished, all are wearing old clothes and old shoes.

A new sole costs 7.50 florins in the black market, moreover, hardly any of the shoemakers will accept shoe repairs or, if they do, you have to wait 4 months, during which time the shoes often disappear.

There's one good thing in the midst of it all, which is that as the food gets worse and the measures against the people more severe, so sabotage against the authorities steadily increases. The people in the food offices, the police, officials, they all either work with their fellow citizens and help them or else they tell on them and have them sent to prison. Fortunately, only a small percentage of Dutch people are on the wrong side.

yours, Anne



- 1 Delphi was a tea-room at 1, Daniel Willinkplein, and Oasis a tea-room and ice-cream parlour at 1, Geleenstraat (1942 Amsterdam Telephone Directory).
- 2 From the 1920s a ferry point between Jozef Israëlskade and Amstelkade, facing the Apollo Hall, was used by foot passengers to cross the Amstel Canal.
- 3 On Saturday, 4 July 1942 the Zentralstelle für jüdische Auswanderung (Central Office for Jewish Emigration) issued the first few thousand call-up notices to Jews. Most of those called up were German Jews and their number included many boys and girls aged from fifteen to eighteen, who had to leave without their parents. The call-up notices were sent by registered post and delivered by the Post Office one day later. (L. de Jong, *Het Koninkrijk der Nederlanden in de Tweede Wereldoorlog*, vol. 6, The Hague: Nijhoff. 1975, p. 5.)
- 4 The Joodse Invalide provided shelter for needy and elderly Jews. It was on the corner of Weesperstraat and Nieuwe Achtergracht.
- 5 A city near the Belgian border.
- 6 Princess Margriet was born in Ottawa on 19 January 1943.
- 7 The Dutch dictionary *Koenen, Endepols, Bezoen*.
- 8 *Juffrouw* used to be the title of married and unmarried women of the ‘genteel’ classes.
- 9 In June 1942 the British press and the BBC began to refer to the gassings in Poland. Thus the 6 p.m. news on the BBC Home Service on 9 July 1942 included the following item: ‘Jews are regularly killed by machinegun fire, hand grenades – and even poisoned by gas.’ (BBC Written Archives Centre, Reading.)
- 10 On 10 November 1942 Churchill gave a speech and used these words on the occasion of the Lord Mayor’s Day luncheon in London. (*The End of the Beginning, War Speeches by the Rt Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., M.P., 1942*, compiled by Charles Eade; London: Cassell and Company Ltd., 1943, p. 214.)
- 11 The rationing by-laws of 1941 restricted the use of gas and electricity. If the ration was exceeded, the consequence could be temporary suspension of services.
- 12 Chanuka is the eight-day Jewish festival of lights, celebrated during November/December.
- 13 Probably the Hannukah hymn *Ma’oz Zur* (Heb.: ‘O Fortress, Rock [of my Salvation]’).
- 14 Anne Frank has also described these events in her *Verhaaltjesboek (Tales)* under the title of ‘*Worstdag* (Sausage Day).’
- 15 Anne Frank has also described these events in her *Verhaaltjesboek (Tales)* under the title of *De tandarts* (The Dentist).
- 16 Anne’s rendering of the German *Donnerwetter noch einmal* (‘confound it all’).
- 17 On 13 March 1943, the German governor signed a decree declaring 500- and 1,000-guilder notes invalid. This was part of a campaign to combat the black market. (*Decrees for the Occupied Netherlands*, VO 29/43, pp. 131/134.)

18 Anne Frank has also described these events in her *Verhaaltjesboek (Tales)* under the title of *Is er ingebroken* (Was There a Break-in?).

19 On 22 March 1943, Hanns Albin Rauter, the head of the German SS and police in the Netherlands, told an SS gathering that all Jews would be removed from the Netherlands, province by province. 'After 1 May we shall add Utrecht and finally North Holland and the city of Amsterdam.' (*Het Proces Rauter*, The Hague: Nijhoff, 1952. State Institute of War Documentation, Source Publications, Trials, no. 5, p. 42.)

20 On 10 February 1943, the District Labour Exchange in Amsterdam was set on fire and on 27 March there was an attack on the office of the Amsterdam Public Registration Office. Both attacks were made to prevent the dispatch of workers to Germany and the deportation of Jews. (L. de Jong, *Het Koninkrijk der Nederlanden in de Tweede Wereldoorlog*, vol. 6, pp. 714ff.)

21 During the night of 26 April 1943, German anti-aircraft artillery responded to an Allied attack. One of the planes came down in flames at 2.30 a.m. in Reguliersdwaarsstraat, behind the Carlton Hotel. This hotel, which from the beginning of the Occupation had been requisitioned by the Germans, was destroyed by fire. (*Kroniek van Amsterdam over de jaren 1940–1945*, edited by J. F. M. den Boer and Mej. S. Duparc, Amsterdam: De Bussy, 1948, p. 98.)

22 At the end of April and the beginning of May 1943 the so-called April–May Strikes were held in protest at the removal of Dutch soldiers as prisoners of war. Apart from other 'punishments', for instance the confiscation of all radio sets owned by Dutchmen, the butter ration was stopped for four weeks. (L. de Jong, *Het Koninkrijk der Nederlanden in de Tweede Wereldoorlog*, vol. 6, p. 844.)

23 The compulsory surrender of radio sets in Amsterdam began on 31 May 1943. (*Kroniek van Amsterdam*, p. 99.)

24 During the raid on North Amsterdam well over 150 people were killed and many badly wounded. (*Kroniek van Amsterdam*, p. 102.)

25 During the raid on Amsterdam the Fokker aircraft factory was destroyed and the raid on Schiphol, the Amsterdam airport, started a big fire. (*Kroniek van Amsterdam*, p. 104.)

26 Under the title *Deavond en de nacht in het Achterhuis* (Evening and Night in the 'Secret Annexe'), Anne Frank has also described these events in her *Verhaaltjesboek (Tales)*.

27 Anne Frank has also described these events in her *Verhaaltjesboek (Tales)* under the title of 'Kaatje'.

28 Under the title *Het Achterhuis van 8 aan tafel* (The Annexe Eight at the Dinner Table) Anne Frank has also described these events in her *Verhaaltjesboek (Tales)*.

29 This message is in Anne's English.

30 Probably the Merwedeplein in Amsterdam.

31 The underground paper *Trouw*, vol. 1, no. 13, published a version of this story in November 1943, but did not say where the match was played.

32 An American plane crashed on the Spaarndammerweg, killing three people and injuring many others. (*Kroniek van Amsterdam*, p. 124.)

33 The bombing of the IJmuiden docks could be heard clearly in Amsterdam. (*Kroniek van Amsterdam*, p. 124.)

34 In his struggle against the British government, Gandhi repeatedly used the hunger-strike weapon, something the German-controlled press in the Netherlands naturally played up for all it was worth. (See, for instance, *De Telegraaf* of 23 and 25 February 1943.)

35 On Sunday 21 February 1943, a message was read from the pulpits of all Catholic churches, and probably of most Protestant churches, protesting against the rounding up of young people and against the persecution of the Jews. (L. de Jong, *Het Koninkrijk der Nederlanden in de Tweede Wereldoorlog*, vol. 6, pp. 631ff.)

36 On 22 April 1943, 263, Prinsengracht was bought by F. J. Piron from M. A. Wessel. (North Holland Land-Survey Register, deed of purchase 3305, no. 4.)

## Editorial note

*At the end of the 1990s, five previously unknown manuscript pages from the Diary of Anne Frank were discovered.<sup>1</sup> With the permission of the Anne Frank Fonds, Basle, a longer passage dated 8 February 1944 was included in the reader's edition (version d) and added to the existing entry of the same date. The short version of the entry of 20 July 1942, which is printed below, was not taken into account, as the diary already includes a more detailed version. The entry printed here is from version b of the diary, which means it was probably written later by Anne Frank.*

20 July 1942

It is a completely new and unique experience for me to write in a diary. I have never done it before, and if I had a good friend to whom I could talk about everything that is on my mind, I would never have dreamt of purchasing a thick, bound notebook or of scribbling nonsense that will not interest anybody in years to come into it. However, seeing that I have bought the notebook, I will carry on and make sure that it doesn't end up abandoned in a corner after a month, and I will also make sure that it doesn't fall into anyone else's hands. Father, Mother and Margot may be kind, and I could talk to them, but they still have nothing to do with my diary or secrets relating to my friends. To make it even easier to imagine that I have a friend, a true friend who shares my interests with me and understands my worries, I will not simply write my diary, but I will address my letters to an imaginary friend, Kitty.

Let's get started!

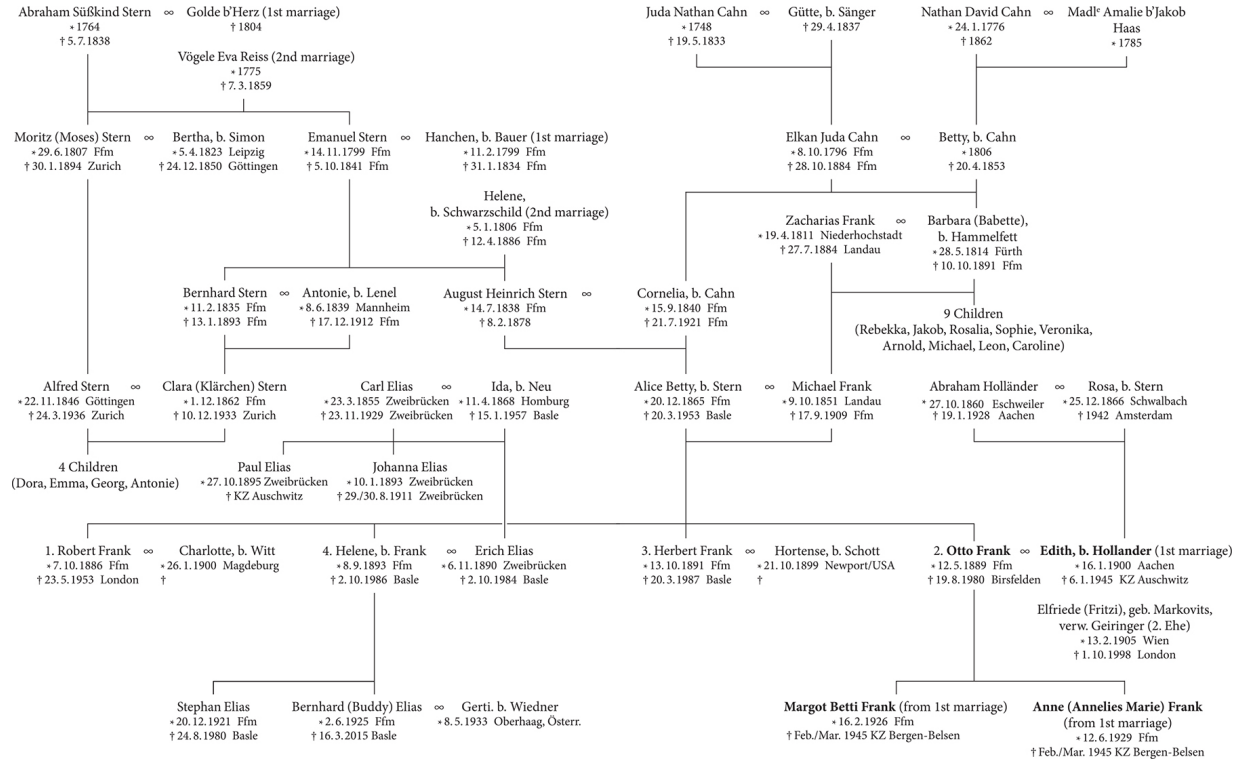
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<sup>1</sup> Cf. details on this in Melissa Müller, *Anne Frank: The Biography* (Revised edn; London: Bloomsbury; New York: Metropolitan Books, 2013), editorial note.

## *FAMILY TREE: THE FRANKS*

|                   |                                       |
|-------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <i>1. Ehe</i>     | 1st marriage (3x)                     |
| <i>2. Ehe</i>     | 2nd marriage (3x)                     |
| <i>geb.</i>       | b. (17x)                              |
| <i>4 Kinder</i>   | 4 children (1x)                       |
| KZ Auschwitz      | Auschwitz concentration camp (2x)     |
| <i>Österr.</i>    | Austria (1x)                          |
| <i>9 Kinder</i>   | 9 children (1x)                       |
| <i>verw.</i>      | widowed (1x)                          |
| Wien              | Vienna (1x)                           |
| <i>aus 1. Ehe</i> | from 1st marriage (2x)                |
| <i>März</i>       | March (2x)                            |
| Ffm               | Frankfurt a. m.                       |
| KZ Bergen-Belsen  | Bergen-Belsen concentration camp (2x) |

*This family tree does not claim to be complete. The publishers would like to thank Alice Frank-Schulman, Paris, Edith Oppenheimer († 2008), Lotti Thyges and Wolf von Wolzogen for their useful preliminary work.*



## Chronology Table

|                         |                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|-------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>12 June 1929</i>     | Annelies Marie Frank, known as Anne, is born in Frankfurt. Her parents are Otto Frank, born in 1889, and Edith Frank, born in 1900. Anne's sister, Margot, was born on 16 February 1926. |
| <i>1931</i>             | The Frank family moves from 307 Marbachweg to Ganghoferstraße.                                                                                                                           |
| <i>December 1933</i>    | The Frank family moves into Alice Frank's house in Mertonstraße.                                                                                                                         |
| <i>30 January 1933</i>  | Adolf Hitler comes to power.                                                                                                                                                             |
| <i>September 1933</i>   | Otto Frank moves from Frankfurt to Amsterdam, while Edith and their two daughters move to her mother's house in Aachen for a few months.                                                 |
| <i>February 1934</i>    | Arrival of Edith, Margot and Anne Frank at 37 Merwedeplein, Amsterdam.                                                                                                                   |
| <i>1 September 1939</i> | Outbreak of the Second World War, when Germany invades Poland.                                                                                                                           |
| <i>10 May 1940</i>      | German troops invade the Netherlands.                                                                                                                                                    |
| <i>14 May 1940</i>      | Capitulation of the Netherlands.                                                                                                                                                         |
| <i>20 January 1942</i>  | The 'Final Solution' of the Jewish question is decided at the Wannsee Conference.                                                                                                        |
| <i>May 1942</i>         | Introduction of the 'Jewish star' in the Netherlands.                                                                                                                                    |
| <i>12 June 1942</i>     | Anne Frank is given an empty book with a red-and-white checked cover for her thirteenth birthday and starts writing her diary.                                                           |
| <i>5 July 1942</i>      | Margot Frank receives a summons to report for 'participation in labour duty in the east'.                                                                                                |
| <i>6 July 1942</i>      | Otto and Edith Frank go into hiding with their daughters, Anne and Margot, in the prepared secret annexe at 263 Prinsengracht.                                                           |

|                                         |                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|-----------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>13 July 1942</i>                     | Auguste and Hermann van Pels move into the secret annexe with their son, Peter.                                                                                                          |
| <i>16 November 1942</i>                 | Fritz Pfeffer goes into hiding in the secret annexe.                                                                                                                                     |
| <i>10 July 1943</i>                     | Allied troops land in Sicily.                                                                                                                                                            |
| <i>6 June 1944</i>                      | Allied troops land in Normandy.                                                                                                                                                          |
| <i>4 August 1944</i>                    | Arrest of the eight people hiding in the secret annexe, along with their helpers Victor Kugler and Johannes Kleiman.                                                                     |
| <i>5 August 1944</i>                    | The eight inhabitants of the secret annexe are taken to the Westerbork 'Jewish transit camp'.                                                                                            |
| <i>3 September 1944</i>                 | All eight are deported in the last transport from Westerbork to Auschwitz, where they arrive on 6 September. Edith, Margot and Anne are taken to the women's camp at Auschwitz-Birkenau. |
| <i>September 1944</i>                   | Hermann van Pels dies in the gas chamber shortly after his arrival at Auschwitz. His wife Auguste probably died between 9 April and 8 May 1945, somewhere in Germany or Czechoslovakia.  |
| <i>Late October/early November 1944</i> | Anne and Margot are taken to the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp.                                                                                                                       |
| <i>20 December 1944</i>                 | Fritz Pfeffer dies in the Neuengamme concentration camp.                                                                                                                                 |
| <i>6 January 1945</i>                   | Edith Frank dies in the Auschwitz-Birkenau concentration camp.                                                                                                                           |
| <i>27 January 1945</i>                  | Liberation of the Auschwitz concentration camp by the Red Army. Otto Frank is one of the survivors.                                                                                      |
| <i>Late February/early March 1945</i>   | Margot and Anne Frank die of typhus in the Bergen-Belsen camp.                                                                                                                           |
| <i>5 May 1945</i>                       | Peter van Pels dies in the Mauthausen concentration camp after surviving an 'evacuation march' out of the Auschwitz concentration camp.                                                  |
| <i>8 May 1945</i>                       | End of the Second World War in Europe.                                                                                                                                                   |
| <i>1947</i>                             | Publication of the Dutch edition of the diary of Anne Frank (version c) under the title <i>Het Achterhuis</i> ('The Secret Annexe').                                                     |
| <i>1950</i>                             | Publication of the German edition of the diary of Anne Frank (version c) under the title <i>Das Tagebuch der Anne Frank</i> ('The Diary of Anne Frank'), translated by Anneliese Schütz. |
| <i>19 August 1980</i>                   | Otto Frank dies in Birsfelden in Switzerland.                                                                                                                                            |



- 1986* The Netherlands State Institute for War Documentation publishes the critical edition under the title *De Dagboeken van Anne Frank* (translated into English under the title *The Diary of Anne Frank: The Critical Edition* [versions a, b and c] in 1989).
- 1991* A new expanded German edition is published under the title *Anne Frank. Tagebuch* ('Anne Frank. Diary'), translated by Mirjam Pressler. This is the globally valid reader's edition.
- October 2013* The first complete edition with all known writings by Anne Frank is published.
- October 2017* The diary is published in several countries at the same time as a graphic diary by Ari Folman and David Polonsky.
- June 2019* The first scientifically annotated edition of the original transcripts of the diaries (Versions a and b) is to be published simultaneously in several countries.

## Further Reading

### Text editions

- Anne Frank, *The Diary of Anne Frank: The Revised Critical Edition*, prepared by the Netherlands State Institute for War Documentation, ed. David Barnouw and Gerrold van der Stroom, trans. Arnold J. Pomerans, B. M. Mooyart-Doubleday and Susan Massotty, Doubleday, 2003
- , *The Diary of a Young Girl*, The Definitive Edition, ed. Otto H. Frank and Mirjam Pressler, trans. Susan Massotty, Viking, 2012
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- , *The Diary of a Young Girl*, Abridged for Young Readers, abridged by Mirjam Pressler, Puffin Books, 2015
- , *Anne Frank's Tales from the Secret Annexe*, ed. Gerrold van der Stroom and Susan Massotty, trans. Susan Massotty, Halban Publishers, 2010

### Biographies and books about Anne Frank

- Coster, Theo, *We All Wore Stars: Memories of Anne Frank from Classmates*, trans. Marjolijn de Jager, St Martin's Press, 2011
- Gies, Miep, with Alison Leslie Gold, *Anne Frank Remembered: The Story of the Woman Who Helped to Hide the Frank Family*, Pocket Books, 2009
- Lee, Carol Ann, *Anne Frank and the Children of the Holocaust*, Penguin Books, 2006
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## About the Translators

**Nancy Forest-Flier** is a Dutch–English literary translator. American by birth, she made the Netherlands her home in 1982. Among the authors whose books she has translated are Kader Abdolah, Thomas Olde Heuvelt, Midas Dekkers, Anne-Gine Goemans, Charles den Tex, Truus Matti, Sjoerd Kuyper and Saskia De Coster, as well as various publications for the Anne Frank House in Amsterdam, the Kröller-Müller Museum in Otterlo, and the National Library of the Netherlands in The Hague.

**Susan Massotty** lives in Holland.

**Mirjam Pressler** was widely recognized as a popular, prize-winning writer of books for young readers and a well-known translator. She died in January 2019.

**Kirsten Warner** grew up in the UK and Switzerland, and studied French and German at Cambridge University. After working as an English teacher in France, the Czech Republic and the UK, she qualified as a German–English/French–English translator, and has been working as a freelance translator since 1999.

## Picture Acknowledgements

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## Editorial Note

This is the first edition containing all the written work by Anne Frank known to the editors and to scholars. The criterion for inclusion in this complete edition was that the texts had to have been written by Anne Frank. In 1991, on behalf of the Anne Frank Fonds, Basle, Mirjam Pressler expanded version c, which had been compiled by Otto Frank in 1947, with numerous passages from versions a and b, thus making the new version d the most exhaustive and globally valid version of the diary. For this reason, the editors have decided to use version d to open this complete edition, and to include versions a and b in the Appendix. Until now, versions a and b have not been available in continuous form; this edition is the first to offer the possibility of reading version d in the context of the first two versions of the diary. Version c was not included, as it has long been replaced by version d.

Until now, the letters of the adolescent Anne Frank had been published only individually. These letters are evidence of her closeness to the members of the family who had in the meantime moved to Switzerland and also illustrate how Anne Frank's German mother tongue was gradually replaced by Dutch. This edition is the first to provide access to the complete collection of her letters. In addition, there are two further, previously little-known collections by Anne Frank: the 'Favourite Quotes Notebook', where she wrote down paragraphs, verses and aphorisms that caught her eye during her extensive reading in the secret annexe, and the 'Egypt Book', where she copied chapters from ancient mythology from the *Kunst in Beeld* magazine, paraphrased some of the myths and stuck in pictures to decorate her texts. This complete edition also includes entries in Anne's 'Friendship Book'.

Unless otherwise indicated, this edition adheres to Anne Frank's handwritten texts. Terms and passages originally written in German have been marked as such; in these cases, partially incorrect spelling has been left unchanged.

## About the Anne Frank Fonds

This book is published under the patronage of the Anne Frank Fonds Basle (AFF). The AFF was founded in 1963 by Anne Frank's father, Otto, the only survivor of the family, and is the only organisation legitimized by him; it is the sole heir and, as set forth in his will, the owner of rights to the family's works.

After everything Otto Frank had experienced – persecution, expulsion, exclusion from his profession, going into hiding, arrest, and being sent to a concentration camp – he wanted to contribute to better understanding between societies and religions, to play a part in encouraging peace between people and nationalities, and to promote international contact among young people. For this reason, it was important to him from the very beginning not to make commercial use of Anne Frank's diary, but to utilise it for the common good. The main concern of the AFF, therefore, is to spread Anne Frank's timeless message of peace, justice and humanism around the world for each new generation by means of the authentic texts. At the same time, it has always been an aim of the AFF to present the history of the Jewish Frank family in all its dimensions in its historical and cultural context.

The AFF uses the income from book sales and theatre and film rights for charitable and educational purposes worldwide, in the spirit of Anne Frank and as stipulated in Otto Frank's will. To achieve this, the AFF cooperates with UNICEF around the world, with a main emphasis on educational programmes as well as the active promotion of children's rights.

Further information is available at: [www.annefrank.ch](http://www.annefrank.ch)

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*Tales and Events from the Secret Annexe:*

This compilation was first published in Dutch by Bert Bakker, Amsterdam, 1982, under the title *Verhaaltjes, en gebeurtenissen uit het Achterhuis*

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